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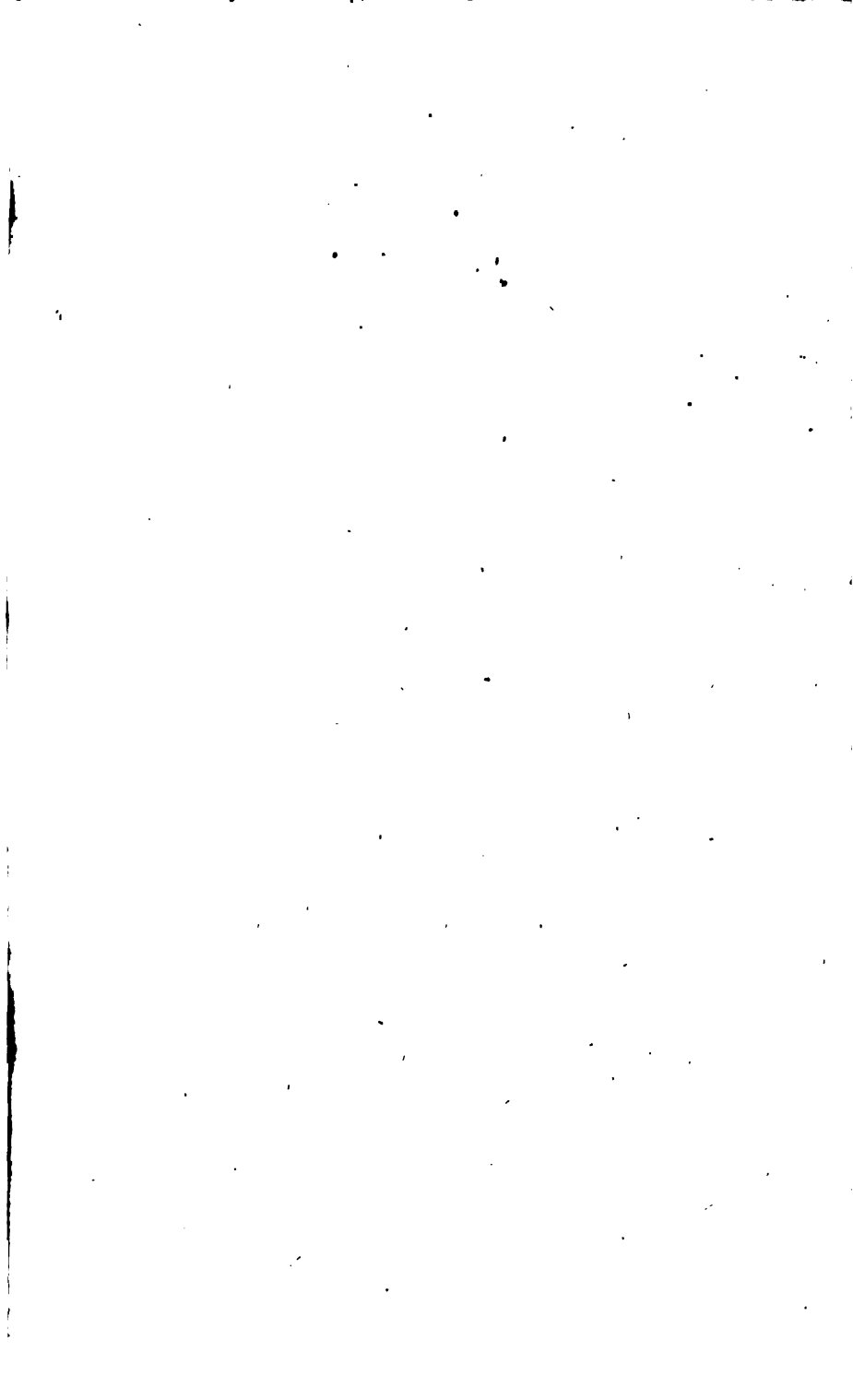
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Frontispiece Vol. 2.

Lud. Du Guernier inv. et Sculp. 6.

Elizabeth Longworth

THE

FAIRY QUEEN.

WRITTEN BY

EDMUND SPENSER.

WITH A

GLOSSARY,

Explaining the old and obscure Words.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. Tonson in the Strand.

MDCC LVIII.

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THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
FAIRY QUEEN:

CONTAINING

The legend of CAMBELL and TELAMOND;
or of Friendship.

I.

The rugged forehead, that with grave foresight
Weeds kingdoms causes, and affairs of state,
My looser rhimes, I wote, doth sharply wite,
For praising Love as I have done of late.
And magnifying lovers dear debate;
By which frail youth is oft to folly led,
Through false allurements of that pleasing bait,
That better were in virtues disciplined,
Than with vain poems weeds to have their fancies fed;

II.

Such ones ill judge of Love, that cannot love.
Ne in their frozen hearts feel kindly flame:
Forthy they ought not thing unknown reprove,
Ne natural affection faultless blame,
For fault of few that have abus'd the same,
For it of honour and all vertue is
The root, and brings forth glorious flowres of fame,
That crown true lovers with immortal blifs,
The meed of them that love, and do not live amifs.

III.

Which whoso list look back to former ages,
 And call to count the things that then were done,
 Shall find that all the works of those wise Sages,
 And brave exploits which great heroes won,
 In Love were either ended or begun :
 Witness the father of philosophy,
 Which to his *Critias*, shaded oft from sun,
 Of Love full many lessons did apply,
 The which these stoick censors cannot well deny.

IV.

To such therefore I do not sing at all;
 But to that sacred saint my sovaine Queen,
 In whose chaste breast all bounty natural,
 And treasures of true Love enlocked been,
 'Bove all her sex that ever yet was seen;
 To her I sing of Love, that loveth best,
 And best is lov'd of all alive I ween :
 To her this song most fitly is addrest,
 The Queen of Love, and Prince of peace from heaven blest.

V.

Which that she may the better deign to hear,
 Do thou drest Infant, *Venus* dearling dove,
 From her high spirit chase imperious fear,
 And use of awful majesty remove :
 Instead thereof with drops of melting Love,
 Dew'd with ambrosial kisses, by thee gotten
 From thy sweet smiling mother from above,
 Sprinkle her heart, and haughty courage soften,
 That she may heark to Love, and read this lesson often.

C A N T O I

*Fair Britomart saves Amoret :
 Dueſſa diſcord breeds,
 Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour :
 Their fight and warlike deeds.*

I.

Of lovers ſad calamities of old,
 Full many piteous ſtories do remain :
 But none more piteous ever was ytold,
 Than that of *Amorets* heart-binding chain,
 And this of *Florimells* unworthy pain :
 The dear compaſſion of whoſe bitter fit
 My ſoftned heart ſo ſorely doth conſtrain,
 That I with tears full oft do pity it,
 And oftentimes do wiſh it never had been writ.

II.

For from the time that *Scudamour* her bought
 In per'lous fight, ſhe never joyed day,
 A per'lous fight when he with force her brought
 From twenty Knights that did him all aſſay :
 Yet fairly well he did them all diſmay :
 And with great glory both the ſhield of Love,
 And eke the Lady ſelf he brought away ;
 Whom having wedded as did him behove,
 A new unknown miſchief did from him remove.

III.

For that ſame vile enchanter *Buſſan*,
 The very ſelf ſame day that ſhe was wedded,
 Amidſt the bridal feaſt, whiſt every man
 Surcharg'd with wine, were heedleſs and ill-headed,
 All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
 Brought in that mask of love which late was ſhown,
 And there the Lady ill of friends beſtedded,
 By way of ſport, as oft in masks is known,
 Conveyed quite away to living wight unknown,

IV.

Seven-months he for her kept in bitter smart,
 Because his sinful lust she would not serve,
 Until such time as noble *Britomart*
 Released her, that else was like to sterue,
 Through cruel knife that her dear heart did kerve.
 And now she is with her upon the way,
 Marching in lovely wise that could deserve
 No spot of blame; though spite did oft assay
 To blot her with dishonour of so fair a prey.

V.

Yet should it be a pleasant tale to tell
 The diverse usage and demeanure daint,
 That each to other made, as oft befell,
 For *Amoret* right fearful was and faint,
 Left she with blame her honour should attain,
 That every word did tremble as she spake,
 And every look was coy, and wondrous quaint,
 And every limb that touched her did quake:
 Yet could she not but courteous count'nance to her make.

VI.

For well she wist, as true it was indeed,
 That her life's Lord, and patron of her health,
 Right well deserved as his dueful meed,
 Her Love, her service, and her utmost wealth.
 All is his justly, that all freely dealth:
 Nath'less her honour dearer than her life,
 She sought to save, as thing reserv'd from stealth;
 Dye had she liefer with enchanters knife,
 Than to be false in Love, protest a virgin wife.

VII.

Thereto her fear was made so much the greater
 Through fine abusion of that Briton maid:
 Who for to hide her feigned sex the better,
 And mask her wounded mind, both did and said
 Full many things so doubtful to be weigh'd
 That well she wist not what by them to guess:
 For otherwhiles to her she purpose made
 Of Love, and otherwhiles of lustfulness,
 That much she fear'd his mind would grow to some excess;

VIII.

His will she fear'd; for him she surely thought
 To be a man, such as indeed he seem'd;
 And much the more, by that he lately wrought,
 When her from deadly thraldome he redeem'd,
 For which no service she too much esteem'd;
 Yet dread of shame, and doubt of foul dishonour,
 Made her not yield so much, as due she deem'd.
 Yet *Britamart* attended duly on her,
 As well became a Knight, and did to her all honour.

IX.

It so befell one evening, that they came
 Unto a castle, lodged there to be,
 Where many a Knight, and many a lovely Dame
 Was then assembled, deeds of arms to see:
 Amongst all which was none more fair than she,
 That many of them mov'd to eye her fore.
 The custom of that place was such, that he
 Which had no Love nor Leman there in store,
 Should either win him one, or lye without the door.

X.

Amongst the rest there was a jolly Knight,
 Who being asked for his Love, avow'd
 That fairest *Amoret* was his by right,
 And offred that to justifie aloud.
 The war-like virgin, seeing his so-proud
 And boastful challenge, waxed inly wroth,
 But for the present did her anger shroud;
 And said, her Love to lose she was full loth,
 But either he should neither of them have, or both.

XI.

So forth they went, and both together giufted;
 But that same younker soon was over-thrown,
 And made repent, that he had rashly lusted
 For thing unlawful that was not his own:
 Yet since he seemed valiant, though unknown,
 She that no less was courteous than stout,
 Cast how to salve, that both the custom shown
 Were kept, and yet that Knight not locked out;
 That seem'd full hard t'accord two things so far in doubt.

XII.

The Seneschal was call'd to deem the right :
 Whom she requir'd, that first fair *Amoret*
 Might be to her allow'd, as to a Knight,
 That did her win, and free from challenge set :
 Which straight to her was yielded without let.
 Then since that strange Knights Love from him was
 She claim'd that to her self, as Ladies debt, [quitted.
 He as a Knight might justly be admitted :
 So none should be out-shut, since all of Loves were fitted.

XIII.

With that her glistering helmet she unlac'd ;
 Which doft, her golden locks, that were up-bound
 Still in a knot, unto her heels down trac'd,
 And like a silken veil in compass round
 About her back and all her body wound :
 Like as the shining sky in summers night,
 What time the days with scorching heat abound,
 Is crested all with lines of fiery light,
 That it prodigious seems in common peoples sight.

XIV.

Such when those Knights and Ladies all about
 Beheld her, all were with amazement smit,
 And every one 'gan grow in secret doubt
 Of this and that according to each wit.
 Some thought, that some enchauntment feigned it :
 Some, that *Bellona* in that warlike wife
 To them appear'd, with shield and armour fit ;
 Some that it was a mask of strange disguise :
 So diversly each one did sundry doubts devise.

XV.

But that young Knight, which through her gentle deed
 Was to that goodly fellowship restor'd,
 Ten thousand thanks did yield her for her meed,
 And doubly overcome, her ador'd :
 So did they all their former strife accord ;
 And eke fair *Amoret*, now freed from fear,
 More frank affection did to her afford,
 And to her bed, which she was wont forbear,
 Now freely drew, and found right safe assurance there.

XVI.

Where all that night they of their Loves did treat,
 And hard adventures 'twixt themselves alone,
 That each the other 'gan with passion great,
 And grief-full pity privately be-mone.
 The morrow next, so soon as *Titan* shone,
 They both up-rose, and to their ways them dight:
 Long wandred they, yet never met with one
 That to their wills could them direct aright,
 Or to them tidings tell, that mote their hearts delight.

XVII.

Lo thus they rode, till at the last they spide
 Two armed Knights, that toward them did pace,
 And each of them had riding by his side.
 A Lady, seeming in so far a space:
 But Ladies none they were, albe in face
 And outward shew fair semblance they did bear,
 For under mask of beauty and good grace,
 Vile treason and foul falshood hidden were,
 That mote to none but to the wary-wise appear.

XVIII.

The one of them, the false *Duessá* hight,
 That now had chang'd her former wonted hue:
 For she could don so many shapes in fight,
 As ever could Cameleon colours new;
 So could she forge all colours, save the true.
 The other, no whit better was than she,
 But that such as she was, she plain did shew;
 Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might be,
 And daily more offensive unto each degree.

XIX.

Her name was *Ate*, mother of debate,
 And all dissention, which doth daily grow
 Amongst frail men, that many a publick state
 And many a private oft doth over-throw.
 Her false *Duessá*, who full well did know
 To be most fit to trouble noble Knights
 Which hunt for honour, raised from below
 Out of the dwellings of the damned sprights,
 Where she in darkness wastes her cursed days and nights.

XX.

Hard by the gates of Hell her dwelling is,
 There whereas all the plagues and harms abound,
 Which punish wicked men, that walk amiss :
 It is a darksome delve far under ground,
 With thorns and barren brakes environ'd round,
 That none the same may easily out-win ;
 Yet many ways to enter may be found,
 But none to issue forth when one is in :
 For discord harder is to end than to begin.

XXI.

And all within, the riven walls were hung,
 With ragged monuments of times fore-past ;
 All which the sad effects of discord sung :
 There were rent robes, and broken scepters plac'd
 Altars defil'd, and holy things defac'd,
 Dishiver'd spears, and shields ytorn in twain
 Great cities ransackt, and strong castles ras'd,
 Nations captiv'd, and huge armies slain :
 Of all which ruins there some reliques did remain.

XXII.

There was the sign of antique Babylon,
 Of fatal Thebes, of Rome that reigned long,
 Of sacred Salem, and sad Ilion,
 For memory of which, on high there hong
 The golden apple (cause of all their wrong)
 For which the three fair Goddesses did strive :
 There also was the name of *Nimrod* strong,
 Of *Alexander*, and his Princes five,
 Which shar'd to them the spoils that he had got alive.

XXIII.

And there the reliques of the drunken fray,
 The which amongst the *Lapithes* befell,
 And of the bloody feast, which sent away
 So many *Centaurs* drunken souls to hell,
 That under great *Alcides* fury fell :
 And of the dreadful discord, which did drive
 The noble *Argonauts* to out-rage fell,
 That each of life sought others to deprive, [strive.
 All mindless of the golden-fleece, which made them

XXIV.

And eke of private persons many moe,
That were too long a work to count them all;
Some of sworn friends, that did their faith forgoe:
Some of born brethren prov'd unnatural;
Some of dear lovers, foes perpetual:
Witness their broken bands there to be seene,
Their girlonds rent, their bowres despoiled all;
The monuments whereof there bideing been,
As plain as at the first, when they were fresh and green.

XXV.

Such was her house within; but all without,
The barren ground was full of wicked weeds,
Which she her self had sown all about,
Now growen great, at first of little feeds,
The seeds of evil words, and factious deeds;
Which when to ripeness due they growen are,
Bring forth an infinite increase, that breeds
Tumultuous trouble and contentious jar,
The which most often end in blood-shed and in war.

XXVI.

And those same cursed seeds do also serve
To her for bread, and yield her living food:
For life it is to her, when others sterve
Through mischievous debate, and deadly feud,
That she may suck their life, and drink their blood,
With which she from her childhood had been fed.
For she at first was born of hellish brood,
And by infernal Furies nourished,
That by her monstrous shape might easily be read.

XXVII.

Her face most foul and filthy was too see,
With squinted eyes contrary ways intended,
And loathly mouth, unmeet a mouth to be,
That nought but gall and venom comprehended,
And wicked words, that God and man offended:
Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
And both the parts did speak, and both contended;
And as her tongue, so was her heart discided,
That never thought one thing, but doubly still was guided.

XXXVIII.

Als as the double spake, so heard the double,
 With matchless ears deformed and distort,
 Fill'd with false rumours and seditious trouble,
 Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
 That still are led with every light report.
 And as her ears, so eke her feet were odd,
 And much unlike; th' one long, the other short,
 And both misplac'd, that when th' one forward yode,
 The other back retired, and contrary trode.

XXIX.

Likewise unequal were her handes twain:
 That one did reach, the other pusht away;
 That one did make, the other mar'd again,
 And sought to bring all things unto decay;
 Whereby great riches, gather'd many a day,
 She in short space did often bring to nought,
 And their possessors often did dismay.
 For all her study was, and all her thought, [wrought.
 How she might overthrow the things that concord

XXX.

So much her malice did her might surpass,
 That ev'n th' Almighty self she did malign,
 Because to man so merciful he was,
 And unto all his creatures so benign,
 Sith she herself was of his grace indigne:
 For all this worlds fair workmanship she tride,
 Unto his last confusion to bring,
 And that great golden chain quite to divide,
 With which it blessed concord hath together tide.

XXXI.

Such was that Hag, which with *Duessa* rode;
 And serving her in her malicious use,
 To hurt good Knights, was as it were her bawd,
 To sell her borrow'd beauty to abuse.
 For though like wither'd tree, that wanteth juice,
 She old and crooked were, yet now of late,
 As fresh and fragrant as the flowre-deluce
 She was become, by change of her estate,
 And made full goodly joyance to her new found mate.

XXXII.

Her mate he was a jolly youthful Knight,
That bore great sway in arms and chivalry,
And was indeed a man of mickle might :
His name was *Blandamour*, that did descry
His fickle mind full of inconstancy.
And now himself he fitted had right well,
With two companions of like quality,
Faithless *Dueffa*, and false *Paridell*,
That whether were more false, full hard it is to tell.

XXXIII.

Now when this Gallant, with his goodly crew,
From far espide the famous *Britomart*,
Like Knight adventurous in outward view,
With his fair Paragon (his conquests part)
Approching nigh, estoons his wanton heart
Was tickled with delight, and jesting said ;
Lo there, Sir *Paridell*, for your desert,
Good luck presents you with yond lovely maid,
For pity that ye want a fellow for your aid.

XXXIV.

By that the lovely pair drew nigh to hond :
Whom whenas *Paridell* more plain beheld,
Albe in heart he like affection fond,
Yet mindful how he late by one was fel'd,
That did those arms and that same scutchion weld,
He had small lust to buy his Love so dear :
But answer'd, Sir, him wife I never held,
That having once escaped peril near,
Would afterwards afresh the sleeping evil rear.

XXXV.

This Knight too late his manhood and his might
I did assay, that me right dearly cost ;
Ne list I for revenge provoke new fight,
Ne for light Ladies love, that soon is lost.
The hot-spur youth so scorning to be cross,
Take then to you this Dame of mine quoth he,
And I without your peril or your cost,
Will challenge yond same other for my fee
So forth he fiercely prickt, that one him scarce could see.

XXXVI.

The warlike *Britanness* her soon addrest;
 And with such uncouth welcome did receive
 Her feigned Paramour, her forced guest,
 That being forc'd his saddle soon to leave,
 Himself he did of his new Love deceive :
 And made himself th'ensample of his folly.
 Which done she passed forth not taking leave,
 And left him now as sad as whilome jolly,
 Well warn'd to beware with whom he dar'd to dally.

XXXVII.

Which when his other company beheld,
 They to his succour ran with ready aid :
 And finding him unable once to well'd,
 They reared him on horse-back, and up-stayd,
 Till on his way they had him forth convey'd :
 And all the way with wondrous grief of mind
 And shame, he shew'd himself to be dismay'd,
 More for the Love which he had left behind,
 Than that which he had to Sir *Paridell* resign'd.

XXXVIII.

Nath'less, he forth did march well as he might,
 And made good semblance to his company,
 Dissembling his disease and evil plight;
 Till that ere long they chanced to espy
 Two other Knights, that towards them did ply
 With speedy course, as bent to charge them new.
 Whom whenas *Blandamour*, approaching nigh,
 Perceiv'd to be such as they seem'd in view,
 He was full woe, and 'gan his former grief renew.

XXXIX.

For th'one of them he perfectly descride,
 To be Sir *Scudamour* by that he bore
 The God of Love, with wings displayed wide;
 Whom mortally he hated evermore
 Both for his worth (that all men did adore)
 And eke because his Love he won by right :
 Which when he thought, it grieved him full sore,
 That through the bruises of his former fight,
 He now unable was to wreak his old despight.

XL.

Forthy he thus to *Paridell* bespake,
 Fair Sir, - of friendship let me now you pray,
 That as I late-adventur'd for your sake,
 The hurts whereof me now from battle stay,
 Ye will me now with like good turn repay,
 And justifie my cause on yonder Knight.
 Ah Sir! said *Paridell*, do not dismay
 Your self for this; my self will for you fight,
 As ye have done for me; the left hand rubs the right.

XLI.

With that he put his spurs unto his steed,
 With spear in rest, and toward him did fare,
 Like shaft out of a bow preventing speed.
 But *Scudamour* was shortly well aware
 Of his approach, and 'gan himself prepare
 Him to receive with entertainment meet.
 So furiously they met, that either bare
 The other down under their horses feet,
 That what of them became, themselves did scarcely weet.

XLII.

As when two billows in the Irish sounds,
 Forcibly driven with contrary tides,
 Do meet together, each aback rebounds
 With roaring rage; and dashing on all sides,
 That filleth all the sea with foame, divides
 The doubtful current into divers ways;
 So fell those two in spight of both their prides;
 But *Scudamour* himself did soon up-raise,
 And mounting light, his foe for lying long upbrays.

XLIII.

Who rolled on an heap, lay still in swoond,
 All careless of his taunt and bitter rail:
 Till that the rest him seeing lye on ground,
 Ran hastily, to weet what did him ail.
 Where finding that the breath 'gan him to fail,
 With busie care they strove him to awake,
 And doft his helmet, and undid his mail:
 So much they did, that at the last they brake
 His slumber, yet so 'mazed, that he nothing spake.

XLIV.

Which whenas *Blandamour* beheld, he said,
 False faitour *Scudamour*, that hast by slight
 And foul advantage this good Knight dismay'd
 A Knight much better than thy self beight;
 Well falls it thee that I am not in plight,
 This day, to wreak the damage by thee done:
 Such is thy woe, that still when any Knight
 Is weaken'd, then thou dost him over-run;
 So hast thou to thy self false honour often won.

XLV.

He little answer'd, but in manly heart
 His mighty indignation did forbear;
 Which was not yet so secret, but some part
 Thereof did in his frowning face appear:
 Like as a gloomy cloud, the which doth bear
 An hideous storm, is by the northern blast
 Quite over-blown, yet doth not pass so clear,
 But that it all the sky doth over-cast
 With darkness dred, and threatens all the world to waste.

XLVI.

Ah! gentle Knight, then false *Duessa* said,
 Why do ye strive for Ladies love so sore,
 Whose chief desire is love and friendly aid
 Mongst gentle Knights to nourish evermore?
 Ne be ye wroth Sir *Scudamour* therefore,
 That she your Love list love another Knight,
 Ne do your self dislike awhit the more;
 For Love is free, and led with self delight,
 Ne will enforced be with maisterdom or might.

XLVII.

So false *Duessa*: but vile *Atè* thus;
 Both foolish Knights, I can but laugh at both,
 That strive and storm with stir outrageous,
 For her that each of you alike doth loath,
 And loves another, with whom now she go'th
 In lovely wise, and sleeps, and sports, and plays;
 Whil'st both you here with many a cursed oath,
 Swear she is yours, and stir up bloody frays,
 To win a willow-bough, whilst other wears the bays.

XLVIII.

Vile Hag said *Scudamour*, why dost thou lye?
 And falsly seek'st a vertuous wight to shame?
 Fond Knight, said she, the thing that with this eye
 I saw, why should I doubt to tell the same?
 Then tell, quoth *Blandamour*, and fear no blame,
 Tell what thou saw'st, maugre who-so it hears.
 I saw quoth she, a stranger Knight, whose name
 I wote not well, but in his shield he bears
 (That well I wote) the heads of many broken spears:

XLIX.

I saw him have your *Ameret* at will,
 I saw him kiss, I saw him her embrace,
 I saw him sleep with her all night his fill,
 All many nights, and many by in place,
 That present were to testifie the case.
 Which whenas *Scudamour* did hear, his heart
 Was thrild with inward grief, as when in chace
 The Parthian strikes a Stag with shivering dart,
 The beast astonisht stands in midst of his smart.

L.

So stood Sir *Scudamour* when this he heard;
 Ne word he had to speak for great dismay,
 But lookt on *Glauce* grim, who wox appear'd
 Of outrage for the words which she heard say,
 Albe untrue she wist them by assay.
 But *Blandamour*, whenas he did espy
 His change of chear, that anguish did bewray,
 He wox full blith, as he had got thereby,
 And 'gan thereat to triumph without victory.

LI.

Lo recreant, said he, the fruitless end
 Of thy vain boast, and spoil of Love misgotten,
 Whereby the name of Knighthood thou dost shend,
 And all true lovers with dishonour blotten:
 All things not rooted well, will soon be rotten.
 Fie, fie, false Knight, then false *Duess*a cride,
 Unworthy life that Love with guile hast gotten;
 Be thou, where-ever thou do go or ride,
 Loathed of Ladies all, and of all Knights deside.

LII.

But *Scudamour* (for passing great despight)
 Staid not to answer, scarcely did refrain,
 But that in all those Knights and Ladies sight,
 He for revenge had guiltless *Glauce* slain:
 But being past, he thus began again;
 False traytor Squire, false Squire of falsest Knight,
 Why doth mine hand from thine avenge abstain,
 Whose Lord hath done my Love this foul despight?
 Why do I not it wreak on thee, now in my might?

LIII.

Discourteous, disloyal *Britomart*,
 Untrue to God, and unto man unjust,
 What vengeance due can equal thy desert,
 That hast with shameful spot of sinful lust
 Defil'd the pledge committed to thy trust?
 Let ugly shame, and endless infamy
 Colour thy name with foul reproches rust.
 Yet thou false Squire his fault shalt dear aby,
 And with thy punishment his penance shalt supply.

LIV.

The aged Dame him seeing so enrag'd,
 Was dead with fear; nath'less as need requir'd,
 His flaming fury sought to have assuag'd
 With sober words, that sufferance desir'd,
 Till time the trial of her truth expir'd:
 And evermore fought *Britomart* to clear.
 But he the more with furious rage was fir'd,
 And thrice his hand to kill her did uprear,
 And thrice he drew it back: so did at last forbear.

C A N T O II.

*Blandamour wins false Florimell,
 Paridell for her strives,
 They are accorded: Agapē
 Dotb lengthen her Sons lives,*

I.

Firebrand of hell, first tin'd in *Phlogeston*,
 By thousand Furies, and from thence out-thrown
 Into this world, to work confusion,
 And set it all on fire (by force unknown)
 Is wicked Discord; whose small sparks, once blown,
 None but a God, or god-like man can slake;
 Such as was *Orpheus*, that when strife was grown
 Amongst those famous imps of *Greece*, did take
 His silver harp in hand, and shortly friends them make.

II.

Or such as that celestial psalmist was,
 That when the wicked Fiend his Lord tormented,
 With heavenly notes that did all other pass,
 The outrage of his furious fit relented.
 Such musick is wise words with time concented,
 To moderate stiff minds, dispos'd to strife:
 Such as that prudent Roman well invented,
 What time his people into parts did rive,
 Them reconcil'd again, and to their homes did drive.

III.

Such us'd wise *Glauce* to that wrathful Knight,
 To calm the tempest of his troubled thought:
 Yet *Blandamour*, with terms of foul despight,
 And *Paridell* her scorn'd, and set at nought,
 As old and crooked, and not good for ought.
 Both they unwise, and wareless of the evil,
 That by themselves, unto themselves is wrought,
 Through that false Witch and that foul aged devil,
 The one a Fiend, the other an incarnate Devil

IV.

With whom, as they thus rode accompanide,
 They were encountred of a lusty Knight,
 That had a goodly Lady by his side,
 To whom he made great dalliance and delight.
 It was to weet the bold Sir *Ferraugh* hight,
 He that from *Braggadocchio* whilome rest
 The snowy *Florimell*, whose beauty bright
 Made him seem happy for so glorious theft;
 Yet was it in due trial but a wandring weft.

V.

Which whenas *Blandamour* (whose fancy light
 Was always flitting, as the wavering wind,
 After each beauty that appear'd in sight)
 Beheld, eftsoons it prickt his wanton mind
 With sting of lust that reasons eye did blind,
 That to Sir *Paridell* these words he sent;
 Sir Knight, why ride ye dumpish thus behind,
 Since so good fortune doth to you present
 So fair a spoil, to make you joyous merriment?

VI.

But *Paridell*, that had too late a trial
 Of the bad issue of his counsel vain,
 List not to heark, but made this fair denial;
 Last turn was mine, well proved to my pain:
 This now be yours, God send you better gain.
 Whose scoffed words he taking half in scorn,
 Fiercely forth prickt his steed, as in disdain
 Against that Knight, ere he him well could torne;
 By means whereof, he hath him lightly over-borne.

VII.

Who with the suddain stroke astonisht fore,
 Upon the ground awhile in slumber lay;
 The whiles, his Love away the other bore,
 And shewing her, did *Paridell* upbray;
 Lo sluggish Knight, the victors happy prey:
 So fortune friends the bold. Whom *Paridell*
 Seeing so fair indeed (as he did say)
 His heart with secret envy 'gan to swell,
 And inly grudge at him, that he had sped so well.

VIII.

Nath'less, proud man himself the other deem'd,
 Having so peerless paragon ygot.
 For sure the fairest *Florimell* him seem'd,
 To him was fallen for his happy lot,
 Whose like alive on earth he weened not :
 Therefore he her did court, did serve, did wooe,
 With humblest suit that he imagine mot,
 And all things did devise, and all things do,
 That might her Love prepare, and liking win thereto.

IX.

She in regard thereof, him recompent
 With golden words, and goodly countenance,
 And such fond favours sparingly dispenst :
 Sometimes him blessing with a light eye-glance,
 And coy looks temp'ring with loose dalliance ;
 Some-times estranging him in sterner wise,
 That having cast him in a foolish trance,
 He seem'd brought to bed in paradise,
 And prov'd himself most fool, in what he seem'd most wise.

X.

So great a mistress of her art she was,
 And perfectly practiz'd in womans craft,
 That though therein himself he thought to pass,
 And by his false allurements wylie draft,
 Had thousand women of their Love beaft,
 Yet now he was surpriz'd : for that false spright,
 Which that same Witch had in this form engraft,
 Was so expert in every subtile flight,
 That it could over-reach the wisest earthly wight.

XI.

Yet he to her did daily service more,
 And daily more deceived was thereby ;
 Yet *Paridell* him envied therefore,
 As seeming plac'd in sole felicity :
 So blind is lust false colours to descry.
 But *Atè* soon discovouring his desire,
 And finding now fit opportunity
 To stir up strife, twixt love, and spite, and ire,
 Did privily put coals unto his secret fire.

XII.

By sundry means there to she-prickt him forth;
 Now with remembrance of those spightful speeches,
 Now with opinion of his own more worth,
 Now with recounting of like former breaches
 Made in their friendship, as that Hag him teaches:
 And ever when his passion is allayd,
 She it revives, and new occasion reaches:
 That on a time, as they together way'd,
 He made him open challenge, and thus boldly said:

XIII.

Too boastful *Bladamour*, too long I bear
 The open wrongs thou dost me day by day;
 Well know'st thou when we friendship first did swear,
 The covenant was, that every spoil or prey
 Should equally be shar'd betwixt us tway:
 Where is my part then of this Lady bright,
 Whom to thyself thou takest quite away?
 Render therefore therein to me my right,
 Or answer for thy wrong, as shall fall out in fight.

XIV.

Exceeding wroth thereat was *Bladamour*,
 And 'gan this bitter answer to him make;
 Too foolish *Paridell*, that fairest flowre
 Would'st gather faine, and yet no pains would'st take:
 But not so easie will I her forsake;
 'This hand her won, this hand shall her defend.
 With that, they 'gan their shivering spears to shake,
 And deadly points at eithers breast to bend,
 Forgetful each to have been ever others friend.

XV.

Their fiery steeds, with so untamed force,
 Did bear them both to fell avenges end,
 That both their spears with pitiless remorse,
 Through shield and mail, and habergeon did wend,
 And in their flesh a grievous passage rend,
 That with the fury of their own affret,
 Each other horse and man to ground did send;
 Where lying still awhile, both did forget
 The per'lous present stound, in which their lives were set.

XVI.

As when two warlike brigandines at sea,
 With murtherous weapons arm'd to cruel fight,
 Do meet together on the watry sea,
 They stem each other with so fell despite,
 That with the shock of their own heedless might,
 Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh asunder;
 They which from shore behold the dreadful sight
 Of flashing fire, and hear the ordnance thunder,
 Do greatly stand amaz'd at such unwanted wonder.

XVII.

At length they both upstart in amaze,
 As men awak'd rashly out of dream,
 And round about themselves awhile did gaze,
 Till seeing her that *Florimell* did seem,
 In doubt to whom the victory should deem,
 There with their dulled sprights they edg'd anew,
 And drawing both their swords with rage extream,
 Like two mad mastiffs, each on other flew,
 And shields did share, and mails did rase, and helms did hew.

XVIII.

So furiously each other did assail,
 As if their souls they would at once have rent
 Out of their breasts, that streams of blood did rail
 Adown as if their springs of life were spent;
 That all the ground with purple blood was sprent,
 And all their armours stain'd with bloody gore:
 Yet scarcely once to breathe would they relent;
 So mortal was their malice and so sore,
 Become of feigned friendship which they vow'd afore.

XIX.

And that which is for Ladies most besetting,
 To stint all strife, and foster friendly peace,
 Was from those Dames so far and so unfitting,
 As that instead of praying them surcease,
 They did much more their cruelty increase;
 Bidding them fight for honour of their Love,
 And rather dye than Ladies cause release.
 With which vain terms so much they did them move,
 That both resolv'd the last extremities to prove.

XX.

There they (I ween) would fight until this day,
 Had not a Squire (even he the Squire of Dames)
 By great adventure travelled that way;
 Who seeing both bent to so bloody games,
 And both of old well knowing by their names,
 Drew nigh, to weete the cause of their debate:
 And first, laid on those Ladies thousand blames,
 That did not seek t' appease their deadly hate.
 But gazed on their harms, not pitying their estate.

XXI.

And then, those Knights he humbly did beseech
 To stay their hands, till he awhile had spoken:
 Who lookt a little up at that his speech,
 Yet would not let their battle so be broken,
 Both greedy fierce on other to be wroken.
 Yet he to them so earnestly did call,
 And them conjur'd by some well knownen token,
 That they at last, their wrathful hands let fall,
 Content to hear him speak, and glad to rest withall.

XXII.

First he desir'd their cause of strife to see:
 They said, it was for love of *Florimell*.
 Ah! gentle Knights, quoth he, how may that be?
 And she so far astray, as none can tell.
 Fond Squire, full angry then said *Paridell*,
 Seest not the Lady there before thy face?
 He looked back; and her avising well,
 Weend as he said, by that her outward grace,
 That fairest *Florimell* was present there in place.

XXIII.

Glad man was he to see that joyous sight
 (For none alive but joy'd in *Florimell*)
 And lowly to her louting, thus behight;
 Fairest of fair, that fairness dost excell,
 This happy day I have to greet you well,
 In which you safe I see, whom thousands late
 Misdoubted lost through mischief that befell;
 Long may you live in health and happy state.
 She little answer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.

XXIV.

Then turning to those Knights, he 'gan anew;
 And you Sir *Blondamour* and *Paridell*,
 That for this Lady present in your view,
 Have rais'd this cruel war and outrage fell,
 Certes (me seems) been not advis'd well:
 But rather ought in friendship for her sake
 To join your force, their forces to repell
 That seek perforce her from you both to take;
 And of your gotten spoil, their own triumph to make.

XXV.

Thereat, Sir *Blondamour*, with count'nance stern,
 All full of wrath; thus fiercely him bespake;
 Arcad, thou Squire, that I the man may learn,
 That dare from me think *Florimell* to take.
 Not one, quoth he, but many do partake
 Herein, as thus: It lately so befell,
 That *Satyrane* a girdle did up-take,
 Well known to appertain to *Florimell*;
 Which for her sake he wore, as him beseeemed well.

XXVI.

But whenas she her self was lost and gone,
 Full many Knights, that loved her like dear,
 Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone
 That lost fair Ladies ornament should wear,
 And 'gan therefore close spite to him to bear:
 Which he to shun, and stop vile envies sting,
 Hath lately caus'd to be proclaim'd each where
 A solemn feast, with publick turneying,
 Towhich all Knights with them their Ladies are to bring.

XXVII.

And of them all, she that is fairest found,
 Shall have that golden girdle for reward;
 And of those Knights who is most stout on ground,
 Shall to that fairest Lady be prefar'd.
 Since therefore she herself is now your ward,
 To you that ornament of hers pertains,
 Against all those that challenge it to guard,
 And save her honour with your ventrous pains;
 That shall you win more glory, than ye here find gains.

XXVIII.

When they the reason of his words had heard,
 They 'gan abate the rancour of their rage,
 And with their honours and their Loves regard,
 The furious flames of malice to assuage.
 Tho each to other did his faith engage;
 Like faithful friends, thenceforth to join in one
 With all their force, and battle strong to wage
 Gainst all those Knights, as their professed foes,
 That challeng'd ought in *Floris*, save they alone.

XXIX.

So well accorded, forth they rode together:
 In friendly sort, that lasted but awhile;
 And of all old dislikes they made fait weather:
 Yet all was forg'd, and spred with golden foil,
 That under it hid hate and hollow guile.
 Ne certes can that friendship long endure,
 However gay and goodly be the stile,
 That doth ill cause or evil end enure:
 For vertue is the band, that bindeth hearts most sure.

XXX.

Thus as they marched all in close disguise
 Of feigned Love, they chaunst to overtake
 Two Knights, that linked rode in lovely wise,
 As if they secret counsels did partake;
 And each not far behind him had his Make,
 To weet, two Ladies of most goodly hue,
 That 'twixt themselves did gentle purpose make,
 Unmindful both of that discordful crew,
 The which with speedy pace did after them pursue.

XXXI.

Who as they now approached nigh at hand,
 Deeming them doughty as they did appear,
 They sent that Squire afore, to understand
 What mote they be: who viewing them more near
 Returned ready news, that those same were
 Two of the prouest Knights in Fairy land,
 And those two Ladies their two Lovers dear,
 Courageous *Cambell*, and stout *Friamond*,
 With *Canacee* and *Cambine*, linkt in lovely bond.

XXXII.

Whylome, as antique stories tellen us,
 Those two were foes, the fellonest on ground,
 And battle made, the dreddest dangerous
 That ever shrilling trumpet did resound;
 Though now their acts be no where to be found,
 As that renowned Poet them compil'd,
 With warlike numbers, and heroick sound,
 Dan Chaucer (Well of English undefil'd)
 On Fames eternal bead-roll worthy to be fil'd.

XXXIII.

But wicked Time, that all good thoughts doth waste,
 And works of noblest wits to nought out-wear,
 That famous monument hath quite defaste,
 And rob'd the world of treasure endless dear,
 The which mote have enriched all us here
 O curst Eld! the canker-worm of writs;
 How may these rhimes (so rude as doth appear)
 Hope to endure, fith works of heavenly wits
 Are quite devour'd; and brought to nought by little bits?

XXXIV.

Then pardon, O most sacred happy spirit,
 That I thy labours lost may thus revive,
 And steal from thee the meed of thy due merit,
 That none durst ever whilst thou wast alive,
 And being dead, in vain yet many strive:
 Ne dare I like, but through infusion sweet
 Of thine own sprite (which doth in me survive)
 I follow here the footing of thy feet,
 That with thy meaning so I may the rather meet.

XXXV.

Cambellos Sister was fair Canacee,
 That was the learnedst Lady in her days,
 Well seen in every science that mote be,
 And every secret work of natures ways,
 In witty riddles, and in wise sooth-says,
 In powre of herbs, and tunes of beasts and birds:
 And (that augmented all her other praise)
 She modest was in all her deeds and words, [Lords.
 And wondrous chaste of life, yet lov'd of Knights and

XXXVI.

Full many Lords, and many Knights her lov'd;
 Yet she to none of them her liking lent,
 Ne ever was with fond affection mov'd,
 But rul'd her thoughts with goodly government,
 For dread of blame, and honours blemishment:
 And eke unto her looks a law she made,
 That none of them once out of order went;
 But like to wary centinels well staid
 Still watcht on every side, of secret foes afraid.

XXXVII.

So much the more as she refus'd to love,
 So much the more she loved was, and sought,
 That oftentimes unquiet strife did move
 Amongst her Lovers, and great quartels wrought
 That oft for her in bloody arms they fought.
 Which whenas *Cambell* (that was stout and wise)
 Perceiv'd would breed great mischief, he bethought
 How to prevent the peril that mote rise,
 And turn both him and her to honour in this wise.

XXXVIII.

One day, when all that troop of war-like wooers
 Assembled were, to weet whose she should be;
 All mighty men, and dreadful derring doers
 (The harder it to make them well agree)
 Amongst them all this end he did decree;
 That of them all which love to her did make,
 They by consent should chuse the stoutest three,
 That with himself should combat for her sake,
 And of them all, the victor should his sister take.

XXXIX.

Bold was the challenge, as himself was bold,
 And courage full of haughty hardiment,
 Approved oft in perils manifold,
 Which he atchiev'd to his great ornament:
 But yet his sisters skill unto him lent
 Most confidence and hope of happy speed,
 Conceived by a ring, which she him sent;
 That 'mongst the many vertues (which we read)
 Had power to staunch all wounds that mortally did bleed.

XL.

Well was that rings great vertue known to all ;
 That dread thereof, and his redoubted might,
 Did all that youthly rout so much appall,
 That none of them durst undertake the fight :
 More wise they ween'd to make of Love delight,
 Than life to hazard for fair Ladies look ;
 And yet uncertain by such outward sight
 (Though for her sake they all that peril took)
 Whether she would them love, or in her liking brook.

XLI.

Amongst those Knights, there were three brethren bold
 (Three bolder brethren never were yborn)
 Born of one mother in one happy mold,
 Borne at one burden in one happy morn ;
 Thrice happy mother, and thrice happy morn,
 That bore three such, three such not to be fond :
 Her name was *Agape*, whose children wern
 All three as one : the first hight *Priamond*,
 The second, *Diamond*, the youngest, *Triamond*.

XLII.

Stout *Priamond*, but not so strong to strike ;
 Strong *Diamond*, but not so stout a Knight ;
 But *Triamond* was stout and strong alike :
 On horse-back used *Triamond* to fight,
 And *Priamond* on foot had more delight,
 But horse and foot knew *Diamond* to wield
 With curtax used *Diamond* to smite,
 And *Triamond* to handle spear and shield,
 But spear and curtax both us'd *Priamond* in field.

XLIII.

These three did love each other dearly well,
 And with so firm affection were allide,
 As if but one soul in them all did dwell,
 Which did her powre into three parts divide ;
 Like three fair branches budding far and wide,
 That from one root deriv'd their vital sap :
 And like that root that doth her life divide,
 Their mother was, and had full blessed hap,
 These three so noble babes to bring forth at one clap.

XLIV.

Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill
 Of secret things, and all the powres of nature,
 Which she by art could use unto her will,
 And to her service bind each living creature,
 Through secret understanding of their feature.
 There-to she was right fair, whenso her face
 She list discover, and of goodly stature;
 But she (as Fays are wont) in privy place
 Did spend her days, and lov'd in forests wild to space;

XLV.

There on a day, a noble youthly Knight,
 Seeking adventures in the salvage wood,
 Did by great fortune get of her the sight,
 As she sat careless by a chrystal flood,
 Combing her golden locks, as seem'd her good:
 And unawares upon her laying hold,
 That strove in vain him long to have withstood,
 Oppressed her, and there (as it is told) [bold.
 Got these three lovely babes, that prov'd three champions

XLVI.

Which she with her long fostred in that wood,
 Till that to ripeness of mans state they grew:
 Then shewing forth signs of their fathers blood,
 They loved arms, and Knighthood did ensue,
 Seeking adventures where they any knew.
 Which when their mother saw, she 'gan to doubt
 Their safety; least by searching dangers new,
 And rash provoking perils all about,
 Their days mote be abridged through their courage stout.

XLVII.

Therefore desirous th'end of all their days
 To know, and them t'enlarge with long extent,
 By wondrous skill, and many hidden ways,
 To the three fatal Sisters house she went.
 Far under ground from tract of living went,
 Down in the bottom of the deep *Abys*,
 Where *Demagorgon* in dull darkness pent,
 Far from the view of Gods and heavens blifs,
 The hideous *Chaos* keeps, their dreadful dwelling is.

XLVIII.

There she them found, all sitting round about
 The direful distaff standing in the mid;
 And with unwearied fingers drawing out
 The lines of life, from living knowledge hid.
 Sad *Clotho* held the rock, the whiles the thrid
 By grieved *Lachesis* was spun with pain,
 That cruel *Atropos* estfoons undid,
 With curfed knife cutting the twist in twain:
 Most wretched men, whose days depend on threads so vain!

XLIX.

She them saluting, there by them fate still,
 Beholding how the threads of life they span:
 And when at last she had beheld her fill,
 Trembling in heart, and looking pale and wan,
 Her cause of coming she to tell began.
 To whom fierce *Atropos*; Bold Fay, that durst
 Come see the secret of the life of man,
 Well worthy thou to be of *Jove* accurst,
 And eke thy childrens threads to be asunder burst.

L.

Whereat she sore affrayd, yet her besought
 To grant her boon, and rigour to abate,
 That she might see her childrens threads forth brought,
 And know the measure of their utmost date,
 To them ordained by eternal Fate.
 Which *Clotho* granting, shewed her the same:
 That when she saw, it did her much amate,
 To see their threads so thin, as spiders frame,
 And eke so short, that seem'd their ends out shortly came.

LI.

She then began them humbly to intreat
 To draw them longer out, and better twine,
 That so their lives might be prolonged late.
 But *Lachesis* thereat 'gan to repine,
 And said, fond Dame, that deem'st of things divine
 As of human, that they may alured be,
 And chang'd at pleasure for those Imps of thine.
 Not so; for what the Fates do once decree,
 Not all the Gods can change, nor *Jove* himself can free.

LII.

Then since, quoth she, the term of each mans life
 For nought may lessen'd nor enlarged be,
 Grant this, that when ye shred with fatal knife
 His line, which is the eldest of the three,
 Which is of them the shortest, as I see,
 Eftsoons his life may pass into the next:
 And when the next shall likewise ended be,
 That both their lives may likewise be annex
 Unto the third, that his may so be trebly wext.

LIII.

They granted it; and then that careful Fay
 Departed thence with full contented mind;
 And coming home, in warlike fresh array
 Them found all three according to their kind:
 But unto them what destiny was assign'd,
 Or how their lives were ekt, she did not tell;
 But evermore, when she fit time could find,
 She warn'd them to tend their safeties well,
 And love each other dear, what-ever them befell.

LIV.

So did they surely during all their days,
 And never discord did amongst them fall;
 Which much augmented all their other praise.
 And now, t'encrease affection natural,
 In love of *Canacee* they joined all:
 Upon which ground this same great battle grew
 (Great matter growing of beginning small;)
 The which for length I will not here pursue,
 But rather will reserve it for a canto new.

C A N T O III.

*The battle twixt three brethren, with
Cambell for Canacee.*

*Cambina with true friendships bond
Doth their long strife agree.*

I.

O why do wretched men so much desire
To draw their days unto the utmost date,
And do not rather with them soon expire,
Knowing the misery of their estate,
And thousand perils which them still await,
Tossing them like a boat amid the main,
That every houre they knock at Death's gate?
And he that happy seems, and least in pain,
Yet is as nigh his end, as he that most doth 'plain.

II.

Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vain,
The which in seeking for her children three
Long life thereby did more prolong their pain:
Yet whilst they lived, none did ever see
More happy creatures than they seem'd to be,
Nor more ennobled for their courtesie:
That made them dearly lov'd of each degree;
Ne more renowned for their chevalry:
That made them dreaded much of all men far and nigh.

III.

These three that hardy challenge took in hand,
For *Canacee* with *Cambell* for to fight:
The day was set, that all might understand,
And pledges pawn'd the same to keep aright.
That day (the dreddest day that living wights
Did ever see upon this world to shine)
So soon as heavens window shewed light,
These warlike champions, all in armour shine,
Assembled were in field, the challenge to define.

IV.

~~The field with lifts was all about enclos'd,~~
 To bar the prease of people far away ;
 And at th'one side six Judges were dispos'd,
 To view and deem the deeds of arms that day :
 And on the other side, in fresh array.
 Fair *Canacee* upon a stately stage
 Was set, to see the fortune of that fray,
 And to be seen, as his most worthy wage,
 That could her purchase with his life's adventur'd gage.

V.

Then entred *Cambell* first into the list,
 With stately steps, and fearless countenance,
 As if the conquest his he surely wist,
 Soon after, did the brethren three advance,
 In brave array, and goodly amenance,
 With scutchins gilt, and banners broad display'd :
 And marching thrice in warlike ordinance,
 Thrice louted lowly to the noble maid,
 The whiles shrill trumpets and loud clarions sweetly play'd.

VI.

Which doen, the doughty challenger came forth,
 All arm'd to point, his challenge to abet ;
 'Gainst whom, Sir *Priamond* with equal worth,
 And equal arms himself did forward set.
 A trumpet blew ; they both together met,
 With dreadful force, and furious intent,
 Careless of peril in their fierce affret,
 As if that life to lose they had forelent,
 And cared not to spare, that should be shortly spent.

VII.

Right practick was Sir *Priamond* in fight,
 And throughly skil'd in use of shield and spear ;
 Ne less approved was *Cambellos* might,
 Ne less his skill in weapons did appear,
 That hard it was to ween which harder were.
 Full many mighty strokes on either side
 Were sent, that seemed death in them to bear :
 But they were both so watchful and well eyde,
 That they avoided were, and vainly by did slide.

VIII.

Yet one of many was so strongly bent
 By *Priamond*, that with unlucky glance,
 Through *Cambells* shoulder it unwarely went,
 That forced him his shield to disavance,
 Much was he grieved with that graceless chance;
 Yet from the wound no drop of blood there fell,
 But wondrous pain, that did the more enhance
 His haughty courage to avengement fell: [swell.
 Smart daunts not mighty hearts, but makes them more to

IX.

With that his poinant spear he fierce aventred,
 With double force close underneath his shield,
 That through the mails into his thigh it entred,
 And there arresting ready way did yield,
 For blood to gush forth on the grassie field;
 That he for pain himself n'ote right uprear,
 But to and fro in great amazement reel'd,
 Like an old Oak, whose pith and sap is fear,
 At puff of every storm doth stagger here and there.

X.

Whom so dismayd when *Cambell* had espide,
 Again he drove at him with double might,
 That nought mote stay the steel, till in his side
 The mortal point most cruelly empight:
 Where fast infix'd, whilst he sought by flight
 It forth to wrest, the staff asunder brake,
 And left the head behind: with which despight
 He all enrag'd, his shivering spear did shake,
 And charging him afresh, thus felly him bespake.

XI.

Lo faitour there thy meed unto thee take;
 The meed of thy mischallenge and abet:
 Not for thine own, but for thy sisters sake,
 Have I thus long thy life unto thee let:
 But to forbear, doth not forgive the debt.
 The wicked weapon heard his wrathful vow;
 And passing forth with furious affret,
 Pierc'd through his bever quite into his brow,
 That with the force it backward forced him to bow.

XII.

There-with afunder in the midft it brast,
 And in his hand nought but the truncheon left,
 The other half behind yet fticking faft,
 Out of his head-piece *Cambell* fiercely reft :
 And with fuch fury back at him it heft :
 That making way unto his deareft life,
 His weafand-pipe it through his gorget cleft :
 Thence streams of purple blood iffuing rife,
 Let forth his weary ghofte, and made an end of strife.

XIII.

His weary ghofte, affoil'd from flefhly band,
 Did not (as others wont) direftly fly
 Unto her reft in *Plutos* grieftly land ;
 Ne into air did vanifh prefently,
 Ne changed was into a ftar in fky :
 But through traduction was eftfoons deriv'd,
 Like as his mother pray'd the Deftiny,
 Into his other brethren, that surviv'd ;
 In whom he liv'd anew, of former life depriv'd.

XIV.

Whom when on ground his brother next beheld,
 Though fad and forry for fo heavy fight,
 Yet leave unto his forrow did not yield :
 But rather ftird to vengeance and defpight,
 Through fecret feeling of his generous-fpright,
 Rufht fiercely forth, the battle to renew,
 As in reverfion of his brothers right ;
 And challenging the virgin as his due.
 His foe was foon addrest: the trumpets fuchly blew.

XV.

With that they both together fiercely met,
 As if that each meant other to devour ;
 And with their axes both fo forely bet,
 That neither plate nor mail, whereas their powre
 They felt, could once fustain the hideous ftowre,
 But rived were, like rotten wood afunder,
 Whilft through their rifts the ruddy blood did showre,
 And fire did fafh, like lightning after thunder,
 That fill'd the lookers-on attonce with ruth and wonder.

XVI.

As when two Tygers prickt with hungers rage
 Have by good fortune found some beasts fresh spoil,
 On which they ween their famine to assuage,
 And gain a feastful guerdon of their toil,
 Both falling out, do stir up strifeful broil,
 And cruel battle 'twixt themselves do make,
 Whiles neither lets the other touch the soil,
 But either 'sdeignes with other to partake :
 So cruelly these Knights strove for that Ladies sake.

XVII.

Full many strokes, that mortally were meant,
 The whiles were enterchanged 'twixt them two :
 Yet they were all with so good wariment
 Or warded, or avoided and let goe,
 That still the life stood fearless of her foe :
 Till *Diamond*, disdeigning long delay
 Of doubtful fortune wav'ring to and fro,
 Resolv'd to end it one or other way ;
 And heav'd his murderous axe at him with mighty sway.

XVIII.

The dreadful stroke in case it had arriv'd,
 Where it was meant (so deadly was it meant)
 The soul had sure out of the body riv'd,
 And stinted all the strife incontinent.
 But *Cambells* fate that fortune did prevent :
 For seeing it at hand he swerv'd aside,
 And so gave way unto his fell intent :
 Who missing of the mark which he had eyde,
 Was with the force nigh fel'd, whilst his right foot did slide.

XIX.

As when a Vulture greedy of his prey,
 Through hunger long, that heart to him doth lend,
 Strikes at an Heron with all his bodies sway,
 That from his force seems nought may it defend ;
 The wary fowl, that spies him toward bend,
 His dreadful fouse avoids, it shunning light,
 And maketh him his wing in vain to spend ;
 That with the weight of his own weildless might,
 He falleth nigh to ground, and scarce recov'rs flight ;

XX.

Which fair adventure when *Cambello* spide,
 Full lightly, ere himself he could recoure
 From dangers dread to ward his naked side,
 He gan let drive at him with all his powre,
 And with his axe him smote in evil houre,
 That from his shoulders quite his head he rest;
 The headless trunk, as heedless of that stowre,
 Stood still awhile, and his fast footing kept,
 Till feeling life to fail, it fell, and deadly slept.

XXI.

They which that piteous spectacle beheld,
 Were much amaz'd the head-less trunk to see
 Stand up so long, and weapon vain to wield,
 Unweeting of the Fates divine decree,
 For lifes succession in those brethren three,
 For notwithstanding that one soul was rest,
 Yet had the body not dismembred be,
 It would have lived, and revived est;
 But finding no fit seat, the lifeless corse it left.

XXII.

It left; but that same soul which therein dwelt,
 Straight entring into *Triamond*, him fill'd
 With double life, and grief; which when he felt,
 As one whose inner parts had been ythrild
 With point of steel, that close his heart-blood spill'd,
 He highly leapt out of his place of rest,
 And rushing forth into the empty field,
 Against *Cambello* fiercely him addrest;
 Who him affronting, soon to fight was ready prest.

XXIII.

Well mote ye wonder, how that noble Knight
 After he had so often wounded been,
 Could stand on foot now to renew the fight.
 But had he then him forth advancing seen,
 Some new born wight ye would him surely ween;
 So fresh he seemed, and so fierce in fight;
 Like as a Snake, whom weary winters teen
 Hath worn to nought, now feeling summers might,
 Casts off his ragged skin, and freshly doth him dight.

XXIV.

All was through vertue of the ring he wore;
 The which not only did not from him let
 One drop of blood to fall, but did restore
 His weaken'd powres, and dull'd spirits whet,
 Through working of the stone therein yset.
 Else how could one of equal might with most,
 Against so many no less mighty met,
 Once think to match three such on-equal cost?
 Three such as able were to match a puissant host.

XXV.

Yet nought thereof was *Triamond* adred,
 Ne desperate of glorious victory,
 But sharply him assail'd, and sore bested,
 With heaps of strokes, which he at him let fly,
 As thick as hail forth poured from the sky:
 He strook, he foust, he foin'd, he hew'd, he lashed,
 And did his iron brand so fast apply,
 That from the same the fire sparkles flash'd,
 As fast as water-sprinkles 'gainst a rock are dash'd.

XXVI.

Much was *Cambello* daunted with his blows:
 So thick they fell, and forcibly were sent,
 That he was forc'd (from danger of the throws)
 Back to retire, and somewhat to relent,
 Till th' heat of his fierce fury he had spent:
 Which when for want of breath 'gan to abate,
 He then afresh, with new encouragement,
 Did him assail, and mightily amate,
 As fast as forward earth, now backward to retrace.

XXVII.

Like as the tide that comes from th' Ocean main,
 Flows up the Shenan with contrary force
 And over-ruling him in his own reign,
 Drives back the current of his kindly course,
 And makes it seem to have some other source:
 But when the flood is spent, then back again
 His borrow'd waters forc'd to redibourse,
 He sends the sea his own with double gain,
 And tribute eke withall, as to his sovaine.

XXVIII.

Thus did the battle vary to and fro,
 With diverse fortune doubtful to be deem'd;
 Now this the better had, now had his foe;
 Then he half vanquisht, then the other seem'd;
 Yet Victors both themselves always esteem'd.
 And all the while, the disentrail'd blood,
 Adown their sides like little rivers stream'd;
 That with the wasting of his vital flood,
 Sir *Triamond* at last, full faint and feeble stood.

XXIX.

But *Cambell* still more strong and greater grew,
 Ne felt his blood to waste, ne powres emperisht,
 Through that rings vertue, that with vigour new,
 Still whenas he enfeebled was him cherisht,
 And all his wounds, and all his bruises guerisht:
 Like as a wither'd tree through husbands toil
 Is often seen full freshly to have flourisht,
 And fruitful apples to have borne awhile,
 As fresh as when it first was planted in the soil.

XXX.

Through which advantage, in his strength he rose,
 And smote the other with so wondrous might,
 That through the seam, which did his hauberk close,
 Into his throat and life it pierced quight,
 That down he fell, as dead in all mens sight;
 Yet dead he was not, yet he sure did dye,
 As all men do, that lose the living spright;
 So did one soul out of his body fly
 Unto her native home, from mortal misery,

XXXI.

But nathieles, whilst all the lookers on
 Him dead behight, as he to all appear'd,
 All unawares he started up anon,
 As one that had out of a dream been rear'd,
 And fresh assail'd his foe; who half appear'd
 Of th' uncouth sight, as he some ghost had seen,
 Stood still amaz'd, holding his idle sward;
 Till having often by him stricken been,
 He forced was to strike, and save himself from teen.

XXXII.

Yet from thenceforth, more warily he fought,
 As one in fear the *Stygian* Gods t' offend,
 Ne follow'd on so fast, but rather sought
 Himself to save, and danger to defend,
 Than life and labour both in vain to spend.
 Which *Triamond* perceiving, weened sure
 He 'gan to faint, toward the battles end,
 And that he should not long on foot endure;
 A sign which did to him the victory assure.

XXXIII.

Whereof full blith, eftsoons his mighty hand
 He heav'd on high, in mind with that same blow.
 To make an end of all that did withstand:
 Which *Cambell* seeing come, was nothing slow
 Himself to save from that so deadly throw;
 And at that instant reaching forth his sward,
 Close underneath his shield, that scarce did show,
 Strook him, as he his hand to strike up-rear'd, [pear'd.
 In th' armpit full that through both sides the wound ap-

XXXIV.

Yet still that dreadful stroke kept on his way,
 And falling heavy on *Cambellos* crest,
 Strook him so hugely, that in swoon he lay,
 And in his head an hideous wound imprest:
 And sure, had it not happily found rest
 Upon the brim of his broad plated shield,
 It would have cleft his brain down to his breast.
 So both at once fell dead upon the field,
 And each to other seem'd the victory to yield.

XXXV.

Which whenas all the lookers on beheld,
 They weened sure the war was at an end,
 And Judges rose, and Marshals of the field
 Broke up the lists, their arms away to rend,
 And *Canacee* 'gan wail her dearest friend.
 All suddainly they both upstart light,
 The one out of the swoon, which him did blend,
 The other breathing now another spright,
 And fiercely each assailing, 'gan afresh to fight.

XXXVI.

Long while they then continued in that wise,
 As if but then the battle had begun :
 Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did despise,
 Ne either car'd to ward, or peril shun,
 Desirous both to have the battle done ;
 Ne either cared life to save or spill,
 Ne which of them did win, ne which were won.
 So weary, both of fighting had their fill,
 That life it self seem'd loathsome, and long safety ill.

XXXVII.

Whilst thus the case in doubtful ballance hong,
 Unfore to whether side it would incline,
 And all mens eyes and hearts which there among
 Stood gazing, filled were with rueful tine,
 And secret fear to see their fatal fine ;
 All suddainly they heard a troublous noise
 That seem'd some per'ous tumult to define,
 Confus'd with womens cries, and shouts of boys,
 Such as the troubled theatres oft-times annoys.

XXXVIII.

Thereat the champions both stood still a space,
 To weeten what that sudden clamour meant ;
 Lo where they spide with speedy whirling pace,
 One in a charet of strange furniment,
 Towards them driving like a storm out sent.
 The charet decked was in wondrous wise,
 With gold and many a gorgeous ornament,
 After the Persian Monarch's antique guise
 Such as the maker self could best by art devise.

XXXIX.

And drawn it was (that wonder is to tell)
 Of two grim Lyons, taken from the wood,
 In which their powre all others did excell ;
 Now made forget their former cruel mood,
 T' obey their riders hest, as seemed good.
 And therein sate a Lady passing fair
 And bright, that seemed born of Angels brood,
 And with her beauty, bounty did compare,
 Whether of them in her should have the greater share.

XL.

Thereto she learned was in magick lear,
 And all the arts that subtil wits discover,
 Having therein been trained many a year,
 And well instructed by the Fay her mother,
 That in the same she far excell'd all other.
 Who understanding by her mighty art,
 Of th' evil plight, in which her dearest brother
 Now stood, came forth in haste to take his part,
 And pacifie the strife, which caus'd so deadly smart.

XLI.

And as she passed through th' unruly preace
 Of people thronging thick her to behold,
 Her angry team breaking their bonds of peace,
 Great heaps of them, like sheep in narrow fold,
 For haste did over-run, in dust enrould;
 That thorough rude confusion of the rout,
 Some fearing shriek'd, some being harmed howld,
 Some laught for sport, some did for wonder shout,
 And some that would seem wise, their wonder turn'd to

XLII.

[doubt.

In her right hand a rod of peace she bore,
 About the which two Serpents weren wound,
 Entrailed mutually in lovely lore,
 And by the tails together firmly bound,
 And both were with one Olive girlond crown'd,
 Like to the rod which *Maia's* son doth wield,
 Wherewith the hellish Fiends he doth confound.
 And in her other hand a cup she hild,
 The which was with *Nepenthe* to the brim up-fill'd.

XLIII.

Nepenthe is a drink of soveraine grace,
 Devis'd by the Gods, for to assuage
 Hearts grief, and bitter gall away to chase,
 Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage:
 In stead thereof, sweet peace and quiet age
 It doth establish in the troubled mind.
 Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
 Are by the Gods to drink thereof assign'd;
 But such as drink, eternal happiness to find,

XLIV.

Such famous men, such worthies of the earth,
 As *Jove* will have advanced to the sky,
 And there made Gods, though born of mortal birth,
 For their high merits and great dignity,
 Are wont, before they may to heaven fly,
 To drink hereof; whereby, all cares forepast
 Are washt away quite from their memory.
 So did those old Heroës hereof taste,
 Before that they in blis amongst the Gods were plaste:

XLV.

Much more of price, and of more gracious powre
 Is this, than that same water of Arden,
 The which *Rinaldo* drunk in happy houre,
 Described by that famous Tuscan pen:
 For that had might to change the hearts of men
 From love to hate, a change of evil choice:
 But this doth hatred make in Love to bren,
 And heavy heart with comfort doth rejoyce.
 Who would not to this vertue rather yield his voice?

XLVI.

At last arriving by the listës side,
 She with her rod did softly smite the rail,
 Which streight flew ope, and gave her way to ride,
 Eftsoons out of her coach she 'gan avail,
 And pacing fairly forth did bid All hail,
 First to her brother, whom she loved dear,
 That so to see him made her heart to quail:
 And next to *Cambell*, whose sad rueful chear
 Made her to change her hue, and hidden Love t' appear.

XLVII.

They lightly her requit, (for small delight
 They had as then her long to entertain.)
 And eft them turned both again to fight.
 Which when she saw, down on the bloody plain
 Her self she threw, and tears 'gan shed amain;
 Amongst her tears immixing prayers meek,
 And (with her prayers, reasons to restrain
 From bloody strife, and blessed peace to seek)
 By all that unto them was dear, did them beseeke.

XLVIII.

But whenas all might nought with them prevail,
 She smote them lightly with her powreful wand.
 Then suddainly, as if their hearts did fail,
 Their wrathful blades down fell out of their hand,
 And they like men astonisht, still did stand.
 Thus whilst their minds were doubtfully distraught,
 And mighty spirits bound with mightier band,
 Her golden cup to them for drink she raught,
 Whereof full glad for thirst, each drunken hearty draught.

XLIX.

Of which so soon as they once tasted had
 (Wonder it is that sudden change to see.)
 Instead of strokes, each other kissed glad,
 And lovely haulst from fear of treason free,
 And plighted hands for ever friends to be.
 When all men saw this sudden change of things,
 So mortal foes so friendly to agree,
 For passing joy, which so great marvail brings,
 They all 'gan shout aloud, that all the heaven rings.

L.

All which, when gentle *Canacee* beheld,
 In haste she from her lofty chair descended,
 To weet what sudden tidings was befel:
 Where when she saw that cruel war so ended,
 And deadly foes so faithfully affriended,
 In lovely wife she 'gan that Lady greet,
 Which had so great dismay so well amended;
 And entertaining her with court'sies meet,
 Profess to her true friendship and affection sweet.

LI.

Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
 The trumpets sounded, and they all arose,
 Thence to depart with glee and gladsome chear.
 Those warlike champions both together chose,
 Homeward to march, themselves there to repose:
 And wise *Cambina* taking by her side
 Fair *Canacee* as fresh as morning Rose,
 Unto her coach remounting, home did ride,
 Admir'd of all the people, and much glorifide.

LII.

Where making joyous feasts, their days they spent
 In perfect Love, devoid of hateful strife,
 Allide with bands of mutual compliment;
 For *Triamond* had *Canacee* to wife,
 With whom he led a long and happy life;
 And *Cambell* took *Cambina* to his fere,
 The which as life were each to other lief,
 So all alike did love, and loved were,
 That since their day such lovers were not found elsewhere.

CANTO IV.

Satyrane makes a turneyment

For love of Florimell:

Britomart wins the prize from all,

And Arthegall doth quell.

I.

IT often falls (as here it earst befell)
 That mortal foes do turn to faithful friends;
 That friends profest, are chang'd to foemen fell:
 The cause of both, of both their minds depends;
 And th'end of both, likewise of both their ends.
 For enmity, that of no ill proceeds,
 But of occasion, with th' occasion ends;
 And friendship, which a faint affection breeds
 Without regard of good, dies like ill grounded seeds.

II.

That well (me seems) appears, by that of late
 Twixt *Cambell* and Sir *Triamond* befell;
 As als by this, that now a new debate
 Stird up twixt *Blandamour* and *Paridell*,
 The which by course befalls me here to tell:
 Who having those two other Knights espide
 Marching afore, as ye remember well,
 Sent forth their Squire to have them both descride,
 And eke those masked Ladies riding them beside.

III.

Who back returning, told as he had seen,
 That they were doughty Knights of dreaded name;
 And those two Ladies, their two Loves unseen;
 And therefore wisht them without blot or blame,
 To let them pass at will, for dread of shame.
 But *Blandamour* full of vain glorious spright,
 And rather stir'd by his discordful Dame,
 Upon them gladly would have prov'd his might,
 But that he yet was sore of his late luckless fight.

IV.

Yet nigh approaching, he them foul bespake,
 Disgracing them, himself thereby to grace,
 As was his wont; so weening way to make
 To Ladies Love, where-so he came in place,
 And with lewd terms their lovers to deface.
 Whose sharp provokement them incens'd so sore,
 That both were bent t'avenge his usage base,
 And 'gan their shields address themselves afore:
 For evil deeds may better than bad words be bore.

V.

But fair *Cambina*, with persuasions mild,
 Did mitigate the fierceness of their mode,
 That for the present they were reconcil'd,
 And 'gan to treat of deeds of arms abroad,
 And strange adventures, all the way they rode:
 Amongst the which they told, as then befell,
 Of that great turney, which was blaz'd' broad,
 For that rich girdle of fair *Florimell*,
 The prize of her, which did in beauty most excell.

VI.

To which folk-mote they all with one consent,
 Sith each of them his Lady had him by,
 Whose beauty each of them thought excellent,
 Agreed to travel, and their fortunes try.
 So as they pass'd forth, they did espy
 One in bright arms with ready spear in rest,
 That toward them his course seem'd to apply,
 Gainst whom Sir *Paridell* himself address'd,
 Him weening, ere he nigh approacht, to have repress.

VII.

Which th'other seeing, 'gan his course relent,
 And vaunted spear estfoons to disadvantage,
 As if he nought but peace and pleasure meant;
 Now faine into their fellowship by chance;
 Whereat they shewed courteous countenance.
 So as he rode with them accompanide,
 His roving eye did on the Lady glance,
 Which *Blandamour* had riding by his side:
 Whom sure he weend, that he somewhere tofore had eyde.

VIII.

It was to weet that snowy *Florimell*,
 Which *Ferrau* late from *Braggadocchio* won:
 Whom he now seeing, her remembered well,
 How having rest her from the Witches son,
 He soon her lost: wherefore he now begun
 To challenge her anew, as his own prize,
 Whom formerly he had in battle won,
 And proffer made by force her to reprise:
 Which scornful offer *Blandamour* 'gan soon despise.

IX.

And said, Sir Knight, sith ye this Lady claim,
 Whom he that hath, were loth to lose so light,
 (For so to lose a Lady, were great shame,)
 Ye shall her win, as I have done in fight:
 And so she shall be placed here in sight,
 Together with this Hag beside her set,
 That who-so wins her, may her have by right:
 But he shall have the Hag that is ybet,
 And with her always ride, till he another get.

X.

That offer pleased all the company.
 So *Florimell* with *Atè* forth was brought;
 At which they all 'gan laugh full merrily:
 But *Braggadocchio* said, he never thought
 For such an Hag, that seemed worse than nought,
 His person to imperil so in fight.
 But if to match that Lady they had sought
 Another like, that were like fair and bright,
 His life he then would spend to justifie his right.

XI.

At which his vain excuse they all 'gan smile,
 As scorning his unmanly cowardise:
 And *Florimell* him foully 'gan revile,
 That for her sake refus'd to enterprise
 The battle offred in so knightly wise.
 And *Atte* eke provokt him privily,
 With Love of her and shame of such misprise,
 But nought he car'd for friend or enemy,
 For in base mind nor friendship dwells nor enmity.

XII.

But *Cambell* thus did shut up all in jest,
 Brave Knights and Ladies, certes ye do wrong
 To stir up strife, when most us needeth rest,
 That we may us reserve both fresh and strong,
 Against the turneyment which is not long;
 When who so list to fight may fight his fill:
 Till then your challenges ye may prolong;
 And then it shall be tried if ye will,
 Whether shall have the Hag, or hold the Lady still.

XIII.

They all agreed: so turning all to game,
 And pleasant bord, they past forth on their way.
 And all that while, where so they rode or came,
 That masked Mock-Knight was their sport and play:
 Till that at length upon th' appointed day,
 Unto the place of turneyment they came;
 Where they before them found in fresh array
 Many brave Knights, and many a dainty dame
 Assembled, for to get the honour of that game.

XIV.

There this fair crew arriving, did divide
 Themselves asunder: *Blandamour* with those
 Of his on th' one; the rest on th' other side.
 But boastful *Braggadocchio* rather chose,
 For glory vain their fellowship to lose,
 That men on him the more might gaze alone.
 The rest themselves in troops did else dispose,
 Like as it seemed best to every one;
 The Knights in couples marcht, with Ladies linkt attone.

KV.

Then first of all forth came Sir *Satyrane*,
 Bearing that precious relique in an ark,
 Of gold, that bad eyes might it not profane,
 Which drawing softly forth out of the dark,
 He open shew'd, that all men it mote mark;
 A gorgeous girdle, curiously embost
 With pearl and precious stone, worth many a mark;
 Yet did the workmanship far pass the cost:
 It was the same which lately *Florimell* had lost.

XVI.

That same aloft he hung in open view,
 To be the prize of beauty and of might;
 The which estoons discover'd, to it drew
 The eyes of all, allur'd with close delight.
 And hearts quite robbed with so glorious sight,
 That all men threw out vows and wishes vain.
 Thrice happy Lady, and thrice happy Knight,
 Them seem'd, that could so goodly riches gain,
 So worthy of the peril, worthy of the pain.

XVII.

Then took the bold Sir *Satyrane* in hand
 An huge great spear, such as he wont to wield,
 And 'vancing forth from all the other band
 Of Knights, addrest his maiden-headed shield,
 Shewing himself all ready for the field.
 'Gainst whom, there singled from the other side
 A Painim Knight, that well in arms was skilld,
 And had in many a battle oft been tride,
 Hight *Bruncheval* the bold, who fiercely forth did ride.

XVIII.

So furiously they both together met,
 That neither could the others force sustain.
 As two fierce Bulls, that strive the rule to get
 Of all the herd, meet with so hideous main,
 That both rebutted, tumble on the plain,
 So these two champions to the ground were feld,
 Where in amaze they both did long remain,
 And in their hands their idle truncheons held,
 Which neither able were to wag, or once to weld,

XIX.

Which when the noble *Ferramont* espide,
 He pricked forth in aid of *Satyrane*;
 And him against Sir *Blandamour* did ride
 With all the strength and stiffness that he can,
 But the more strong and stiffer that he ran,
 So much more sorely to the ground he fell,
 That on a heap were tumbled horse and man.
 Unto whose rescue forth rode *Paridell*;
 But him likewise with that same spear he eke did quell.

XX.

Which *Braggadocchio* seeing, had no will
 To hasten greatly to his parties aid,
 Albe his turn were next; but stood there still,
 As one that seemed doubtful or dismayed.
 But *Triamond* half wroth to see him staid,
 Sternly stept forth, and raught away his spear,
 With which so sore he *Ferramont* assaid,
 That horse and man to ground he quite did bear,
 That neither could in haste themselves again uprear.

XXI.

Which to avenge, Sir *Devon* him did dight,
 But with no better fortune than the rest:
 For him likewise he quickly down did smight,
 And after him, Sir *Douglas* him addrest,
 And after him, Sir *Palimord* forth prest:
 And none of them against his strokes could stand;
 But all the more, the more his praise increast.
 For either they were left upon the land,
 Or went away sore wounded of his hapless hand.

XXII.

And now by this, Sir *Satyrane* abraid,
 Out of the swoon, in which too long he lay;
 And looking round about, like one dismayed,
 Whenas he saw the merciless affray,
 Which doughty *Triamond* had wrought that day,
 Unto the noble Knights of Maidenhead,
 His mighty heart did almost rend in tway,
 For very gall, that rather wholly dead
 Himself he wist have been, than in so bad a stead.

XXIII.

Estfoons he 'gan to gather up around
 His weapons, which lay scatter'd all abroad ;
 And as it fell, his steed he ready found.
 On whom remounting, fiercely forth he rode,
 Like spark of fire, that from the anvile glode,
 There where he saw the valiant *Triamond*
 Chasing, and laying on them heavy lode,
 That none his force were able to withstond,
 So dreadful were his strokes, so deadly was his hond.

XXIV.

With that, at him his beam-like spear he aim'd,
 And thereto all his powre and might applide :
 The wicked steel for mischief first ordain'd,
 And having now misfortune got for guide,
 Staid not till it arrived in his side,
 And therein made a very grievous wound,
 That streams of blood his armour all bedide.
 Much was he daunted with that direful stound,
 That scarce he him upheld from falling in a swoond.

XXV.

Yet as he might, himself he soft withdrew
 Out of the field, that none perceiv'd it plain.
 Then 'gan the part of challengers anew
 To range the field, and victor-like to reign,
 That none against them battle durst maintain.
 By that the gloomy evening on them fell,
 That forced them from fighting to refrain,
 And trumpets sound to cease did them compell.
 So *Satyrane* that day was judg'd to bear the bell.

XXVI.

The morrow next the turney 'gan anew,
 And with the first, the hardy *Satyrane*
 Appear'd in place, with all his noble crew :
 On th'other side, full many a warlike swain
 Assembled were, that glorious prize to gain.
 But 'mongst them all was not Sir *Triamond*,
 Unable he new battle to darrain,
 Through grievance of his late received wound,
 That doubly did him grieve, whenso himself he found.

XXVII.

Which *Cambell* seeing, though he could not salve,
 Ne done undo, yet for to salve his name,
 And purchase honour in his friends behalve,
 This goodly counterfeifance he did frame.
 The shield and arms well known to be the same,
 Which *Triamond* had worn, unwares to wight,
 And to his friend-unwillt, for doubt of blame,
 If he misdid; he on himself did dight,
 That none could him discern, and so went forth to fight:

XXVIII.

There *Satyrane* Lord of the field he found,
 Triumphant in great joy and jollity;
 'Gainst whom none able was to stand on ground;
 That much he 'gan his glory to envy.
 And cast t'avenge his friends indignity.
 A mighty spear estfoons at him he bent;
 Who seeing him come on so furiously,
 Met him mid-way with equal hardiment,
 That forcibly to ground they both together went.

XXIX.

They up again themselves 'gan lightly rear,
 And to their tried swords themselves betake;
 With which they wrought such wondrous marvels there
 That all the rest it did amazed make,
 Ne any dar'd their peril to partake;
 Now cuffing close, now chafing to and fro,
 Now hurtling round, advantage for to take:
 As two wild Boars together grapling go,
 Chaufing, and foaming choler, each against his foe.

XXX.

So as they courtst, and turneyd here and there,
 It chaunst Sir *Satyrane* his steed at last,
 Whether through foundring or through sudden fear,
 To stumble, that his rider nigh he cast;
 Which vantage *Cambell* did pursue so fast,
 That ere himself he had recoverd well,
 So sore he soust him on the compass crest,
 That forced him to leave his lofty sell,
 And rudely tumbling down under his horse feet fell.

XXXI.

Lightly *Cambello* leapt down from his steed,
 For to have rent his shield and arms away,
 That whylome wont to be the victors meed;
 When all unwares he felt an hideous sway
 Of many swords that load on him did lay.
 An hundred Knights had him enclosed round,
 To rescue *Satyrane* out of his prey;
 All which at once huge strokes on him did pound,
 In hope to take him prisoner, where he stood on ground.

XXXII.

He with their multitude was nought dismayd,
 But with stout courage turn'd upon them all,
 And with his brondiron round about him laid;
 Of which he dealt large alms, as did befall:
 Like as a Lion that by chaunce doth fall
 Into the hunters toil, doth rage and rore,
 In royal heart disdainig to be thrall;
 But all in vain; for what might one do more?
 They have him taken captive, though it grieve him sore.

XXXIII.

Whereof when news to *Triamond* was brought,
 There as he lay, his wound he soon forgot;
 And starting up, straight for his armour sought:
 In vain he sought; for there he found it not;
Cambello it away before had got:
Cambello's arms therefore he on him threw,
 And lightly issu'd forth to take his lot,
 There he in troop found all that warlike crew,
 Leading his friend away, full sorry to his view.

XXXIV.

Into the thickest of that knightly preace
 He thrust, and smote down all that was between,
 Carried with fervent zeal; ne did he cease,
 Till that he came where he had *Cambell* seen,
 Like captive thrall two other Knights atween,
 There he amongst them cruel havock makes,
 That they which lead him, soon enforced been
 To let him loose to save their proper stakes:
 Who being freed, from one a weapon fiercely takes.

XXXV.

With that he drives at them with dreadful might,
 Both in remembrance of his friends late harm,
 And in revenge of his own despight;
 So both together give a new alarm,
 As if but now the battle waxed warm.
 As when two greedy Wolves do break by force
 Into an herd, far from the husband farm,
 They spoil and ravine without all remorse;
 So did these two through all the field, their foes enforce.

XXXVI.

Fiercely they follow'd on their bold emprise,
 Till trumpets found did warn them all to rest;
 Then all with one consent did yield the prize
 To *Triamond* and *Cambell* as the best.
 But *Triamond* to *Cambell* it releast.
 And *Cambell* it to *Triamond* transfer'd;
 Each labouring to advance the others gest,
 And make his praise before his own prefer'd:
 So that the doom was to another day defer'd.

XXXVII.

The last day came, when all those Knights again
 Assembled were, their deeds of arms to shew.
 Full many deeds that day were shewed plain:
 But *Satyrane* 'bove all the other crew,
 His wondrous worth declar'd in all mens view,
 For from the first he to the last endur'd:
 And though some while fortune from him withdrew,
 Yet evermore his honour he recur'd,
 And with unwearied powre his party still assur'd.

XXXVIII.

Ne was there Knight that ever thought of arms,
 But that his utmost prowess there made known,
 That by their many words, and careless harms,
 By shiver'd spear, and swords all under strown,
 By scatter'd shields was easie to be shown,
 There might ye see loose steeds at random rone,
 Whose luckless riders late were overthrown;
 And Squires make haste to help their Lords fordon:
 But still the Knights of Maidenhead the better won;

XXXIX.

Till that there entred on the other side,
 A stranger Knight, from whence, no man could read,
 In quaint disguise, full hard to be descride.
 For all his armour was like salvage weed,
 With woody moss bedight, and all his steed
 With oaken leaves attrapt, that seemed fit
 For salvage wight, and thereto well agreed
 His words which on his ragged shield were writ,
Salvageffe sans finesse, shewing secret wit.

XL.

He at his first in-coming, charg'd his spear
 At him, that first appeared in his sight:
 That was to weete, the stout Sir *Sangliers*,
 Who well was known to be a valiant Knight,
 Approved oft in many a perloous fight.
 Him at the first encounter down he smote,
 And over-bore beyond his crouper quight,
 And after him another Knight, that hote
 Sir *Brianor*, so sore that none him life behote.

XLI.

Then ere his hand he reard, he overthrew
 Seven Knights, one after other as they came:
 And when his spear was brust, his sword he drew,
 The instrument of wrath, and with the same
 Far'd like a Lion in his bloody game,
 Hewing, and slashing shields, and helmets bright,
 And beating down what ever nigh him came;
 That every one 'gan shun his dreadful fight,
 No less than death it self in dangerous affright.

XLII.

Much wondred all men, what or whence he came,
 That did amongst the troops so tyrannize;
 And each of other 'gan enquire his name.
 But when they could not learn it by no wise,
 Most answerable to his wild disguise
 It seemed him to term the salvage Knights
 But certes his right name was otherwise,
 Though known to few, that *Arbeggall* he hight,
 The doughtiest Knight that liv'd that day, and most of
 [might.

XLIII.

Thus was Sir *Satyrane* with all his band,
 By his sole manhood and atchievement stout
 Dismaid, that none of them in field durst stand,
 But beaten were and chased all about.
 So he continu'd all that day throughout,
 Till evening, that the sun 'gan downward bend.
 Then rushed forth out of the thickest rout
 A stranger Knight that did his glory shend ;
 So nought may be esteemed happy till the end.

XLIV.

He at his entrance charg'd his powreful spear
 At *Artibegall*; in midst of his pride ;
 And therewith smote him on his umbriere
 So fore, that tumbling back he down did slide
 Over his horses tail above a stride ;
 Whence little lust he had to rise again.
 Which *Cambell* seeing much the same envie,
 And ran at him with all his might and main ;
 But shortly was likewise seen lying on the plain.

XLV.

Whereat full inly wroth was *Triamond*,
 And cast t'avenge the shame done to his friend ;
 But by his friend himself eke soon he fond
 In no less need of help, than him he weend.
 All which when *Blandamour* from end to end
 Beheld, he woxe therewith displeased fore,
 And thought in mind it shortly to amend :
 His spear he feutred, and at him it bore ;
 But with no better fortune than the rest afore.

XLVI.

Full many others at him likewise ran :
 But all of them likewise dismounted were.
 Ne certes wonder ; for no powre of man
 Could bide the force of that enchanted spear,
 The which this famous *Britomart* did bear ;
 With which she wondrous deeds of arms atchiev'd,
 And overthrew what ever came her near,
 That all those stranger Knights full sore agriev'd,
 And that late weaker band of challengers reliev'd.

XLVII.

Like as in summers day, when raging heat
 Doth burn the earth, and boiled rivers dry,
 That all brute beasts forc'd to refrain from meat,
 Do hunt for shade, where shrouded they may lie,
 And missing it, feign from themselves to flie;
 All travellers tormented are with pain:
 A watry cloud doth overcast the skie,
 And poureth forth a suddain showre of rain,
 That all the wretched world recomforteth again:

XLVIII.

So did the warlike *Britomart* restore
 The prize, to Knights of Maidenhead that day
 (Which else was like to have been lost) and bore
 The praise of prowess from them all away.
 Then shrilling trumpets loudly 'gan to bray,
 And bade them leave their labours and long toil,
 To joyous feast and other gentle play,
 Where beauties prize should win that precious spoil:
 Where I with sound of trump will also rest awhile.

C A N T O V.

*The Ladies for the girdle strive
 Of famous Florimell:
 Scudamour coming to Cares bouse,
 Doth sleep from him expell.*

I.

IT hath been through all ages ever seen,
 That with the praise of arms and chevalry,
 The prize of beauty still hath joined been:
 And that for reasons special privy:
 For either doth on other much rely.
 For he me seems most fit the fair to serve,
 That can her best defend from villany;
 And she most fit his service doth deserve,
 That fairest is, and from her faith will never swerve.

II.

So fitly now here cometh next in place,
 After the proof of prowess ended well,
 The controversie of beauties soveraine grace;
 In which to her that doth the most excell,
 Shall fall the girdle of fair *Florimell*:
 That many wish to win for glory vain,
 And not for vertuous use, which some do tell
 That glorious belt did in it self contain,
 Which Ladies ought to love, and seek for to obtain.

III.

That girdle gave the vertue of chaste Love,
 And wivelihood true, to all that did it bear:
 But whosoever contrary doth prove,
 Might not the same about her middle wear,
 But it would loose, or else asunder tear.
 Whilome it was (as Fairies wont report)
 Dame *Venus* girdle, by her steemed dear.
 What time she us'd to live in wively sort;
 But laid aside, whenso she us'd her looser sport.

IV.

Her husb and *Vulcan* whylome for her sake,
 When first he loved her with heart entire,
 This precious ornament they say did make,
 And wrought in *Lemnos* with unquenched fire:
 And afterwards did for her Loves first hire,
 Give it to her for ever to remain,
 Therewith to bind lascivious desire,
 And loose affections streightly to restrain;
 Which vertue it for ever after did retain.

V.

The same one day, when she herself dispos'd
 To visit her beloved Paramour,
 (The God of war,) she from her middle loos'd,
 And left behind her in her secret bower,
 On *Acidalian* mount, where many an hour,
 She with the pleasant *Graces* wont to play.
 There *Florimell* in her first ages flowre
 Was fostred by those *Graces*, (as they say)
 And brought with her from thence that goodly belt away.

VI.

That goodly belt was *Cestus* hight by name,
 And as her life by her esteemed dear,
 No wonder then if that to win the same
 So many Ladies sought, as shall appear;
 For peerless she was thought, that did it bear.
 And now by this their feast all being ended,
 The Judges which thereto selected were,
 Into the Martian field adown descended,
 To deem this doubtful case, for which they all contended.

VII.

But first was question made, which of those Knights
 That lately turneyd, had the wager won:
 There was it judged by those worthy wights,
 That *Satyran* the first day best had done:
 For he last ended, having first begun:
 The second was to *Triamond* behight,
 For that he sav'd the victor from fordone:
 For *Cambell* Victor was in all mens fight,
 Till by mishap he in his foe-mens hand did light.

VIII.

The third days prize unto that stranger Knight,
 Whom all men term'd Knight of the hebene spear,
 To *Britomart* was given by good right:
 For that with puissant stroke she down did bear
 The *Salvage* Knight, that Victor was whilear,
 And all the rest which had the best afore,
 And to the last unconquer'd did appear;
 For last is deemed best. To her therefore
 The fairest Lady was adjudg'd for Paramour.

IX.

But thereat greatly grudged *Arbeggall*,
 And much repin'd, that both of Victors meed,
 And eke of honour she did him forestall.
 Yet mote he not withstand what was decreed;
 But inly thought of that despightful deed
 Fit time t'await avenged for to be.
 This being ended thus, and all agreed,
 Then next ensu'd the paragon to see
 Of beauties praise, and yield the fairest her due.

X.

Then first *Cambello* brought unto their view
 His fair *Cambina*, covered with a veil ;
 Which being once with drawn, most perfect hue
 And passing beauty did estfoons reveal,
 That able was weak hearts away to steal.
 Next did Sir *Triamond* unto their sight
 The face of his dear *Canacee* unheal ;
 Whose beauties beam estfoons did shine so bright,
 That daz'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding light.

XI.

And after her did *Paridell* produce
 His false *Duessa*, that she might be seen ;
 Who with her forged beauty did seduce
 The hearts of some, that fairest her did ween :
 As diverse wits affected diverse been.
 Then did Sir *Ferramont* unto them show
 His *Lucida*, that was full fair and sheen,
 And after these an hundred Ladies moe
 Appear'd in place, the which each other did out-go.

XII.

All which who so dare think for to enchace,
 Him needeth sure a golden pen I ween,
 To tell the feature of each goodly face.
 For since the day that they created been,
 So many heavenly faces were not seen
 Assembled in one place : ne he that thought
 For *Cbian* folk to pourtraict beauties Queen,
 By view of all the fairest to him brought,
 So many fair did see, as here he might have sought.

XIII.

At last the most redoubted *Britoness*,
 Her lovely *Amoret* did open shew :
 Whose face discover'd, plainly did expresse
 The heavenly pourtraict of bright Angels hue.
 Well weened all, which her that time did view,
 That she should surely bear the bell away,
 Till *Blandamour*, who thought he had the true
 And very *Florimell*, did her display :
 The sight of whom once seen, did all the rest dismay.

XIV.

For all afore that seemed fair and bright,
 Now base and contemptible did appear,
 Compar'd to her that shone as *Phæbes* light,
 Amongst the lesser stars in evening clear.
 All that her saw with wonder ravish't were,
 And ween'd no mortal creature she should be,
 But some celestial shape, that flesh did bear :
 Yet all were glad their *Florimell* to see :
 Yet thought that *Florimell* was not so fair as she.

XV.

As guileful goldsmith that by secret skill,
 With golden foil doth finely overspread
 Some baser metal, which commend he will
 Unto the vulgar for good gold insted,
 He much more goodly glois thereon doth shed,
 To hide his falshood, than if it were trew :
 So hard this Idol was to be ared,
 That *Florimell* herself in all mens view
 She seem'd to pass : so forged things do fairest shew.

XVI.

Then was that golden belt by doom of all
 Granted to her as to the fairest Dame.
 Which being brought, about her middle small
 They thought to gird, as best it her became :
 But by no means they could it thereto frame.
 For ever as they fastned it it loos'd
 And fell away, as feeling secret blame.
 Full oft about her waist she it enclos'd ;
 And it as oft was from about her waist disclos'd.

XVII.

That all men wondred at the uncouth sight,
 And each one thought, as to their fancies came.
 But she herself did think it done for spight,
 And touched was with secret wrath and shame
 Therewith, as thing devis'd her to defame.
 Then many other Ladies likewise tride,
 About their tender loins to knit the same ;
 But it would not on one of them abide,
 But when they thought it fast, estoons it was untide.

XVIII.

Which when that scornful *Squire of Damas* did view,
 He loudly 'gan to laugh and thus to jest;
 Alas for pity that so fair a crew,
 As like cannot be seen from east to west,
 Cannot find one this girdle to invest.
 Fie on the man that did it first invent,
 To shame us all with this, *Ungirt unblest*.
 Let never Lady to his love assent,
 That hath this day so many so unmanly spent.

XIX.

Thereat all Knights 'gan laugh, and Ladies loure;
 Till that at last the gentle *Amoret*
 Likewise affaid, to prove that girdles powre;
 And having it about her middle set,
 Did find it fit, withouten breach or let.
 Whereat the rest 'gan greatly to envy:
 But *Florimell* exceedingly did fret,
 And snatching from her hand half angrily
 The belt again, about her body 'gan it tie.

XX.

Yet nathemore would it her body fit;
 Yet nathelss to her, as her due right,
 It yielded was by them that judged it:
 And she herself adjudged to the Knight,
 That bore the hebenes spear, as won in fight.
 But *Britomart* would not thereto assent,
 Ne her own *Amoret* forego so light
 For that strange Dame, whose beauties wonderment
 She less esteem'd, than th'others vertuous government.

XXI.

Whom when the rest did see her to refuse,
 They were full glad, in hope themselves to get her:
 Yet at her choice they all did greatly muse.
 But after that, the Judges did arret her
 Unto the second best, that lov'd her better;
 That was the *Salvage Knight*: but he was gone
 In great displeasure that he could not get her.
 Then was she judged *Triamond* his own;
 But *Triamond* lov'd *Canacee*, and other none.

XXII.

The unto *Satyrane* she was adjudgd,
 Who was right glad to gain so goodly meed:
 But *Blandamour* thereat full greatly grudgd,
 And little prais'd his labours evil speed,
 That for to win the saddle lost the steed.
 Ne less thereat did *Paridell* complain,
 And thought t' appeal from that which was decreed,
 To single combat with Sir *Satyrane*
 Thereto him *Atè* stir'd, new discord to maintain.

XXIII.

And eke with these, full many other Knights
 She through her wicked working did incense,
 Her to demand, and challenge as their rights,
 Deserved for their perils recompence,
 Amongst the rest, with boastful vain pretence
 Stept *Braggadocchio* forth, and as his thrall
 Her claim'd, by him in battle won long since:
 Whereto her self he did to witnesses call;
 Who being askt accordingly confessed all.

XXIV.

Thereat exceeding wroth was *Satyrane*;
 And wroth with *Satyrane* was *Blandamour*;
 And wroth with *Blandamour* was *Erivan*;
 And at them both Sir *Paridell* did lour.
 So all together stir'd up strifeful flour,
 And ready were new battle to darrain.
 Each one profest to be her paramour,
 And vow'd with spear and shield it to maintain;
 Ne Judges powre, ne reasons rule mote them restrain.

XXV.

Which troublous stir when *Satyrane* aviz'd,
 He 'gan to cast how to appease the same;
 And to accord them all, this means deviz'd:
 First in the midst to set that fairest Dame,
 To whom each one his challenge should disclame,
 And he himself his right would eke release:
 Then look to whom she voluntary came,
 He should without disturbance her possess:
 Sweet is the Love that comes alone with willingness.

XXVI.

They all agreed : and then that snowy maid
Was in the middest plac'd among them all ;
All on her gazing wisht, and vowd, and praid,
And to the Queen of beauty close did call,
That she unto their portion might befall.
Then when she long had lookt upon each one,
As though she wished to have pleas'd them all,
At last, to *Braggadocchio* self alone
She came of her accord, in spight of all his fone.

XXVII.

Which when they all beheld, they chafte and rag'd,
And wox nigh mad for very hearts despight,
That from revenge their wills they scarce assuag'd :
Some thought from him her to have rest by might ;
Some proffer made with him for her to fight.
But he nought car'd for all that they could say :
For he their words as wind esteemed light.
Yet not fit place he thought it there to stay,
But secretly from thence that night her bore away.

XXVIII.

They which remain'd, so soon as they perceiv'd,
That she was gone, departed thence with speed,
And follow'd them, in mind her to have reav'd
From wight unworthy of so noble meed.
In which pursuit how each one did succeed,
Shall else be told in order, as it fell.
But now of *Britomart* it here doth need
The hard adventures and strange haps to tell ;
Since with the rest she went not after *Florimell*.

XXIX.

For soon as she them saw to discord set,
Her list no longer in that place abide ;
But taking with her lovely *Amoret*,
Upon her first adventure forth did ride,
To seek her lov'd, making blind Love her guide.
Unlucky maid to seek her enemy !
Unlucky maid to seek him far and wide,
Whom when he was unto her self most nigh,
She through his late disguizement could him not descrie.

XXX.

So much the more her grief, the more her toil :
 Yet neither toil nor grief, she once did spare,
 In seeking him, that should her pain assail ;
 Whereto great comfort in her sad misfare
 Was *Amoret*, companion of her care :
 Who likewise sought her lover long mis-went,
 The gentle *Scudamour*, whose heart whilare
 That strifeful Hag with jealous discontent
 Had fill'd, that he to fell revenge was fully bent ;

XXXI.

Bent to revenge on blameless *Britomart*
 The crime, which cursed *Atē* kindled earst,
 The which like thorns did prick his jealous heart,
 And through his soul like poison'd arrow pierct,
 That by no reason it might be reverst,
 For ought that *Glauce* could or do or say,
 For aye the more that she the same rehearst,
 The more it gall'd, and griev'd him night and day,
 That nought but dire revenge his anger mote defray.

XXXII.

So as they travelled, the drooping night
 Cover'd with cloudy storm and bitter showre
 That dreadful seem'd to every living wight,
 Upon them fell, before her timely houre ;
 That forced them to seek some covert bowre,
 Where they might hide their heads in quiet rest,
 And shroud their persons from that stormy stowre.
 Not far away, not meet for any guest
 They spide a little cottage, like some poor mans nest.

XXXIII.

Under a steep hills side it placed was ;
 There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the bank ;
 And fast beside a little brook did pass
 Of muddy water, that like puddle stank ;
 By which few crooked fallows grew in rank :
 Whereto approaching nigh, they heard the sound
 Of many iron hammers beating rank,
 And answering their weary turns around,
 That seemed some blacksmith dwelt in that desert ground.

XXXIV.

There entring in, they found the goodman self,
 Full busily unto his work ybent ;
 Who was to weet, a wretched wearish elf,
 With hollow eyes and raw-bone cheeks forspent,
 As if he had in prison long been pent :
 Full black and griesly did his face appear,
 Besmeard with smoke that nigh his eye-sight blent ;
 With rugged beard, and hoary shagged hair,
 The which he never wont to comb, or comely shear.

XXXV.

Rude was his garment and to rags all rent.
 Ne better had he, ne for better car'd
 With blistred hands emongst the cinders brent,
 And fingers filthy, with long nails unpar'd,
 Right fit to rend the food, on which he far'd.
 His name was *Car*; a blacksmith by his trade,
 That neither day nor night, from working spar'd,
 But to small purpose iron wedges made ;
 Those be unquiet thoughts, that carefull minds invade.

XXXVI.

In which his work he had six servants prest,
 About the anvile standing evermore,
 With huge great hammers, that did never rest
 From heaping stroaks, which thereon soused fore :
 All six strong grooms, but one than other more ;
 For by degrees they all were disagreed ;
 So likewise did the hammers which they bore,
 Like bells in greatness orderly succeed,
 That he which was the last, the first did far exceed.

XXXVII.

He like a monstrous Giant seem'd in sight,
 Far passing *Bronteus*, or *Piracmon* great,
 The which in *Lipari* do day and night
 Frame thunder-bolts for *Joves* avengeful threat.
 So dreadfully he did the anvile beat,
 That seem'd to dust he shortly would it drive :
 So huge his hammer and so fierce his heat,
 That seem'd a rock of diamond it could rive,
 And rend asunder quite, if he thereto list strive.

XXXVIII.

Sir *Scudamour* there entring, much admir'd
 The manner of their work and weary pain;
 And having long beheld, at last enquir'd
 The cause and end thereof: but all in vain;
 For they for nought would from their work refrain,
 Ne let his speeches come unto their ear.
 And eke the breathfull bellows blew amain,
 Like to the northern wind, that none could hear:
 Those *Penfrenes* did move; and *Sighs* the bellows were.

XXXIX.

Which when that warriour saw, he said no more,
 But in his armour laid him down to rest:
 To rest he laid him down upon the flore,
 (Whilome for ventrous Knights the bedding best)
 And thought his weary limbs to have redrest.
 And that old aged Dame, his faithful Squire,
 Her feeble joints laid eke adown to rest,
 That needed much her weak age to desire,
 After so long a travell, which them both did tire.

XL.

There lay Sir *Scudamour* long while expecting,
 When gentle sleep his heavy eyes would close;
 Oft changing sides, and oft new place electing,
 Where better seem'd he mote himself repose,
 And oft in wrath he thence again uprose;
 And oft in wrath he laid him down again.
 But wherefoere he did himself dispose,
 He by no means could wished ease obtain: o
 So every place seem'd painful, and each changing vain.

XLI.

And evermore, when he to sleep did think,
 The hammers sound his senses did molest;
 And evermore when he began to wink,
 The bellows noise disturb'd his quiet rest,
 Ne suffred sleep to settle in his breast.
 And all the night the Dogs did bark and houl
 About the house, at scent of stranger guest:
 And now the crowing Cock, and now the Owl
 Loud shrieking him afflicted to the very soul.

XLII.

And if by fortune any little nap,
 Upon his heavy eye-lids chaunc'd to fall,
 Eftsoons one of those villains him did rap
 Upon his head-piecc with his iron mall;
 That he was soon awaked therewithall,
 And lightly started up as one affraid;
 Or as if one him suddainly did call.
 So oftentimes he out of sleep abraid,
 And then lay musing long, on that him ill apaid.

XLIII.

So long he muzed, and so long he lay,
 That at the last his weary sprite opprest
 With fleshly weakness, which no creature may
 Long time resist, gave place to kindly rest,
 That all his senses did full soon arrest:
 Yet in his soundest sleep, his daily fear
 His idle brain 'gan busily molest,
 And made him dream those two disloyal were:
 The things that day most minds, at night do most appear.

XLIV.

With that the wicked Carle, the master Smith,
 A pair of red hot iron tongs did take
 Out of the burning cinders, and therewith,
 Under his side him nipt; that forc'd to wake
 He felt his heart for very pain to quake,
 And started up avenged for to be
 On him, the which his quiet slumber brake:
 Yet looking round about him none could see;
 Yet did the smart remain, though he himself did see.

XLV.

In such disquiet and heart-fretting pain,
 He all that night, that too long night did pass.
 And now the day out of the Ocean main
 Began to peep about this earthly mass,
 With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grass,
 Then up he rose like heavy lump of lead;
 That in his face, as in a looking glass,
 The signs of anguish one mote plainly read,
 And gues'd the man to be dismayd with jealous dread.

XLVI.

Unto his lofty steed he clomb anon,
 And forth upon his former voyage far'd,
 And with him eke that aged Squire attone;
 Who whatsoever peril was prepar'd,
 Both equal pains, and equal peril shar'd:
 The end whereof and dangerous event
 Shall for another canticle be spar'd.
 But here my weary team nigh over-spent
 Shall breathe it self a while, after so long a went.

C A N T O VI.

*Both Scudamour and Arthegal
 Do fight with Britomart:
 He sees her face; doth fall in love,
 And soon from her depart.*

I.

What equal torment to the grief of mind,
 And pining anguish hid in gentle heart,
 That inly feeds it self with thoughts unkind,
 And nourisheth her own consuming smart?
 What medicine can any Leeches art
 Yield such a sore, that doth her grievance hide,
 And will to none her malady impart?
 Such was the wound that *Scudamour* did gride;
 For which *Dan Phœbus* felt cannot a salve provide.

II.

Who having left that restless house of *Care*,
 The next day, as he on his way did ride,
 Full of melancholy and sad misfare,
 Through misconceit; all unawares espide
 An armed Knight under a forest side,
 Sitting in shade beside his grazing steed;
 Who soon as them approaching he descride,
 'Gan towards them to prick with eager speed,
 That seem'd he was full bent to some mischievous deed.

III.

Which *Scudamour* perceiving, forth issu'd
 To have rencountred him in equal race;
 But soon as th'other, nigh approaching, view'd
 The arms he bore, his spear he 'gan abase.
 And void his course: at which so suddain case
 He wondred much. But th'other thus gan say;
 Ah! gentle *Scudamour*, unto your grace
 I me submit, and you of pardon pray,
 That almost had against you trespassed this day.

IV.

Whereto thus *Scudamour*; small harm it were
 For any Knight, upon a ventrous Knight
 Without displeasance for to prove his spear.
 But read you Sir, sith ye my name have hight,
 What is your own? that I mote you requite.
 Certes, said he, ye mote as now excuse
 Me from discovering you my name aright:
 For time yet serves that I the same refuse,
 But call ye me the *Salvage Knight*, as others use.

V.

Then this, Sir *Salvage Knight*, quoth he, areed;
 Or do you here within this forest wonne?
 (That seemeth well to answer to your weed)
 Or have ye it for some occasion done?
 That rather seems, sith knowen arms ye shone.
 This other day, said he, a stranger Knight
 Shame and dishonour hath unto me done;
 On whom I wait to wreak that foul despight,
 Whenever he this way shall pass by day or night.

VI.

Shame be his meed, quoth he, that meaneth shame.
 But what is he, by whom ye shamed were?
 A stranger Knight said he, unknown by name,
 But known by fame, and by an heben spear,
 With which, he all that met him, down did bear.
 He in an open turney lately held,
 From me the honour of that game did rear;
 And having me all weary earst, down feld,
 The fairest Lady rest, and ever since withheld.

VII.

When *Scudamour* heard mention of that spear,
 He wist right well, that it was *Britomart*,
 The which from him his fairest Love did bear.
 Tho 'gan he swell in every inner part,
 For fell despight, and gnaw his jealous heart,
 That thus he sharply said ; Now by my head,
 Yet is not this the first unknighly part,
 Which that same Knight, whom by his lance I read,
 Hath done to noble Knights, that many makes him dread.

VIII.

For lately he my Love hath from me rest,
 And eke defiled with foul villany
 The sacred pledge, which in his faith was left,
 In shame of Knighthood and fidelity ;
 The which ere long full dear he shall aby.
 And if to that avenge by you decreed
 This hand may help, or succour ought supply,
 It shall not fail, whenso ye shall it need.
 So both to wreak their wraths on *Britomart* agreed.

IX.

Whiles thus they communed, lo far away
 A Knight soft riding towards them they spide,
 Attir'd in foreign arms and strange array :
 Whom when they nigh approacht, they plain descride
 To be the same, for whom they did abide.
 Said then Sir *Scudamour*, Sir *Salvage* Knight,
 Let me this crave, sith first I was deside,
 That first I may that wrong to him requite :
 And if I hap to fail, you shall recure my right.

X.

Which being yielded, he his threatful spear,
 'Gan fewer, and against her fiercely ran.
 Who soon as she him saw approaching near
 With so fell rage, herself she lightly 'gan
 To dight, to welcome him, well as she can ;
 But entertain'd him in so rude a wise,
 That to the ground she smote both horse and man ;
 Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,
 But on their common harms together did devise.

XI.

But *Artbegall*, beholding his mischance,
New matter added to his former fire;
And eft aventring his steel-headed lance,
Against her rode, full of dispiteous ire,
That nought but spoil and vengeance did require.
But to himself his felonous intent
Returning, disappointed his desire,
Whiles unawares his saddle he forwent,
And found himself on ground in great amazement.

XII.

Lightly he started up out of that stound;
And snatching forth his direful deadly blade,
Did leap to her, as doth an eager hound
Thrust to an Hind within some covert glade,
Whom without peril he cannot invade.
With such fell greediness he her assail'd,
That though she mounted were, yet he her made
To give him ground (so much his force prevail'd)
And shun his mighty strokes, 'gainst which no arms avail'd.

XIII.

So as they coursed here and there, it chaunst
That in her wheeling round, behind her crest
So sorely he her strook, that thence it glaunst
Adown her back, the which it fairly blest
From foul mischaunce; ne did it ever rest,
Till on her horses hinder parts it fell;
Where biting deep, so deadly it imprest,
That quite it chyn'd his back behind the fell,
And to alight on foot her algates did compell:

XIV.

Like as the lightning brond from riven sky,
Thrown out by angry *Jove* in his vengeance,
With dreadful force falls on some steeple high;
Which battring down it on the church doth glance,
And tears it all with terrible mischance.
Yet she no whit dismaid, her steed forsook,
And casting from her that enchanted lance,
Unto her sword and shield her soon betook;
And therewithal at him right furiously she strook.

XV.

So furiously she strook in her first heat,
 Whiles with long fight on foot he breathless was,
 That she him forced backward to retreat,
 And yield unto her weapon way to pass:
 Whose raging rigour neither steel nor brass
 Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,
 And pour'd the purple blood forth on the grass;
 That all his mail yriv'd, and plates yrent,
 Shew'd all his body bare unto the cruel dent.

XVI.

At length, whenas he saw her hasty heat
 Abate, and panting breath begin to fail,
 He through long suffrance growing now more great,
 Rose in his strength, and 'gan her fresh assail,
 Heaping huge stroaks, as thick as showre of hail,
 And lashing dreadfully at every part,
 As if he thought her soul to disentrail.
 Ah! cruel hand, and thrice more cruel heart,
 That work'st such wreck on her, to whom thou dearest art.

XVII.

What iron courage ever could endure,
 To work such outrage on so fair a creature?
 And in his madness think with hands impure
 To spoil so goodly workmanship of nature,
 The maker self resembling in her feature?
 Certes some hellish fury, or some Fiend
 This mischief fram'd, for their first loves defeature,
 To bathe their hands in blood of dearest friend,
 Thereby to make their loves beginning, their lives end.

XVIII.

Thus long they trac'd, and traverst to and fro,
 Sometimes pursuing, and sometimes pursu'd,
 Still as advantage they espide thereto:
 But toward th'end, Sir *Arbegal* renew'd
 His strength still more, but she still more decrew'd.
 At last his luckless hand he heav'd on high,
 Having his forces all in one accrew'd;
 And therewith strook at her so hideously,
 That seem'd nought but death mote be her destiny.

XIX.

The wicked stroke upon her helmet chaunft,
 And with the force which in itself it bore,
 Her ventall shar'd away, and thence forth glaunft
 Adown in vain, ne harm'd her any more.
 With that her Angels face (unseen afore,)
 Like to the ruddy morn appear'd in sight,
 Dewed with silver drops, through sweating fore;
 But somewhat redder than bescem'd aright,
 Through toilsome heat, and labour of her weary fight.

XX.

And round about the same, her yellow hair
 Having through stirring loos'd their wonted band,
 Like to a golden border did appear,
 Framed in goldsmiths forge with cunning hand:
 Yet goldsmiths cunning could not understand
 To frame such subtile wire so shiny clear.
 For it did glister like the golden sand,
 The which *Pasolus* with his waters sheer,
 Throws forth upon the rivage round about him near.

XXI.

And as his hand he up again did rear,
 Thinking to work on her his utmost wrack,
 His pow'reless arm benumb'd with secret fear,
 From his revengefull purpose shrunk aback;
 And cruel sword out of his fingers slack
 Fell down to ground, as if the steel had sense,
 And felt some ruth, or sense his hand did lack:
 Or both of them did think, obedience
 To do to so divine a beauties excellence.

XXII.

And he himself long gazing thereupon,
 At last fell humbly down upon his knee,
 And of his wonder made religion,
 Weening some heavenly Goddess he did see,
 Or else unweeting what it else might be;
 And pardon her besought his error frail,
 That had done outrage in so high degree:
 Whilst trembling horror did his sense assail.
 And made each member quake, and manly heart to quail.

XXIII.

Nath'less, she full of wrath for that late stroke,
 All that long while upheld her wrathfull hand,
 With fell intent, on him to been yroke,
 And looking stern, still over him did stand,
 Threatning to strike, unless he would withstand :
 And bade him rise or surely he should die.
 But die or live, for nought he would upstand,
 But her of pardon prayd more earnestly,
 Or wreak on him her will for so great injury.

XXIV.

Which whenas *Scudamour*, who now abraid,
 Beheld, whereas he stood not far aside,
 He was therewith right wondrously dismaid :
 And drawing nigh, whenas he plain descride
 That peerless pattern of Dame natures pride,
 And heavenly image of perfection,
 He blest himself, as one sore terrifide ;
 And turning fear to faint devotion,
 Did worship her as some celestial vision.

XXV.

But *Glauce*, seeing all that chanced there,
 Well weeting how their errour to assail,
 Full glad of so good end, to them drew near,
 And her salewd with seemly bel-accoil,
 Joyous to see her safe after long toil,
 Then her besought, as she to her was dear,
 To grant unto those warriours truce awhile ;
 Which yielded, they their beavers up did rear,
 And shew'd themselves to her, such as indeed they were.

XXVI.

When *Britomart* with sharp avizeful eye
 Beheld the lovely face of *Artibegal*,
 Tempred with sternness and stout majesty,
 She 'gan estfoons it to her mind to call,
 To be the same which in her fathers hall
 Long since in that enchanted glass she saw.
 Therewith her wrathful courage 'gan appall,
 And haughty spirits meekly to adaw,
 That her enhanced hand she down, 'gan soft withdraw.

XXVII.

Yet she it forc'd to have again upheld,
 As feigning choler, which was turn'd to cold :
 But ever when his visage she beheld,
 Her hand fell down, and would no longer hold
 The wrathful weapon 'gainst his count'nance bold :
 But when in vain to fight she oft assayd,
 She arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to scold ;
 Nath'less, her tongue not to her will obeyd,
 But brought forth speeches mild, when she would have

XXVIII.

[misfaid.

But *Scudamour*, now woxen inly glad,
 That all his jealous fear he false had found,
 And how that Hag his Love abused had,
 With breach of faith and loyalty unsound,
 The which long time his grieved heart did wound,
 He thus bespake ; Certes, Sir *Arthegall*,
 I joy to see you lout so low on ground,
 And now become to live a Ladies thrall,
 That whylome in your mind wont to despise them all.

XXIX.

Soon as she heard the name of *Arthegall*,
 Her heart did leap, and all her heart strings tremble,
 For suddain joy, and secret fear withall,
 And all her vital powres with motion nimble,
 To succour it themselves 'gan there assemble ;
 That by the swift recourse of flushing blood
 Right plain appear'd, though she it would dissemble,
 And feigned still her former angry mood.
 Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood :

XXX.

When *Glauce* thus 'gan wisely all upknit ;
 Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here hath brought,
 To be spectators of this uncouth fit,
 Which secret fate hath in this Lady wrought,
 Against the course of kind : ne marvail nought,
 Ne henceforth fear the thing that hitherto,
 Hath troubled both your minds with idle thought,
 Feared least she your Loves away should woo.
 Feared in vain, fith means ye see there wants thereto.

XXXI.

And you Sir *Artbegal*, the Salvage Knight,
 Henceforth may not disdain, that womans hand
 Hath conquer'd you anew in second fight :
 For whylome they have conquer'd sea and land,
 And heaven it self, that nought may them withstand.
 Ne henceforth be rebellious unto Love,
 That is the crown of Knighthood, and the band
 Of noble minds derived from above :
 Which being knit with vertue, never will remove.

XXXII.

And you fair Lady-Knight, my dearest Dame,
 Relent the rigour of your wrathful will,
 Whose fire were better turn'd to other flame ;
 And wiping out remembrance of all ill,
 Grant him your grace ; but so that he fulfill
 The penance, which ye shall to him impart :
 For Lovers heaven must pass by sorrows hell,
 Thereat full inly blushed *Britomart* :
 But *Artbegal* close smiling, joy'd in secret heart.

XXXIII.

Yet durst he not make love so suddainly,
 Ne think th' affection of her heart to draw,
 From one to other so quite contrary :
 Besides, her modest countenance he saw
 So goodly grave, and full of Princely awe,
 That it his raging fancie did refrain,
 And looser thoughts to lawful bounds withdraw ;
 Whereby the passion grew more fierce and faine,
 Like to a stubborn steedwhom stronghand would restrain..

XXXIV.

But *Scudamour* whose heart twixt doubtful fear
 And feeble hope hung all this while suspense,
 Desiring of his *Amoret* to hear
 Some gladfull news and sure intelligence,
 Her thus bespake ; but Sir without offence
 Mote I request you tidings of my Love,
 My *Amoret*, sith you her freed from thence,
 Where she captived long, great woes did prove,
 That where ye left, I may her seek as doth behove.

XXXV.

To whom, thus *Britomart*; Certes, Sir Knight,
What is of her become, or whither rest,
I cannot unto you aread aright.
For from that time I from enchanters theft
Her freed, in which ye her all hopeles left,
I her preserv'd from peril and from fear,
And evermore from villanie her kept:
Ne ever was there wight to me more dear
Than she, ne unto whom I more true love did bear.

XXXVI.

Till on a day, as through a defart wild
We travelled both weary of the way,
We did alight, and sate in shadow mild;
Where fearless I to sleep me down did lay.
But whenas I did out of sleep abray,
I found her not, where I her left whylear,
But thought she wandred was or gone astray.
I call'd her loud, I sought her far and near;
But no where could her find, nor tidings of her hear.

XXXVII.

When *Scudamour* those heavy tidings heard,
His heart was thrild with point of deadly fear;
Ne in his face or blood or life appear'd,
But senseless stood like to a mazed Steer,
That yet of mortal stroke the stound doth bear:
Till *Glauce* thus; fair Sir be nought dismaid
With needles dread, till certainty ye hear:
For yet she may be safe though somewhat straid;
It's best to hope the best, though of the worst afraid.

XXXVIII.

Nath'less, he hardly of her chearful speech
Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight
Shew'd change of better chear: so sore a breach
That suddain news had made into his spright;
But *Britomart* him fairly thus behight;
Great cause of sorrow, certes sir ye have:
But comfort take: for by this heavens light
I vow, you dead or living not to leave,
Till I her find, and wreak on him that her did reave.

XXXIX.

Therewith he rested, and well pleased was.

So peace being confirm'd amongst them all,

They took their steeds, and forward thence did pass,

Unto some resting place which mote befall:

All being guided by Sir *Artbegal*.

Where goodly solace was unto them made,

And daily feasting both in bowre and hall,

Until that they their wounds well healed had,

And weary limbs recur'd, after late usage bad.

XL.

In all which time, Sir *Artbegal* made way

Unto the love of noble *Britomart*:

And with meek service and much suit did lay

Continual siege unto her gentle heart;

Which being whylome lanc'd with lovely dart,

More eath was new impressiō to receive,

How ever she her paind with womanish art

To hide her wound, that none might it perceive:

Vain is the art that seeks it self for to deceive.

XLI.

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,

With fair entreaty and sweet blandishment,

That at the length, unto a bay he brought her,

So as she to his speeches was content

To lend an ear, and softly to relent.

At last through many vows which forth he pour'd,

And many oaths she yielded her consent

To be his Love, and take him for her Lord,

Till they with marriage meet might finish that accord.

XLII.

Tho when they had long time there taken rest,

Sir *Artbegal* (who all this while was bound

Upon an hard adventure yet in quest)

Fit time for him thence to depart it found,

To follow that which he did long propound;

And unto her his congee came to take.

But her therewith full sore displeas'd he found,

And loth to leave her late betrothed make;

Her dearest Love full loth so shortly to forsake.

XLIII.

Yet he with strong persuasions her assuag'd,
 And won her will to suffer him depart;
 For which his faith with her he fast engag'd,
 And thousand vows from bottom of his heart,
 That all so soon as he by wit or art
 Could that atchieve, whereto he did aspire,
 He unto her would speedily revert:
 No longer space thereto he did desire,
 But till the horned Moon three courses did expire.

XLIV.

With which she for the present was appeas'd,
 And yielded leave, however malcontent
 She inly were, and in her mind displeas'd.
 So early on the morrow next he went
 Forth on his way, to which he was ybent;
 Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
 As whylome was the custom ancient
 'Mongst Knights, when on adventures they did ride;
 Save that she aligates him awhile accompanide.

XLV.

And by the way, she sundry purpose found
 Of this or that, the time for to delay,
 And of the perils whereto he was bound,
 The fear whereof seem'd much her to affray:
 But all she did was but to wear out day.
 Full oftentimes she leave of him did take;
 And oft again deviz'd somewhat to say,
 Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make:
 So loth she was his company for to forsake.

XLVI.

At last when all the speeches she had spent,
 And new occasion fail'd her more to find,
 She left him to his fortunes government,
 And back returned with right heavy mind,
 To *Scudamour*, whom she had left behind:
 With whom she went to seek fair *Amoret*,
 Her second care though in another kind;
 For vertues only sake (which doth beget
 True love and faithful friendship) she by her did set.

XLVII.

Back to that desert forest they retir'd,
 Where sorry *Britomart* had lost her late;
 There they her sought, and every where inquir'd,
 Where they might tidings get of her estate;
 Yet found they none. But by what hapless fate,
 Or hard misfortune she was thence conveyd,
 And stoln away from her beloved mate,
 Were long to tell; therefore I here will stay
 Until another tide, that I it finish may.

CANTO VII.

*Amoret rapt by greedy lust
 Belphebe saves from dread:
 The Squire her loves, and being blam'd
 His days in dole doth lead.*

I.

Great God of Love, that with thy cruel darts
 Dost conquer greatest conquerors on ground,
 And set'st thy kingdom in the captive hearts
 Of Kings and Keasars, to thy service bound,
 What glory, or what guerdon hast thou found
 In feeble Ladies tyranning so fore;
 And adding anguish to the bitter wound,
 With which their lives thou lancedst long afore,
 By heaping storms of trouble on them daily more?

II.

So whylome didst thou to fair *Florimell*,
 And so unto the noble *Britomart*:
 So dost thou now to her of whom I tell,
 The lovely *Amoret*; whose gentle heart
 Thou martyrest with sorrow and with smart,
 In salvage forests, and in deserts wide,
 With Bears and Tigers taking heavy part,
 Withouten comfort and withouten guide;
 That pity is to hear the perils which she tride.

III.

So soon as she with that brave *Britanness*,
 Had left that turneyment for beauties prize,
 They travell'd long; that now for weariness,
 Both of the way, and warlike exercise,
 Both through a forest riding, did devise
 T'alight, and rest their weary limbs awhile.
 There heavy sleep the eye-lids did surprise
 Of *Britomart* after long tedious toil,
 That did her passed pains in quiet rest assail.

IV.

The whiles fair *Amoret* (of nought affeard)
 Walkt through the wood, for pleasure, or for need;
 When suddainly behind her back she heard
 One rushing forth out of the thickest weed:
 That ere she back could turn to taken heed,
 Had unawares her snatched up from ground.
 Feebly she shriekt; but so feebly indeed,
 That *Britomart* heard not the shrilling sound,
 There where through weary travel she lay sleeping found.

V.

It was to weet a wild and salvage man;
 Yet was no man, but only like in shape,
 And eke in stature higher by a span,
 All over-grown with hair, that could awhape
 An hardy heart; and his wide mouth did gape
 With huge great teeth, like to a tusked Bore:
 For he liv'd all on ravin and on rape
 Of men and beasts; and fed on fleshly gore,
 The sign whereof yet stain'd his bloody lips afore.

VI.

His neather lip was not like man nor beast,
 But like a wide deep poke, down hanging low,
 In which he wont the reliques of his feast
 And cruel spoil, which he had spar'd, to stow:
 And over it, his huge great nose did grow,
 Full-dreadfully empurpled all with blood;
 And down both sides, two wide long ears did glow;
 And rought down to his waist, when up he stood,
 More great than th' ears of Elephants by *Indus* flood.

VII.

His waift was with a wreath of ivy green;
 Engirt about, ne other garment wore;
 For all his hair was like a garment seen;
 And in his hand a tall young Oak he bore,
 Whose knotty snags were sharpened all afore,
 And beath'd in fire for steel to be in sted.
 But whence he was, or of what womb ybore,
 Of beasts, or of the earth, I have not read:
 But certes was with milk of Wolves and Tigers fed,

VIII.

This ugly creature, in his arms her snatcht,
 And through the forest bore her quite away,
 With breares and bushes all to rent and scratcht;
 Ne care he had, ne pity of the prey,
 Which many a Knight had fought so many a day.
 He stayd not, but in his arms her bearing,
 Ran till he came to th' end of all his way,
 Unto his cave, far from all peoples hearing, [ing.
 And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne nought fear-

IX.

For she (dear Lady) all the way was dead,
 Whilst he in arms her bore; but when she felt
 Her self down soust, she waked out of dread
 Straight into grief that her dear heart nigh swelt,
 And est 'gan into tender tears to melt.
 Then when she lookt about, and nothing found
 But darkness and dread horrour where she dwelt,
 She almost fell again into a swoond;
 Ne wist whether above she were, or under ground.

X.

With that she heard some one close by her side
 Sighing and sobbing sore, as if the pain
 Her tender heart in pieces would divide:
 Which she long listning, softly askt again
 What mister wight it was that so did plain?
 To whom, thus answer'd was: Ah! wretched wight,
 That seeks to know anothers grief in vain,
 Unweeting of thine own like hapless plight:
 Self to forget to mind another, is ore-sight.

XI.

Ay me ! said she, where am I, or with whom ?
 Among the living, or among the dead ?
 What shall of me unhappy maid become ?
 Shall death be th' end, or ought else worse, aread.
 Unhappy maid, then answer'd she, whose dread
 Unride, is less than when thou shalt it try :
 Death is to him that wretched life doth lead,
 Both grace and gain ; but he in hell doth lie,
 That lives a loathed life, and wishing cannot die.

XII.

This dismal day, hath thee a caytive made,
 And vassal to the vilest wretch alive ;
 Whose curfed usage and ungodly trade
 The heavens abhor, and into darknes drive :
 For on the spoil of women he doth live,
 Whose bodies chaste, whenever in his powre,
 He may them catch, unable to gain-strive,
 He with his shameful lust doth first deflowre ;
 And afterwards themselves doth cruelly dovoure.

XIII.

Now twenty days (by which the sons of men
 Divide their works) have past through heaven sheen,
 Since I was brought into this doleful den ;
 During which space, these sorry eyes have seen
 Seven women by him slain, and eaten clean:
 And now no more for him but I alone,
 And this old woman here remaining been,
 Till thou cam'st hither to augment our mone ;
 And of us three, tomorrow he will sure eat one.

XIV.

Ah dreadful tidings which thou dost declare,
 Quoth she, of all that ever hath been known :
 Full many great calamities and rare
 This feeble breast endured hath, but none
 Equal to this, whereever I have gone.
 But what are you, whom like unlucky lot
 Hath linkt with me in the same chain attone ?
 To tell quoth she, that which ye see, needs not ;
 A woeful wretched maid, of God and man forgot.

XV.

But what I was, it irks me to rehearse ;
 Daughter unto a Lord of high degree :
 That joyd in happy peace, till fates perverse
 With guileful love did secretly agree,
 To overthrow my state and dignitie.
 It was my lot to love a gentle swain,
 Yet was he but a Squire of low degree ;
 Yet was he meet, unless mine eye did faine,
 By any Ladies side for Leman to have lain.

XVI.

But for his meannesse and disparagement,
 My Sire (who me too dearly well did love)
 Unto my choice by no means would assent,
 But often did my folly foul reprove.
 Yet nothing could my fixed mind remove,
 But whether will'd or nill'd friend or foe,
 I me resolv'd the utmost end to prove ;
 And rather than my Love abandon so,
 Both, Sire, and friends, and all for ever to forgo.

XVII.

Thenceforth I sought by secret means to work
 Time to my will ; and from his wrathful sight
 To hide th' intent, which in my heart did lurk,
 Till I thereto had all things ready sight.
 So on a day, unweeting unto wight,
 I with that Squire agreed away to flit,
 And in a privy place, betwixt us hight,
 Within a grove appointed him to meet ;
 To which I boldly came upon my feeble feet.

XVIII.

But ah unhappy hour me thither brought :
 For in that place where I him thought to find,
 There was I found contrary to my thought,
 Of this accursed Carle of hellish kind ;
 The shame of men, and plague of womankind :
 Who trussing me, as Eagle doth his prey,
 Me hither brought with him, as swift as wind,
 Where yet untouched till this present day,
 I rest his wretched thrall, the sad *Æmilia*.

Canto VII. THE FAIRY QUEEN.

XIX.

Ah sad *Emilia*, then said *Amoret*,
Thy rueful plight I pity as mine own.
But read to me, by what device or wit,
Hast thou in all this time, from him unknown,
Thine honour sav'd, though into thralldom thrown?
Through help, quoth she, of this old woman here
I have so done, as she to me hath shown:
For ever when he burnt in lustful fire,
She in my stead supplide his bestial desire.

XX.

Thus of their evils as they did discourse,
And each did other much bewail and mone;
Lo where the villain self, their sorrows source,
Came to the cave, and rolling thence the stone,
Which wont to stop the mouth thereof, that none
Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in;
And spredding over all the flore alone,
'Gan dight himself unto his wonted sin;
Which ended, then his bloody banquet should begin.

XXI.

Which whenas fearful *Amoret* perceiv'd,
She staid not th'utmost end thereof to try,
But like a ghastly Gelt, whose wits are reav'd,
Ran forth in haste with hideous outcry,
For horror of his shameful villany.
But after her full lightly he uprose,
And her pursu'd as fast as she did fly:
Full fast she flies, and far afore him goes,
Ne feels the thorns and thickets prick her tender toes.

XXII.

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale she stays,
But overleaps them all, like Roebuck light,
And through the thickest makes her nighest ways;
And evermore when with regardful sight
She looking back, espies that grievely wight
Approaching nigh, she 'gins to mend her pace,
And makes her fear a spur to haste her flight:
More swift than *Myrrb'* or *Daphne* in her race,
Or any of the *Thracian* Nymphs in salvage chase.

XXIII.

Long so she fled, and so he follow'd long ;
 Ne living aid for her on earth appears,
 But if the heavens help redress her wrong,
 Moved with pity of her plenteous tears.
 It fortun'd *Belphebe* with her peers
 The woody Nymphs, and with that lovely boy,
 Was hunting then the Libbards and the Bears.
 In these wild woods, as was her wonted joy,
 To banish sloth, that oft doth noble minds annoy.

XXIV.

It so befell (as oft it falls in chace)
 That each of them from other sundred were,
 And that same gentle Squire arriv'd in place,
 Where this same cursed caytive did appear,
 Pursuing that fair Lady full of fear ;
 And now he her quite overtaken had :
 And now he her away with him did bear
 Under his arm, as seeming wondrous glad,
 That by his grinning laughter mote far off be rad.

XXV.

Which dreary sight the gentle Squire espying,
 Doth haste to cross him by the nearest way,
 Led with that woeful Ladies piteous crying,
 And him assails with all the might he may :
 Yet will not he the lovely spoil down lay,
 But with his craggy club in his right hand,
 Defends himself, and saves his gotten prey.
 Yet had it been right hard him to withstand,
 But that he was full light, and nimble on the land.

XXVI.

Thereto the villain used craft in fight ;
 For ever when the Squire his javolin shook,
 He held the Lady forth before him right,
 And with her body, as a buckler, broke
 The puissance of his intended stroke.
 And if it chanc'd (as needs it must in fight)
 Whilst he on him was greedy to be wroke,
 That any little blow on her did light,
 Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

XXVII.

Which subtile flight did him encumber much,
 And made him oft, when he would strike, forbear;
 For hardly could he come the Carle to touch,
 But that he her must hurt, or hazard near:
 Yet he his hand so carefully did bear,
 That at the last he did himself attain,
 And therein left the pike-head of his spear.
 A stream of cole-black blood thence gusht amain,
 That all her silken garments did with blood bestain.

XXVIII.

With that he threw her rudely on the flore,
 And laying both his hands upon his glave,
 With dreadful strokes let drive at him so sore,
 That forc'd him flie aback, himself to save:
 Yet he therewith so felly still did rave,
 That scarce the Squire his hand could once uprear,
 But (for advantage ground unto him gave,
 Tracing and traversing, now here, now there;
 For bootless thing it was to think such blows to bear.

XXIX.

Whilst thus in battle they embusied were,
Belphebe (ranging in that forest wide)
 The hideous noise of their huge strokes did hear,
 And drew thereto, making her ear her guide.
 Whom when that thief approching nigh espide,
 With bow in hand, and arrows ready bent,
 He by his former combat would not bide,
 But fled away with ghastly dreriment,
 Well knowing her to be his deaths sole instrument.

XXX.

Whom seeing fly, she speedily pursu'd
 With winged feet, as nimble as the wind;
 And ever in her bow she ready shew'd
 The arrow, to his deadly mark design'd:
 As when *Latona's* daughter, cruel kind,
 In vengeance of her mothers great disgrace,
 With fell despight her cruel arrows tind
 'Gainst woeful *Niobes* unhappy race,
 That all the Gods did mone her miserable case.

XXXI.

So well she sped her, and so far she ventred
 That ere unto his hellish den he raught,
 E'en as he ready was there to have entred,
 She sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,
 That in the very door him over caught,
 And in his nape arriving, through it thrild
 His greedy throat, therewith in two distraught ;
 That all his vital spirits thereby spill'd,
 And all his hairy breast with gory blood was fill'd.

XXXII.

Whom when on ground she groveling saw to rool,
 She ran in haste his life to have bereft :
 But ere she could him reach, the sinful soul,
 Having his carrion corse quite senseless left,
 Was fled to hell, surcharg'd with spoil and theft.
 Yet over him she there long gazing stood,
 And oft admir'd his monstrous shape, and oft
 His mighty limbs, whilst all with filthy blood
 The place there, overflown, seem'd like a suddain flood.

XXXIII.

Thenceforth she past into his dreadful den,
 Where nought but darksome dreriness she found,
 The creature saw, but heark'ned now and then
 Some little whispring, and soft groaning sound.
 With that she askt, what ghosts there under ground
 Lay hid in horror of eternal night ?
 And bade them, if so be they were not bound,
 To come and shew themselves before the light,
 Now freed from fear and danger of that dismal wight.

XXXIV.

Then forth the sad *Emilia* issued,
 Yet trembling every joint through former fear ;
 And after her the Hag, there with her mew'd,
 A foul and loathsome creature did appear ;
 A Leman fit for such a Lover deare.
 That mov'd *Belphebe* her no less to hate,
 Than for to rue the others heavy chear ;
 Of whom she 'gan enquire of her estate.
 Who all to her at large, as hapned, did relate.

XXXV.

Thence she them brought, toward the place where late
She left the gentle Squire with *Amores* :
There she him found by that new lovely mate,
Who lay the whiles in twoun, full sadly set,
From her fair eyes wiping the dewy wet,
Which softly still'd, and kissing them atween,
And handling soft the hurts, which she did get.
For of that Carle she sorely bruiz'd had been.
Als of his own rash hand one wound was to be seen.

XXXVI.

Which when she saw, with suddain glancing eye,
Her noble heart with sight thereof was fill'd
With deep disdain, and great indignity,
That in her wrath she thought them both have thrill'd,
With that self arrow, which the Carle had kill'd ;
Yet held her wrathful hand from vengeance sore,
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld ;
Is this the faith, she said, and said no more,
But turn'd her face, and fled away for evermore.

XXXVII.

He seeing her depart, arose up light,
Right sore agrieved at her sharp reproof,
And follow'd fast : but when he came in sight,
He durst not nigh approach, but kept aloof,
For dread of her displeasures utmost proof.
And evermore, when he did grace intreat,
And framed speeches fit for his behoof,
Her mortal arrows she at him did threat,
And forc'd him back with foul dishonour to retreat.

XXXVIII.

At last when long he follow'd had in vain,
Yet found no ease of grief, nor heap of grace,
Unto those woods he turned back again,
Full of sad anguish, and in heavy case :
And finding there fit solitary place
For woeful wight, chose out a gloomy glade,
Where hardly eye mote see bright heavens face
For mossy trees, which cover'd all with shade
And sad melancholy : there he his cabin made.

XXXIX.

His wonted warlike weapons all he broke
 And threw away, with vow to use no more,
 Ne thenceforth ever strike in battle stroke,
 Ne ever word to speak to woman more;
 But in the wildernes (of men forlore,
 And of the wicked world forgotten quight)
 His hard mishap in dolour to deplore,
 And wasse his wretched days in woeful plight;
 So on himself to wreak his follies own despight.

XL.

And eke his garment, to be thereto meet,
 He wilfully did cut and shape anew;
 And his fair locks, that wont with ointment sweet
 To be embalm'd, and sweat out dainty dew,
 He let to grow, and griesly to concrew,
 Uncomb'd, uncurl'd, and carelessly unshed;
 That in short time his face they overgrew,
 And over all his shoulders did dispread,
 That who he whylome was, uneath was to be read.

XLI.

There he continued in this careful plight,
 Wretchedly wearing out his youthly years,
 Through wilful penury consumed quight,
 That like a pined ghost he soon appears.
 For other food than that wild forest bears,
 Ne other drink there did he ever taste
 Than running water, tempred with his tears,
 The more his weakned body so to waste;
 That out of all mens knowledge he was worn at last.

XLII.

For on a day (by fortune as it fell)
 His own dear Lord Prince *Arthur* came that way,
 Seeking adventures where he mote hear tell;
 And as he through the wandring wood did stray,
 Having espide this cabin far away,
 He to it drew, to weet who there did wonne
 Weening therein some holy Hermit lay,
 That did resort of sinful people shun,
 Or else some wood-man shrouded there from scorching sun.

XLIII.

Arriving there he found this wretched man,
 Spending his days in dolour and despair;
 And through long fasting woxen pale and wan,
 All overgrown with rude and rugged hair;
 That albe it his own dear Squire he were,
 Yet he him knew not, ne aviz'd at all;
 But like strange wight, whom he had seen no where,
 Saluting him, 'gan into speech to fall,
 And pity much his plight, that liv'd like outcast thrall.

XLIV.

But to his speech he answered no whit,
 But stood still mute, as if he had been dumb,
 Ne sign of sence did shew, ne common wit,
 As one with grief and anguish overcome,
 And unto every thing did answer mum:
 And ever when the Prince unto him spake,
 He louted lowly, as did him become,
 And humble homage did unto him make,
 Midst sorrow shewing joyous semblance for his sake.

XLV.

At which his uncouth guise and usage quaint,
 The Prince did wonder much, yet could not guess
 The cause of that his sorrowful constraint;
 Yet ween'd by secret signs of manliness,
 Which close appear'd in that rude brutishness
 That he whylome some gentle swain had been,
 Train'd up in feats of arms and knightliness;
 Which he observ'd, by that he him had seen
 To wield his naked sword, and try the edges keen.

XLVI.

And eke by that he saw on every tree,
 How he the name of one engraven had,
 Which likely was his liefast Love to be,
 For whom he now so sorely was bestad;
 Which was by him *BELPHOEBE* rightly rad.
 Yet who was that *Belphebe*, he ne wist;
 Yet saw he often how he waxed glad,
 When he it heard, and how the ground he kist,
 Wherein it written was, and how himself he blist.

XLVII.

Tho when he long had marked his demeanour,
 And saw that all he said and did was vain,
 Ne ought mote make him change his wonted tenour,
 Ne ought mote ease or mitigate his pain,
 He left him there in langour to remain,
 Till time for him should remedy provide,
 And him restore to former grace again.
 Which for it is too long here to abide,
 I will defer the end untill another tide.

C A N T O VIII.

*The gentle Squire recovers grace:
 Slander her guests doth stain:
 Corflambo chaseth Placidus,
 And is by Arthur slain.*

I.

Well said the wiseman, now prov'd true by this,
 Which to this gentle Squire did happen late;
 That the displeasure of the mighty is
 Than death it self more dread and desperate:
 For nought the same may calm, ne mitigate,
 Till time the tempest do thereof delay
 With suffrance soft, which rigour can abate,
 And have the stern remembrance wipt away
 Of bitter thoughts, which deep therein infixed lay.

II.

Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,
 Whose tender heart the fair *Belphebe* had
 With one stern look so daunted, that no joy
 In all his life, which afterwards he had,
 He ever tasted; but with penance sad,
 And pensive sorrow, pin'd and wore away,
 Ne ever laught, ne once shew'd count'nance glad;
 But always wept and wailed night and day,
 As blasted bloom through heat doth languish and decay

III.

Till on a day (as in his wonted wife
 His dool he made) there chaust a Turtle-Dove
 To come, where he his dolors did devise,
 That likewise late had lost her dearest Love;
 Which loss, her made like passion also prove,
 Who seeing his sad plight, her tender heart
 With dear compassion deeply did enmove,
 That she 'gan mone his undeserved smart,
 And with her doleful accent, bear with him a part.

IV.

She sitting by him, as on ground he lay,
 Her mournful notes full piteously did frame,
 And thereof made a lamentable lay,
 So sensibly compil'd, that in the same
 Him seemed oft he heard his own right name.
 With that, he forth would pour so plenteous tears,
 And beat his breast unworthy of such blame,
 And knock his head, and rend his rugged hairs,
 That could have pierc'd the hearts of Tygers and of Bears

V.

Thus long this gentle bird to him did use,
 Withouten dread of peril to repair
 Unto his wonne; and with her mournful muse
 Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
 That much did ease his mourning and misfare:
 And every day, for guerdon of her song,
 He part of his small feast to her would share;
 That at the last, of all his woe and wrong,
 Companion she became, and so continued long.

VI.

Upon a day as she him sate beside,
 By chance he certain miniments forth drew,
 Which yet with him as reliques did abide
 Of all the bounty which *Balphabe* threw
 On him, whilst goodly grace she did him shew:
 Amongst the rest a jewel rich he found,
 That was a ruby of right perfect hue,
 Shap'd like a heart yet bleeding of the wound,
 And with a little golden chain about it bound.

VII.

The same he took, and with a ribband new
 (In which his Ladies colours were) did bind
 About the Turtles neck, that with the view
 Did greatly solace his engrieved mind.
 All unawares the bird, when she did find
 Her self so deckt, her nimble wings displayd,
 And flew away, as lightly as the wind;
 Which suddain accident him much dismay'd
 And looking after long, did mark which way she strayd.

VIII.

But whenas long he looked had in vain,
 Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
 His weary eye return'd to him again,
 Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
 That both his jewel he had lost so light,
 And eke his dear companion of his care.
 But that sweet bird departing, flew forth right
 Through the wide region of the wasteful air,
 Until she came where wonned his *Belphebe* fair.

IX.

There found she her (as then it did beside)
 Sitting in covert shade of arbours sweet,
 After late weary toil, which she had toide
 In salvage chase, to rest as seem'd her meet.
 There she alighting, fell before her feet,
 And 'gan to her her mournful plaint to make,
 As was her wont; thinking to let her weet
 The great tormenting grief, that for her sake
 Her gentle Squire through her displeasure did partake.

X.

She her beholding with attentive eye,
 At length did mark about her purple breast
 That precious jewel, which she formerly
 Had known right well, with colourd ribbands drest:
 Therewith she rose in haste, and her address
 With ready hand it to have rest away.
 But the swift bird obeyd not her behest,
 But swerv'd aside, and there again did stay;
 She follow'd her, and thought again it to assay.

XI.

And ever when she nigh approacht, the Dove
 Would flit a little forward, and then stay
 Till she drew near, and then again remove :
 So tempting her still to pursue the prey,
 And still from her elcaping soft away :
 Till that at length, into that forest wide
 She drew her far, and led with slow delay.
 In th'end, she her unto that place did guide,
 Whereas that woeful man in languor did abide.

XII.

Estoons she flew unto his fearless hand,
 And there a piteous ditty new devis'd.
 As if she would have made him understand,
 His sorrows cause to be of her despis'd.
 Whom when she saw in wretched weeds diguis'd,
 With hairy glib deform'd, and meagre face,
 Like Ghost late risen from his grave agris'd,
 She knew him not but pitied much his case,
 And wisht it were in her to do him any grace.

XIII.

He her beholding, at her feet down fell,
 And kist the ground on which her sole did tread,
 And washt the same with water, which did well
 From his moist eyes, and like two streams proceed ;
 Yet spake no word, whereby she might aread
 What mister wight he was, or what he meant :
 But as one daunted with her presence dread,
 Only few rueful looks unto her sent,
 As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

XIV.

Yet nathemore, his meaning she aread,
 But wondred much at his so selcouth case ;
 And by his persons secret seemlihead
 Well weend, that he had been some man of place,
 Before misfortune did his hue deface :
 That being mov'd with ruth she thus bespake ;
 Ah ! woeful man, what heavens hard disgrace,
 Or wrath of cruel wight on thee ywrake,
 Or self disliked life, doth thee thus wretched make ?

XV.

If heaven, then none may it redress or blame,
 Sith to his powre we all are subject born :
 If wrathful wight, then foul rebuke and shame
 Be theirs, that have so cruel thee forlorn ;
 But if through inward grief, or wilful scorn
 Of life it be, then better do advise.
 For he whose days in wilful woe are worn,
 The grace of his creator doth despise,
 That will not use his gifts for thankless nigardise,

XVI.

When so he heard her say, eftsoons he brake
 His tedious silence, which he long had pent,
 And sighing inly deep, her thus bespake :
 Then have they all themselves against me bent :
 For heaven (first author of my languishment)
 Envyng my too great felicity,
 Did closely with a cruel one consent,
 To cloud my days in doleful misery,
 And make me loath this life, still longing for to dye.

XVII.

Ne any but your self, O dearest dred,
 Hath done this wrong ; to wreak on worthless wight
 Your high displeasure, through misdeeming bred :
 That when your pleasure is to deem aright,
 You may redress, and me restore to light.
 Which sorry words, her mighty heart did mate
 With mild regard, to see his rueful plight,
 That her in-burning wrath she 'gan abate,
 And him receiv'd again to former favours state.

XVIII.

In which, he long time afterwards did lead
 An happy life, with grace and good accord ;
 Fearless of fortunes change, or envies dread,
 And eke all mindless of his own dear Lord
 The noble Prince, who never heard one word
 Of tidings, what did unto him betide,
 Or what good fortune did to him afford ;
 But through the endless world did wander wide,
 Him seeking ever more, yet no where him descride ;

XIX.

Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,
 He chanc'd to come where those two Ladies late,
Amylia and *Amoret* abode;
 Both in full sad and sorrowful estate;
 The one right feeble, through the evil rate
 Of food, which in her dures she had found:
 The other almost dead and desperate
 Through her late hurts, and through that hapless wound,
 With which the Squire in her defence her sore astound.

XX.

Whom when the Prince beheld, he 'gan to rewe
 The evil case in which those Ladies lay,
 But most was moved at the piteous view
 Of *Amoret*, so near unto decay,
 That her great danger did him much dismay.
 Eftsoons that precious liquor forth he drew,
 Which he in store about him kept alway,
 And with few drops thereof did softly dew
 Her wounds, that unto strength restor'd her soon anew.

XXI.

Tho when they both recover'd were right well,
 He 'gan of them inquire, what evil guide
 Them thither brought; and how their harms befell
 To whom they told all that did them betide,
 And how from thralldom vile they were untide
 Of that same wicked Carle, by virgins hond;
 Whose bloody corse they shew'd him there beside,
 And eke his cave, in which they both were bond:
 At which he wondred much, when all those signs he fond.

XXII.

And evermore, he greatly did desire
 To know, what virgin did them thence unbind;
 And oft of them did earnestly inquire,
 Where was her wonne, and how he mote her find.
 But whenas nought according to his mind
 He could out-learn, he them from ground did rear
 (No service loathsome to a gentle kind)
 And on his warlike beast them both did bear,
 Himself by them on foot to succour them from fear.

XXIII.

So when that forest they had passed well,
A little cottage far away they spide,
To which they drew, ere night upon them fell;
And entring in, found none therein abide,
But one old woman sitting there beside,
Upon the ground in ragged rude attire,
With filthy locks about her scatter'd wide,
Gnawing her nails for feltness and for ire,
And thereout sucking venom to her parts entire.

XXIV.

A foul and loathly creature sure in sight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no less:
For she was stuf with rancour and despight
Up to the throat; that oft with bitterness
It forth would break, and gush in great excess,
Pouring out streams of poison and of gall,
Gainst all that truth or vertue do profess;
Whom she with leasings lewdly did miscall,
And wickedly back-bite: her name men *Slander* call.

XXV.

Her nature is all goodness to abuse,
And causeless crimes continually to frame;
With which she guiltless persons may accuse,
And steal away the crown of their good name:
Ne ever Knight so bold, ne ever Dame
So chaste and loyal liv'd, but she would strive
With forged cause them falsely to defame:
Ne ever thing so well was doen alive,
But she with blame would blot, and of due praise deprive.

XXVI.

Her words were not as common words are meant,
T'express the meaning of the inward mind;
But noisome breath, and pois'nous spirit sent
From inward parts, with canker'd malice lin'd,
And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind;
Which passing through the ears, would pierce the heart,
And wound the soul it self with grief unkind:
For like the stings of Asps, that kill with smart,
Her spiteful words did prick, and wound the inner part

XXVII.

Such was that Hag, unmeet to host such guests;
 Whom greatest Princes court would welcome fain;
 But need (that answers not to all requests)
 Bade them not look for better entertain;
 And eke that age despised niceness vain,
 Enur'd to hardness and to homely fare,
 Which them to walike discipline did train,
 And manly limbs endur'd with little care,
 Against all hard mishaps, and fortuneless misfare.

XXVIII.

Then all that evening (welcomed with cold
 And cheerless hunger) they together spent;
 Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did scold
 And rail at them with grudgeful discontent;
 For lodging there without her own consent:
 Yet they endured all with patience mild;
 And unto rest themselves all only lent,
 Regardless of that quean so base and wild,
 To be unjustly blam'd, and bitterly revild.

XXIX.

Here well I ween, whenas these rhimes be read
 With mis-regard, that some rash witted wight,
 Whose looser thought will lightly be miss'd,
 These gentle Ladies will misdeem too light,
 For thus conversing with this noble Knight;
 Sith now of days such temperance is rare
 And hard to find, that heat of youthful spright
 For ought will from his greedy pleasure spare,
 More hard for hungry steed t'abstain from pleasant lare.

XXX.

But antique age, yet in the infancy
 Of time, did live then like an innocent,
 In simple truth and blameless chastity,
 Ne then of guile had made experiment;
 But void of vile and treacherous intent,
 Held vertue for it self in soveraine awe:
 Then loyal love had royal regiment,
 And each unto his lust did make a law,
 From all forbidden things his liking to withdraw.

XXXI.

The Lyon there did with the Lamb consort,
 And eke the Dove sat by the Faulcons side;
 Ne each of other feared fraud or tort,
 But did in safe security abide,
 Withouten part of the stronger pride:
 But when the world wox old, it wox warre old
 (Whereof it hight) and having shortly tride
 The trains of wit, in wickedness wox bold,
 And dared of all sins the secrets to unfold.

XXXII.

Then beauty, which was made to represent
 The great Creators own resemblance bright,
 Unto abuse of lawless lust was lent,
 And made the bait of bestial delight:
 Then fair grew foul, and foul grew fair in sight,
 And that which wont to vanquish God and man,
 Was made the vassal of the victors might;
 Then did her glorious flowre wex dead and wan,
 Despis'd and stridden down of all that over-ran.

XXXIII.

And now it is so utterly decay'd,
 That any bud thereof doth scarce remain,
 But if few plants (preserv'd through heavenly aid)
 In Princess court do hap to sprout again,
 Dew'd with her drops of bounty soveraine,
 Which from that goodly glorious flowre proceed,
 Spring of the ancient stock of Princes strain,
 Now th'only remnant of that royal breed,
 Whose noble kind at first was sure of heavenly seed.

XXXIV.

The soon as day discover'd heavens face
 To sinful men with darkness over-dight,
 This gentle crew 'gan from their eye-lids chase
 The drowzie humour of the dampish night,
 And did themselves unto their journey dight.
 So forth they yode, and forward softly paced,
 That them to view had been an uncouth sight;
 How all the way the Prince on foot-pace trac'd,
 The Ladies both on horse, together fast embrac'd.

XXXV.

Soon as they thence departed were afore,
 That shameful Hag (the slander of her sex)
 Them follow'd fast, and them reviled sore,
 Him calling thief, them whores; that much did vex
 His noble heart: thereto she did annex
 False crimes and facts, such as they never meant,
 That those two Ladies much asham'd did wax:
 The more did she pursue her lewd intent,
 And rail'd and rag'd, till she had all her poison spent.

XXXVI.

At last, when they were pass'd out of sight,
 Yet she did not her spiteful speech forbear,
 But after them did bark, and still back-bite,
 Though there were none her hateful words to hear:
 Like as a cur doth felly bite and tear
 The stone, which pass'd stranger at him threw,
 So she them seeing past the reach of ear,
 Against the stones and trees did rail anew,
 Till she had dull'd the sting which in her tongues endgrew.

XXXVII.

They passing forth, kept on their ready way,
 With easie steps so soft as foot could stride,
 Both for great feeble's, which did oft assay
 Fair *Amoret*, that scarcely she could ride;
 And eke through heavy arms, which sore annoy'd
 The Prince on foot, not wonted so to fare:
 Whose steady hand was fain his steed to guide,
 And all the way from trotting hard to spare,
 So was his toil the more, the more that was his care.

XXXVIII.

At length they spide, where towards them with speed
 A Squire came galloping, as he would fly;
 Bearing a little Dwarf before his steed,
 That all the way full loud for aid did cry,
 That seem'd his shrieks would rend the brazen sky:
 Whom after did a mighty man pursue,
 Riding upon a Dromedare on high,
 Of stature huge, and horrible of hue,
 That would have maz'd a man his dreadful face to view.

XXXIX.

For from his fearful eyes two fiery beams
 More sharp than points of needles did proceed,
 Shooting forth far away two flaming streams,
 Full of sad powre, that poisonous bale did breed
 To all that on him lookt without good heed,
 And secretly his enemies did slay:
 Like as the Basilisk, of serpents feed,
 From powreful eyes close venom doth convey
 Into the lookers heart, and killeth far away.

XL.

He all the way did rage at that same Squire,
 And after him full many threatnings threw,
 With curses vain in his avengeful ire:
 But none of them (so fast away he flew)
 Him overtook, before he came in view.
 Where, when he saw the Prince in armour bright,
 He call'd to him aloud, his case to rew,
 And rescue him through succour of his might,
 From that his cruel foe, that him pursu'd in sight.

XLI.

Estsoons the Prince took down those Ladies twain
 From lofty steed, and mounting in their stead
 Came to that Squire, yet trembling every vein:
 Of whom he 'gan enquire his cause of dread;
 Who as he 'gan the same to him aread,
 Lo, hard behind his back his foe was prest,
 With dreadful weapon aimed at his head:
 That unto death had doen him unredrest,
 Had not the noble Prince his ready stroke repress.

XLII.

Who thrusting boldly 'twixt him and the blow,
 The burden of the deadly brunt did bear
 Upon his shield; which lightly he did throw
 Over his head, before the harm came near.
 Nathless, it fell with so despitous deare
 And heavy sway, that hard unto his crown
 The shield it drove, and did the covering rear:
 Therewith both Squire and Dwarf did tumble down,
 Unto the earth, and lay long while in senseless swoon.

XLIII.

Whereat, the Prince full wrath, his strong right hand
In full avengement heaved up on high,
And strook the Pagan with his steely brand
So sore, that to his saddle-bow thereby
He bowed low, and so awhile did lye:
And sure, had not his masse iron mace
Betwixt him and his hurt been happily,
It would have cleft him to the girding place:
Yet as it was, it did astonish him long space.

XLIV.

But when he to himself return'd again,
All full of rage he 'gan to curse and swear;
And vow by *Maboun* that he should be slain.
With that, his murderous mace he up did rear,
That seemed nought the soufe thereof could bear,
And therewith smote at him with all his might.
But ere that it to him approached near,
The royal child, with ready quick foresight,
Did shun the proof thereof, and it avoided light.

XLV.

But ere his hand he could recoure again,
To ward his body from the baleful stound,
He smote at him with all his might and main,
So furiously, that ere he wist, he found
His head before him tumbling on the ground.
The whiles, his babling tongue did yet blaspheme
And curse his God, that did him so confound;
The whiles his life ran forth in bloody stream,
His soul descended down into the *Stygian* rea'm.

XLVI.

Which when that Squire beheld, he wox full glad
To see his foe breathe out his spright in vain:
But that same Dwarf right sorry seem'd and sad,
And howl'd aloud to see his Lord there slain,
And rent his hair, and scratcht his face for pain.
Then 'gan the Prince at leisure to inquire
Of all the accident, there hapned plain,
And what he was, whose eyes did flame with fire;
All which was thus to him declared by that Squire.

XLVH.

This mighty man, quoth he, whom you have slain,
 Of an huge Giantess whylome was bred;
 And by his strength, rule to himself did gain
 Of many nations into thraldom led,
 And mighty kingdoms of his force adred:
 Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloody fight,
 Ne hosts of men with banners brode dispred,
 But by the powre of his infectious fight,
 With which he killed all that came within his might.

XLVIII.

Ne was he ever vanquished afore,
 But eyer vanquisht all with whom he fought:
 Ne was there man so strong but he down bore,
 Ne woman yet so fair, but he her brought
 Unto his bay, and captived her thought.
 For most of strength and beauty his desire
 Was spoil to make, and waste them unto nought,
 By casting secret flakes of lustful fire
 From his false eyes, into their hearts and parts entire.

XLIX.

Therefore *Corflombe* was he call'd aright,
 Though nameless there his body now doth lye,
 Yet hath he left one daughter that is hight
 The fair *Pæana*; who seems outwardly
 So fair as ever yet saw living eye:
 And were her vertie like her beauty bright,
 She were as fair as any under sky.
 But (ah!) she given is to vain delight,
 And eke too loose of life, and eke of love too light.

L.

So as it fell, there was a gentle Squire
 That lov'd a Lady of high parentage;
 But for his mean degree might not aspire
 To match so high: her friends with counsel sage,
 Dissuaded her from such a disparage.
 But she, whose heart to love was wholly lent,
 Out of his hands could not redeem her gage,
 But firmly following her first intent,
 Resolv'd with him to wend, 'gainst all her friends consent.

LI.

So 'twixt themselves they 'pointed time and place ;
 To which when he according did repair,
 An hard mishap and disadventurous case
 Him chanc'd ; instead of his *Æmylia* fair
 This Giants son, that lies there on the lair
 An headless heap, him unawares there caught ;
 And all dismay'd through merciless despair,
 Him wretched thrall unto his dungeon brought,
 Where he remains, of all unsuccour'd and unsought.

LII.

This Giants daughter came upon a day
 Unto the prison in her joyous glee,
 To view the thralls which there in bondage lay :
 Amongst the rest she chanced there to see
 This lovely swain, the Squire of low degree ;
 To whom she did her liking lightly cast,
 And wooed him her paramour to be :
 From day to day she woo'd and pray'd him fast,
 And for his love, him promist liberty at last.

LIII.

He though affide unto a former Love,
 To whom his faith he firmly meant to hold,
 Yet seeing not how thence he mote remove,
 But by that means, which fortune did unfold,
 Her granted love, but with affection cold,
 To win her grace his liberty to get.
 Yet she him still detains in captive hold ;
 Fearing lest if she should him freely set,
 He would her shortly leave, and former Love forget.

LIV.

Yet so much favour she to him hath high
 Above the rest, that he sometimes may space
 And walk about her gardens of delight,
 Having a keeper still with him in place ;
 Which keeper is this Dwarf, her darling base,
 To whom the keys of every prison dore
 By her committed be of special grace,
 And at his will may whom he list restore,
 And whom he list reserve to be afflicted more.

LV.

Whereof when tidings came unto mine ear
 (Full inly sorry for the fervent zeal,
 Which I to him as to my soul did bear)
 I thither went; where I did long conceal
 My self, till that the Dwarf did me reveal,
 And told his Dame, her Squire of low degree
 Did secretly out of her prison steal;
 For me he did mistake that Squire to be:
 For never two so like did living creature see.

LVI.

Then was I taken, and before her brought:
 Who through the likeness of my outward hue,
 Being likewise beguiled in her thought,
 'Gan blame me much for being so untrue,
 To seek by flight her fellowship to eschew,
 That lov'd me dear, as dearest thing alive.
 Thence she commanded me to prison new;
 Whereof I glad, did not gain-say nor strive,
 But suffred that same Dwarf me to her dungeon drive.

LVII.

There did I find mine only faithful friend
 In heavy plight and sad perplexity;
 Whereof I sorry, yet my self did bend,
 Him to recomfort with my company.
 But him the more agriev'd I found thereby:
 For all his joy, he said, in that distress,
 Was mine and his *Æmylia* liberty.
Æmylia well he lov'd, as I mote guess;
 Yet greater love to me than her he did profess.

LVIII.

But I with better reason him aviz'd,
 And shew'd him, how through error and mis-thought
 Of our like persons each to be disguiz'd,
 Or his exchange, or freedom might be wrought.
 Whereunto full loth was he, ne would for ought
 Consent that I, who stood all fearless free,
 Should wilfully be into thraldom brought,
 Till fortune did perforce it so decree:
 Yet over-ru'd, at last he did to me agree,

LIX.

The morrow next, about the wonted hour,
 The Dwarf call'd at the door of *Amyas*,
 To come forthwith unto his Ladies bowre.
 Instead of whom forth came I *Placidus*,
 And undiscerned, forth with him did pass.
 There with great joyance and with gladsome glee,
 Of fair *Pæana* I received was,
 And oft imbrac'd as if that I were he,
 And with kind words accoy'd, vowing great love to me.

LX.

Which I, that was not bent to former Love,
 As was my friend that had her long refus'd,
 Did well accept, as well it did behove,
 And to the present need it wisely us'd.
 My former hardnes first, I fair excus'd;
 And after promist large amends to make.
 With such smooth terms, her error I abus'd,
 To my friends good, more than for mine own sake,
 For whose sole liberty, I Love and life did stake.

LXI.

Thence-forth, I found more favour at her hand;
 That to her Dwarf, which had me in his charge,
 She bade to lighten my too heavy band,
 And grant more scope to me to walk at large.
 So on a day, as by the flowry marge
 Of a fresh stream I with that Elf did play,
 Finding no means how I might us enlarge,
 But if that Dwarf I could with me convey,
 I lightly snatcht him up, and with me bore away.

LXII.

Thereat he shriekt aloud, that with his cry
 The tyrant self came forth with yelling bray,
 And me pursu'd; but nathemore would I
 Forgo the purchase of my gotten prey,
 But have perforce him hither brought away.
 Thus as they talked, lo! where nigh at hand
 Those Ladies two (yet doubtful through dismay,
 In presence came, desirous t' understand
 Tidings of all which there had hapned on the land.

LXIII.

Where soon as sad *Amylia* did espy
 Her captive Lovers friend, young *Placidus*;
 All mindless of her wonted modesty,
 She to him ran, and him with straight embrace
 Enfolding said, And lives yet *Amyas*?
 He lives, quoth he, and his *Amylia* loves.
 Then less, said she, by all the woe I pass,
 With which my weaker patience fortune proves.
 But what mishap thus long him from my self removes?

LXIV.

Then 'gan he all this story to renew,
 And tell the course of his captivity;
 That her dear heart full deeply made to rue;
 And sigh full sore, to hear the misery,
 In which so long he merciless did lye.
 Then after many tears and sorrows spent,
 She dear besought the Prince of remedy:
 Who thereto did with ready will consent,
 And well perform'd, as shall appear by this event.

C A N T O IX.

*The Squire of low degree releast,
 Poëana takes to wife:
 Britomart fights with many Knights,
 Prince Arthur sints their strife.*

I.

Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deem,
 When all three kinds of Love together meet,
 And do dispart the heart with powre extream,
 Whether shall weigh the balance down; to weete
 The dear affection unto kindred sweet,
 Or raging fire of Love to womankind,
 Or zeal of friends combin'd with vertues meet.
 But of them all, the band of vertuous mind
 Me seems the gentle heart should most assured bind.

II.

For natural affection soon doth cease,
 And quenched is with *Cupids* greater flame :
 But faithful friendship doth them both suppress,
 And them with maistring discipline doth tame,
 Through thoughts aspiring to eternal fame.
 For as the soul doth rule the earthly mass,
 And all the service of the body frame ;
 So love of soul doth love of body pass,
 No less than perfect gold surmounts the meanest brass.

III.

All which who list by trial to assay,
 Shall in this story find approved plain ;
 In which this Squires true friendship more did sway,
 Than either care of parents could refrain,
 Or love of fairest Lady could constrain.
 For though *Peana* were as fair as morn,
 Yet did this trusty Squire with proud disdain,
 For his friends sake her offred favours scorn,
 And she her self her sire, of whom she was yborn.

IV.

Now after that Prince *Arthur* granted had,
 To yield strong succour to that gentle swain,
 Who now long time had lyen in prison sad,
 He 'gan advise how best he mote darrain
 That enterprize for greatest glories gain.
 That headless tyrants trunk he rear'd from ground,
 And having ympt the head to it again,
 Upon his usual beast it firmly bound,
 And made it so to ride, as it alive was found.

V.

Then did he take that chaced Squire, and laid
 Before the rider, as he captive were,
 And made his Dwarf (though with unwilling aid)
 To guide the beast, that did his maister bear,
 Till to his castle they approached near.
 Whom when the watch that kept continual ward
 Saw coming home ; all void of doubtful fear,
 He running down, the gate to him unbar'd ;
 Whom straight the Prince ensuing, in together far'd.

VI.

There he did find in her delicious bowre,
 The fair *Peana* playing on a Rote,
 Complaining of her cruel paramour,
 And singing all her sorrow to the note,
 As she had learned readily by rote;
 That with the sweetness of her rare delight,
 The Prince half rapt began on her to dote:
 Till better him bethinking of the right,
 He her unwares attacht, and captive held by might.

VII.

Whence being forth produc'd, when she perceiv'd
 Her own dear Sire, she call'd to him for aid.
 But when of him no answer she receiv'd,
 But saw him senseless by the Squire upstaid,
 She weened well, that then she was betray'd:
 Then 'gan she loudly cry, and weep, and wail,
 And that same Squire of treason to upbraid.
 But all in vain, her plaints might not prevail,
 Ne none there was to rescue her, ne none to bail.

VIII.

Then took he that same Dwarf, and him compell'd
 To open unto him the prison dore,
 And forth to bring those thralls which there he held.
 Thence forth were brought to him about a score
 Of Knights and Squires to him unknown afore:
 All which he did from bitter bondage free,
 And unto former liberty restore.
 Amongst the rest, that Squire of low degree
 Came forth full weak and wan, not like himself to be.

IX.

Whom soon as fair *Emylia* beheld,
 And *Placidas*, they both unto him ran,
 And him embracing fast betwixt them held,
 Striving to comfort him all that they can,
 And kissing oft his visage pale and wan;
 That fair *Peana* them beholding both,
 'Gan both envy, and bitterly to ban;
 Through jealous passion weeping inly wroth,
 To see the sight perforce, that both her eyes were loth.

X.

But when awhile they had together been,
 And diversly conferred of their case;
 She though full oft she both of them had seen
 Asunder yet not ever in one place,
 Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,
 Which was the captive Squire she lov'd so dear,
 Deceived through great likeness of their face;
 For they so like in person did appear,
 That she uneath discerned, whether whether were.

XI.

And eke the Prince, whenas he them aviz'd,
 Their like resemblance much admired there,
 And 'maz'd how nature had so well disguiz'd
 Her work, and counterfeit her self so near,
 As if that by one pattern seen somewhere,
 She had them made a paragone to be;
 Or whether it through skill, or error were.
 Thus gazing long, at them much wondred he,
 So did the other Knights and Squires, which him did see.

XII.

Then 'gan they ransack that same castle strong,
 In which he found great store of hoarded treasure;
 The which that tyrant gather'd had by wrong
 And tortious powre, without respect or measure.
 Upon all which the Briton Prince made seisure,
 And afterwards continu'd there awhile,
 To rest himself, and solace in soft pleasure
 Those weaker Ladies after weary toil;
 To whom he did divide part of his purchast spoil.

XIII.

And for more joy, that captive Lady fair
 The fair *Paana* he enlarged free;
 And by the rest did set in sumptuous chair,
 To feast and frolick; nathemore would she
 Shew gladsome countenance nor pleasant glee:
 But grieved was for loss both of her sire,
 And eke of Lordship with bath land and fee:
 But most she touched was with grief entire,
 For loss of her new Love, the hope of her desire,

XIV.

But her the Prince, through his well wonted grace,
To better terms of mildness did entreat,
From that foul rudeness, which did her deface;
And that same bitter corsive, which did eat
Her tender heart, and made refrain from meat,
He with good thews and speeches well applide,
Did mollifie, and calm her raging heat.

For though she were most fair, and goodly dide,
Yet she it all did mar with cruelty and pride.

XV.

And for to shut up all in friendly love,
Sith love was first the ground of all her grief,
That trusty Squire he wisely well did move
Not to despise that Dame, which lov'd him lief,
Till he had made of her some better prief,
But to accept her to his wedded wife.

Thereto he offered for to make him chief
Of all her land and Lordship during life:
He yielded, and her took; so stinted all their strife.

XVI.

From that day forth, in peace and joyous blifs,

They liv'd together long without debate:

Ne private jar, ne spite of enemies
Could shake the safe assurance of their state.

And she whom nature did so fair create

That she mote match the fairest of her days,

Yet with lewd Loves and lust intemperate

Had it defac'd, thenceforth reform'd her ways,

That all men much admir'd her change, and spake her

XVII.

[praise.

Thus when the Prince had perfectly compil'd

These pairs of friends in peace and settled rest;

Himself, whose mind did travel as with child

Of his old Love, conceiv'd in secret breast,

Resolved to pursue his former guest;

And taking leave of all, with him did bear

Fair *Amoret*, whom Fortune by bequest

Had left in his protection whilear,

Exchanged out of one into another fear.

XVIII.

Fear of her safety did her not constrain,
 For well she wist now in a mighty hond,
 Her person late in peril, did remain,
 Who able was all dangers to withstand.
 But now in fear of shame she more did stond,
 Seeing her self all solely succourless,
 Left in the victors powre, like vassal bond;
 Whose will her weakness could no way repress,
 In case his burning lust should break into excess.

XIX.

But cause of fear sure had she none at all
 Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
 The course of loose affection to forestall,
 And lawless lust to rule with reasons lore;
 That all the while he by his side her bore,
 She was as safe as in a sanctuary.
 Thus many miles they two together wore,
 To seek their Loves dispersed diversly,
 Yet neither shew'd to other their hearts privy.

XX.

At length they came, whereas a troop of Knights
 They saw together skirmishing, as seem'd:
 Six they were all, all full of fell despight;
 But four of them the battle best be seem'd,
 That which of them was best mote not be deem'd.
 Those four were they from whom false *Florimell*
 By *Braggadocchio* lately was redeem'd;
 To weet, stern *Druon*, and lewd *Claribell*,
 Love-lavish *Blandamour*, and lustful *Paridell*.

XXI.

Druons delight was all in single life,
 And unto Ladies love would lend no leisure:
 The more was *Claribell* enraged rise
 With fervent flames, and loved out of measure:
 So eke lov'd *Blandamour*, but yet at pleasure
 Would change his liking, and new Lemans prove;
 But *Paridell* of love did make no treasure,
 But lusted after all that him did move.
 So diversly these four disposed were to love.

XXII.

But those two other, which beside them stood,
 Were *Britomart*, and gentle *Scudamour*,
 Who all the while beheld their wrathful mood,
 And wondred at their implacable stoure,
 Whose like they never saw till that same houre,
 So dreadful strokes each did at other drive;
 And laid on load with all their might and powre,
 As if that every dint the ghost would rive
 Out of their wretched corpes, and their lives deprive.

XXIII.

As when *Dan Æolus* in great displeasure,
 For loss of his dear Love by *Neptune* hent,
 Sends forth the winds out of his hidden treasure,
 Upon the sea to wreak his fell intent;
 They breaking forth with rude unruliment,
 From all four parts of heaven do rage full fore,
 And tosse the deeps, and tear the firmament,
 And all the world confound with wide uprore,
 As if instead thereof, they *Chaos* would restore.

XXIV.

Cause of their discord, and so fell debate,
 Was for the love of that same snowy maid,
 Whom they had lost in turneyment of late;
 And seeking long to weet which way she straid,
 Met here together: where through lewd upbraid
 Of *Asè* and *Dueffa* they fell out;
 And each one taking part in others aid,
 This cruel conflict raised thereabout,
 Whose dangerous success depended yet in doubt.

XXV.

For sometimes *Paridell* and *Blandamour*
 The better had, and beat the others back;
 Eftsoons the others did the field recour,
 And on their foes did work full cruel wrack:
 Yet neither would their fiend-like fury slack,
 But evermore their malice did augment;
 Till that uneath they forced were for lack
 Of breath, their rageing rigour to relent,
 And rest themselves, for to recover spirits spent.

XXVI.

There 'gan they change their sides, and new parts take;
 For *Paridell* did take to *Druons* side,
 For old despight, which now forth newly brake
 'Gainst *Blandamour*, whom always he envide:
 And *Blandamour* to *Claribell* relide.
 So all afresh 'gan former fight renew:
 As when two barks, this carried with the tide,
 That with the wind, contrary courses 'sue,
 If wind and tide do change, their courses change anew:

XXVII.

Thenceforth, they much more furiously 'gan fare,
 As if but then the battle had begun;
 Ne helmets bright, ne hawberks strong did spare,
 That through the clists the vermeil blood out spun,
 And all adown their riven sides did run,
 Such mortal malice, wonder was to see
 In friends profest, and so great outrage done:
 But sooth is said, and tride in each degree,
 Faint friends when they fall out most cruel toemen be.

XXVIII.

Thus they long while continued in fight,
 Till *Scudamour*, and that same Briton maid,
 By fortune in that place did chance to light:
 Whom soon as they with wrathful eye bewraid,
 They 'gan remember of the foul upbraid,
 The which that Britones had to them done,
 In that late turney for the snowy maid;
 Where she had them both shamefully fordone,
 And eke the famous prize of beauty from them won.

XXIX.

Eftsoons all burning with a fresh desire
 Of fell revenge, in their malicious mood,
 They from themselves 'gan turn their furious ire,
 And cruel blades yet steaming with hot blood,
 Against those two let drive, as they were wood:
 Who wondring much at that so sudden fit,
 Yet nought dismayd, them stoutly well withstood;
 Ne yielded foot, ne once aback did stir,
 But being doubly smitten, likewise doubly smit.

XXX.

The warlike Dame was on her part affaid
 Of *Claribell* and *Blandamour* attone;
 And *Paridell* and *Druon* fiercely laid
 At *Scudamour*, both his professed fone.
 Four charged two, and two surcharged one:
 Yet did those two themselves so bravely bear,
 That th'other little gained by the lone,
 But with their own repayed duely were,
 And usury withall: such gain was gotten dear.

XXXI.

Full oftentimes did *Britomart* assay
 To speak to them, and some emparlance move;
 But they for nought their cruel hands would stay,
 Ne lend an ear to ought that might behove.
 As when an eager mastiff once doth prove,
 The taste of blood of some engored beast,
 No words may rate, nor rigour him remove
 From greedy hold of that his bloody feast:
 So little did they hearken to her sweet behest.

XXXII.

Whom when the Briton Prince afar beheld
 With odds of so unequal match oppress,
 His mighty heart with indignation swell'd,
 And inward grudge fill'd his heroick breast:
 Eftsoons himself he to their aid address't;
 And thrusting fierce into the thickest peace,
 Divided them, however loth to rest,
 And would them fain from battle to surcease,
 With gentle words persuading them to friendly peace.

XXXIII.

But they so far from peace or patience were,
 That all atonce at him 'gan fiercely fly,
 And lay on load, as they him down would bear;
 Like to a storm, which hovers under sky
 Long here and there, and round about doth stie,
 At length breaks down in rain, and hail, and sleet,
 First from one coast, till nought thereof be dry;
 And then another, till that likewise sleet;
 And so from side to side, till all the world it weet.

XXXIV.

But now their forces greatly were decay'd,
 The Prince yet being fresh untoucht afore,
 Who them with speeches mild 'gan first dissuade
 From such foul outrage, and them long forbore:
 Till seeing them through suffrance heartaed more,
 Himself he bent their furies to abate:
 And laid at them so sharply and so sore,
 That shortly them compelled to retrate,
 And being brought in danger, to relent too late.

XXXV.

But now his courage being throughly fir'd,
 He meant to make them know their follies prise,
 Had not those two him instantly desir'd
 T' assuage his wrath, and pardon their mesprise.
 At whose request he 'gan himself advise
 To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
 In milder terms, as list them to devise:
 'Mongst which, the cause of their so cruel heat
 He did them ask: who all that passed 'gan repeat;

XXXVI.

And told at large, how that same errant Knight,
 To weet, fair *Britomart*, them late had foil'd
 In open turney, and by wrongful fight,
 Both of their publick praise had them despoil'd,
 And also of their private Loves beguil'd;
 Of two, full hard to read the harder theft.
 But she that wrongful challenge soon assoil'd,
 And shew'd that she had not that Lady rest
 (As they suppos'd) but her had to her liking left.

XXXVII.

To whom, the Prince thus goodly well replide;
 Certes, Sir Knight, ye seemen much to blame,
 To rip up wrong, that battle once hath tride;
 Wherein the honour both of arms ye shame,
 And eke the love of Ladies foul defame;
 To whom the world this franchise ever yielded,
 That of their Loves choice they might freedom claim;
 And in that right, should by all Knights be shielded:
 'Gainst which me seems this war ye wrongfully have

XXXVIII.

And yet, quoth she, a greater wrong remains :
 For I thereby my former Love have lost ;
 Whom seeking ever since with endless pains,
 Hath me much sorrow and much travel cost.
 Ay me ! to see that gentle maid so tost.
 But *Scudamour* then sighing deep, thus said ;
 Certes her loss ought me to sorrow most,
 Whose right she is, wherever she be straid,
 Through many perils won, and many fortunes waid.

XXXIX.

For from the first that I her love profess,
 Unto this hour, this present luckless hour,
 I never joyed happiness nor rest ;
 But thus turmoil'd from one to other stour,
 I waste my life, and do my days devour
 In wretched anguish, and incessant woe,
 Passing the measure of my feeble powre,
 That living thus, a wretch, and loving so,
 I neither can my Love, ne yet my life forgo.

XL.

Then good Sir *Claribell* him thus bespake ;
 Now were it not Sir *Scudamour* to you
 Dislikeful pain, so sad a task to take,
 Mote we entreat you, sith this gentle crew
 Is now so well accorded all anew ;
 That as we ride together on our way,
 Ye will recount to us in order due
 All that adventure, which ye did assay
 For that fair Ladies love : past perils well apay.

XLI.

So 'gan the rest him likewise to require ;
 But *Britomart* did him importune hard,
 To take on him that pain : whose great desire
 He glad to satisfie, himself prepar'd
 To tell through what misfortune he had far'd,
 In that atchievement, as to him befell :
 And all those dangers unto them declar'd :
 Which sith they cannot in this canto well
 Comprised be, I will them in another tell.

C A N T O X.

*Scudamour doth his conquest tell
Of virtuous Amoret :
Great Venus temple is describ'd,
And lovers life forth set.*

I.

T rue he it said, whatever man it said,
That Love with gall and hony doth abound :
But if the one be with the other weigh'd,
For every dram of hony therein found,
A pound of gall doth over it redound.
That I too true by trial have approv'd :
For since the day that first with deadly wound
My heart was launc'd, and learned to have lov'd,
I never joyed hour, but still with care was mov'd.

II.

And yet such grace is given them from above,
That all the cares and evil which they meet,
May nought at all their settled minds remove,
But seem 'gainst common sense to them most sweet,
As boasting in their martyrdom unmeet.
So all that ever yet I have endur'd,
I count as nought, and tread down under feet,
Sith of my Love at length I rest assur'd,
That to disloyalty she will not be allur'd.

III.

Long were to tell the travel and long toil,
Through which this shield of love I late have won,
And purchas'd this peerless beauties spoil,
That harder may be ended, than begun.
But since ye so desire, your will be done.
Then heark, ye gentle Knights and Ladies free,
My hard mishaps, that ye may learn to shun ;
For though sweet love to conquer glorious be,
Yet is the pain thereof much greater than the fee.

IV.

What time the fame of this renowned prize
 Flew first abroad, and all mens ears possest,
 I having arms then taken, 'gan avise
 To win me honour by some noble gest,
 And purchase me some place amongst the best.
 I boldly thought (so young mens thoughts are bold)
 That this same brave emprise for me did rest,
 And that both shield, and she whom I behold,
 Might be my lucky lot: sith all by lot we hold.

V.

So on that hard adventure forth I went,
 And to the place of peril shortly came:
 That was a temple fair and ancient,
 Which of great mother *Venus* bare the name,
 And far renowned through exceeding fame;
 Much more than that which was in *Paphos* built,
 Or that in *Cyprus* (both, long since this same,)
 Though all the pillours of the one were gilt,
 And all the others pavement were with ivory spilt.

VI.

And it was seated in an island strong,
 Abounding all with delices most rare,
 And wall'd by nature 'gainst invaders wrong,
 That none mote have access, nor inward fare,
 But by one way that passage did prepare.
 It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wise,
 With curious corbs, and pendants graven fair,
 And (arched all with porches) did arise
 On stately pillours fram'd after the *Dorick* guise.

VII.

And for defence thereof, on th'other end
 There reared was a castle fair and strong,
 That warded all which in or out did wend,
 And flanked both the bridges sides along,
 'Gainst all that would it faine to force or wrong.
 And therein wonned twenty valiant Knights:
 All twenty tride in wars experience long;
 Whose office was, against all manner wights,
 By all means to maintain that castles ancient rights.

VIII.

Before that castle was an open plain,
 And in the midst thereof a pillour plac'd ;
 On which this shield, of many sought in vain,
 The shield of Love, whose guerdon me hath grac'd,
 Was hang'd on high, with golden ribbands lac'd ;
 And in the marble stone was written this,
 With golden letters goodly well enchac'd,
Blessed the man that well can use this blifs :
Whose ever be the shield, fair Amoret be his.

IX.

Which when I read, my heart did inly yearn,
 And pant with hope of that adventures hap :
 Ne stay'd further news thereof to learn,
 But with my spear upon the shield did rap,
 That all the castle ring'd with the clap.
 Straight forth issu'd a Knight all arm'd to proof,
 And bravely mounted to his most mishap :
 Who staying nought to question from aloof,
 Ran fierce at me, that fire glaunst from his horses hoof

X.

Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
 And by good fortune shortly him unseated.
 Eftsoons out sprung two more of equal mould ;
 But I them both with equal hap defeated :
 So all the twenty I likewise entreated,
 And left them groaning there upon the plain.
 Then preacing to the pillour I repeated
 The read thereof for guerdon of my pain,
 And taking down the shield, with me did it retain.

XI.

So forth without impediment I past,
 Till to the bridges outer gate I came :
 The which I found sure lockt and chained fast.
 I knockt, but no man answer'd me by name ;
 I call'd, but no man answer'd to my claim.
 Yet I persever'd still to knock and call ;
 Till at the last I spide within the same,
 Where one stood peeping through a crevis small ;
 To whom I call'd aloud, half angry therewithall.

XII.

That was to weet, the Porter of the place,
 Unto whose trust the charge thereof was lent;
 His name was *Doubt*, that had a double face,
 Th'one forward looking, th'other backward bent.
 Therein resembling *Janus* ancient,
 Which had in charge the ingate of the year:
 And evermore his eyes about him went,
 As if some proved peril he did fear,
 Or did misdoubt some ill, whose cause did not appear.

XIII.

On th' one side he, on th' other side *Delay*,
 Behind the gate, that none her might espy;
 Whose manner was all passengers to stay,
 And entertain with her occasions sly;
 Through which some lost great hope unheedily,
 Which never they recover might again;
 And others quite excluded forth, did lye
 Long languishing there in unpitied pain,
 And seeking often entrance, afterwards in vain.

XIV.

Me whenas he had privily espide,
 Bearing the shield which I had conquer'd late,
 He kend it straight, and to me open'd wide.
 So in I past, and straight he clos'd the gate.
 But being in, *Delay* in close await
 Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to stay,
 Feigning full many a fond excuse to prate,
 And time to steal the treasure of mans day;
 Whose smallest minute lost, no riches render may.

XV.

But by no means my way I would forflow,
 For ought that ever she could do or say;
 But from my lofty steed dismounting low,
 Past forth on foot, beholding all the way
 The goodly works, and stones of rich assay,
 Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous skill,
 (That like on earth no where I reckon may)
 And underneath, the river rolling still,
 With murmur lost, that seem'd to serve the workmans will,

XVI.

Thence, forth I passed to the second gate,
 The Gate of good desert, whose goodly pride
 And costly frame, were long here to relate
 The same to all stood always open wide :
 But in the porch did evermore abide
 An hideous Giant, dreadful to behold,
 That stoppt the entrance with his spacious stride,
 And with the terroure of his countenance hold
 Full many did affray, that else faine enter would.

XVII.

His name was *Danger*, dreaded over all,
 Who day and night did watch and duly ward,
 From fearfull cowards, entrance to forestall,
 And faint-heart fools, whom shew of peril hard
 Could terrifie from Fortunes fair award :
 For oftentimes, faint hearts, at first espial
 Of his grim face, were from approaching scar'd ;
 Unworthy they of grace, whom one denial
 Excludes from fairest hope, withouten further trial.

XVIII.

Yet many doughty warriours, often tride
 In greater perils to be stout and bold,
 Durst not the sternness of his look abide,
 But soon as they his count'nance did behold,
 Began to faint, and feel their courage cold.
 Again, some other, that in hard assays
 Were cowards known, and little count did hold,
 Either through gifts, or guile, or such like ways,
 Crept in by stooping low: or stealing of the keys.

XIX.

But I though meanest man of many mo'ce,
 Yet much disdeigning unto him to lout,
 Or creep between his legs, so in to go,
 Resolv'd him to assault with manhood stout,
 And either bear him in, or cast him out.
 Etsoons advancing that enchanted shield,
 With all my might I 'gan to lay about :
 Which when he saw, the glave which he did wield
 He 'gan forthwith t'avale, and way unto me yield.

XX.

So as I entred, I did backward look, I did
 For feare of harm, that might lie hidden there;
 And lo, his hind-parts (whereof heed I took)
 Much more deformed fearfull ugly were,
 Than all his former parts did eare appear.
 For hatred, murder, treason, and despite,
 With many more, lay in ambushment there,
 Awaiting to entrap the wareless wight,
 Which did not them prevent with vigilant fight.

XXI.

Thus having past all perill, It was come
 Within the compass of that islands space;
 The which did seem unto my simple doom,
 The only pleasant and delightful place,
 That ever troden was of footings trace.
 For all that nature by her mother wit
 Could frame in earth, and form of substance best;
 Was there; and all that nature did omit,
 Art. (playing second natures part) supplied it.

XXII.

No tree, that is of count, in green-wood grows,
 From lowest Juniper to Cedar tall;
 No flowre in field, that dainty odour throws,
 And decks his branch with blossoms over all,
 But there was planted or grew naturall:
 Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,
 But there mote find to please it self withall;
 Nor heart could wish for any queint device,
 But there it present was and did fraile sense entice.

XXIII.

In such luxurious plenty of all pleasure,
 It seem'd a second paradise I guess,
 So lavishly enricht with natures treasure,
 That if the happy souls, which do possess
 Th' Elysian fields, and live in lasting blest,
 Should happen this with living eye to see,
 They soon would loath their lesser happiness,
 And wish to life return'd again to be,
 That in this joyous place they mote have joyance free.

XXIV.

Fresh shadows, fit to shroud from sunny ray;
 Fair lawns, to take the sun in season due;
 Sweet springs, in which a thousand Nymphs did play;
 Soft rumbling brooks, that gentle slumber drew;
 High reared mounts, the lands about to view;
 Low looking dales, disloign'd from common gaze;
 Delightful bowrs, to solace lovers true;
 False labyrinths, fond runners eyes to daze;
 All which by nature made, did nature self amaze.

XXV.

And all without were walks and alleys dight,
 With diverse trees, onrang'd in even ranks;
 And here and there were pleasant arbours pight,
 And shady seats, and sundry flowring banks,
 To sit and rest the walkers weary shanks:
 And therein thousand pairs of Lovers walkt,
 Praising their God, and yielding him great thanks,
 Ne ever ought but of their true Loves talkt,
 Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balt.

XXVI.

All these together by themselves did sport
 Their spotless pleasures, and sweet loves content,
 But far away from these another sort
 Of lovers linked in true hearts consent:
 Which loved not as these, for like intent,
 But on chaste vertue grounded their desire,
 Far from all fraud, or feigned blandishment;
 Which in their spirits kindling zealous fire,
 Brave thoughts and noble deeds did evermore aspire.

XXVII.

Such were great *Hercules*, and *Hylas* dear;
 True *Jenathan*, and *David* trusty tride;
 Stout *Theseus*, and *Piritibous* his fear;
Pylades, and *Orestes* by his side;
 Mild *Titus*, and *Gesippus* without pride:
Damon, and *Pythias*, whom death could not sever;
 All these, and all that ever had been ty'd
 In bands of friendship, there did live for ever:
 Whose lives, although decay'd, yet loves decayed never.

XXVIII.

Which whenas I, that never tasted bliss,
 Nor happy hour, beheld with gazefull eye,
 I thought there was none other heaven than this;
 And 'gan there endless happiness envy.
 That being free from fear and jealousy,
 Might frankly there their loves desire possess,
 Whilst I, through pains and perious jeopardy,
 Was forc'd to seek my lifes dear patroness: [stres.
 Much dearer be the things, which come through hard di-

XXIX.

Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,
 Might not my steps withhold, but that forthright
 Unto that purpos'd place I did me draw,
 Whereas my Love was lodged day and night:
 The temple of great *Venus*, that is hight
 The Queen of beauty, and of Love the mother,
 There worshipp'd of every living wight;
 Whose goodly workmanship far past all other
 That ever were on earth, all were they set together.

XXX.

Not that same famous temple of *Diana*,
 Whose height all *Epheſus* did over-see,
 And which all *Asia* sought with vows profane,
 One of the worlds seven wonders said to be,
 Might match with this by many a degree:
 Nor that, which that wise King of *Jewry* fram'd,
 With endless cost, to be th'Almighty's see:
 Nor all that else through all the world is nam'd
 To all the Heathen Gods, might like to this be claim'd.

XXXI.

I much admiring that so goodly frame,
 Unto the porch approacht, which open stood;
 But therein sate an amiable Dame,
 That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
 And in her semblant shew'd great womanhood,
 Strange was her tire; for on her head a crown
 She wore, much like unto a *Danish* hood,
 Poudred with pearl and stone; and all her gown
 Enwoven was with gold, that raught full low adown.

XXXII.

On either side of her, two young men stood,
 Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another ;
 Yet were they brethren both of half the blood,
 Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
 Though of contrary natures each to other :
 The one of them hight *Love*, the other *Hate*.
Hate was the elder. *Love* the younger brother ;
 Yet was the younger stronger in his state
 Than th' elder, and him maistred still in all debate.

XXXIII.

Nath'less, that Dame so well them tempred both,
 That she them forced hand to join in hand,
 Albe that *Hatred* was thereto full loth,
 And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,
 Unwilling to behold that lovely band.
 Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,
 That her commandment he could not withstand,
 But bit his lip for felonous despight,
 And gnasht his iron tusks at that displeasing sight.

XXXIV.

Concord she cleeped was in common read,
 Mother of blessed *Peace*, and *Friendship* true ;
 They both her twins, both born of heavenly seed,
 And she herself likewise divinely grew ;
 The which right well her works divine did shew :
 For strength, and wealth, and happiness she lends,
 And strife, and war, and anger does subdue :
 Of little much, of foes she maketh friends,
 And to afflicted minds, sweet rest and quiet sends.

XXXV.

By her the heaven is in his course contain'd,
 And all the world in state unmoved stands,
 As their Almighty maker first ordain'd,
 And bound them with inviolable bands ;
 Else would the waters overflow the lands,
 And fire devour the air, and Hell them quight,
 But that she holds them with her blessed hands.
 She is the nurse of pleasure and delight,
 And unto *Venus* grace the gate doth open right.

XXXVI.

By her I entring, half dismayed was;
 But she in gentle wise me entertain'd,
 And twixt her self and Love did let me pass:
 But *Hatred* would my entrance have restrain'd,
 And with his club me threatned to have brain'd,
 Had not the Lady, with her powreful speech,
 Him from his wicked will uneath refrain'd;
 And th' other eke his malice did empeach,
 Till I was throughly past the peril of his reach.

XXXVII.

Into the inmost temple thus I came,
 Which fuming all with frankincense I found,
 And odours rising from the altars flame.
 Upon an hundred marble pillours round,
 The roof up high was reared from the ground,
 All deckt with crowns, and chains, and girlonds gay,
 And thousand pretious gifts worth many a pound,
 The which sad Lovers for their vows did pay; [May.
 And all the ground was strow'd with flowres as fresh as

XXXVIII.

An hundred altars round about were set,
 All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
 That with the steam thereof the temple sweet,
 Which roll'd in clouds, to heaven did aspire,
 And in them bore true Lovers vows entire:
 And eke an hundred brasen candrons bright,
 To bathe in joy and amorous desire,
 Every of which was to a damzel hight;
 For all the Priests were damzels, in soft linnen dight.

XXXIX.

Right in the midst the Goddess self did stand,
 Upon an altar of some costly mass,
 Whose substance was uneath to understand:
 For neither pretious stone, nor duresful brass,
 Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
 But much more rare and pretious to esteem,
 Pure in aspect, and like to chrystal glasse,
 Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deem;
 But being fair and briclike, likest glasse did seem.

XL.

But it in shape and beauty did excell
 All other idols which th' heathen adore,
 Far passing that, which by surpassing skill
Phidias did make in *Paphos* Isle of yore,
 With which that wretched *Greek* that life forlore,
 Did fall in love: yet this much fairer shin'd,
 But cover'd with a slender veil afore;
 And both her feet and legs together twin'd
 Were with a snake, whose head and tail were fast combin'd.

XLI.

The cause why she was cover'd with a vell,
 Was hard to know, for that her Priests the same
 From peoples knowledge labour'd to conceal.
 But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,
 Nor any blemish which the work mote blame;
 But for (they say) she hath both kinds in one,
 Both male and female, both under one name:
 She sire and mother is her self alone;
 Begets, and eke conceives, ne needeth other none.

XLII.

And all about her neck and shoulders flew
 A flock of little Loves, and Sports, and Joys,
 With nimble wings of gold and purple hue;
 Whose shapes seem'd not like to terrestrial boys,
 But like to Angels playing heavenly toys;
 The whilst their elder brother was away,
Cupid, their eldest brother; he enjoys
 The wide kingdom of Love with lordly sway,
 And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

XLIII.

And all about her altar, scatt' red lay
 Great sorts of Lovers piteously complaining;
 Some of their loss, some of their Loves delay,
 Some of their pride, some paragons disdainig,
 Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently feigning,
 As every one had cause of good or ill.
 Amongst the rest, some one through loves constraining
 Tormented sore, could not contain it still,
 But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did fill;

XLIV.

Great *Venus*, Queen of beauty and of grace,
 The joy of Gods and men, that under sky
 Dost fairest shine, and most adorn thy place,
 That with thy smiling look dost pacify
 The raging seas, and mak'st the storms to fly :
 Thee Goddes, thee the winds, the clouds do fear,
 And when thou spreadst thy mantle forth on high,
 The waters play, and pleasant lands appear,
 And heavens laugh, and all the world shews joyous cheer.

XLV.

Then doth the *Dadale* earth throw forth to thee
 Out of her fruitful lap abundant flowres :
 And then all living wights, soon as they see
 The Spring break forth out of his lusty bowes,
 They all do learn to play the paramours ;
 First do the merry birds, thy pretty pages,
 Privily pricked with thy lustful powres,
 Chirp loud to thee out of their leafy cages,
 And thee their mother call to cool their kindly rages.

XLVI.

Then do the salvage beasts begin to play
 Their pleasant frisks, and loath their wonted food :
 The Lions roar, the Tigers loudly bray ;
 The raging Bulls rebellow through the wood,
 And breaking forth, dare tempt the deepest flood,
 To come where thou dost draw them with desire ;
 So all things else, that nourish vital blood,
 Soon as with fury thou dost them inspire,
 In generation seek to quench their inward fire.

XLVII.

So all the world by thee at first was made,
 And daily yet thou dost the same repair :
 Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
 Ne ought on earth that lovely is and fair,
 But thou the same for pleasure didst prepare.
 Thou art the root of all that joyous is,
 Great God of men and women, Queen of th' air,
 Mother of laughter, and well-spring of bliss,
 O grant that of my Love at last I may not miss.

XLVIII.

So did he say : but I with murmur soft,
 That none might hear the sorrow of my heart,
 Yet inly groaning deep and sighing oft,
 Besought her to grant ease unto my smart,
 And to my wound her gracious help impart,
 Whilst thus I spake, behold with happy eye
 I spide, where at the idols feet apart
 A bevy of fair damzels close did lie,
 Waiting whenas the anthem should be sung on high.

XLIX.

The first of them did seem of riper years,
 And graver countenance than all the rest ;
 Yet all the rest were eke her equal peers,
 Yet unto her obeyed all the best.
 Her name was *Womanhood*, that she exprest
 By her sad semblant and demeanure wise :
 For stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
 Ne rov'd at random after gazers guise,
 Whose luring baits oftentimes do heedless hearts entise.

L.

And next to her sate goodly *Shamefastness* ;
 Ne ever durst her eyes from ground uprear,
 Ne ever once did look up from her-deers,
 As if some blame of evil she did fear,
 That in her cheeks made roses oft appear :
 And her against sweet *Cheerfulness* was plac'd,
 Whose eyes like twinkling stars in evening clear,
 Were deckt with smiles, that all sad humours chac'd,
 And darted forth delights, the which her goodly grac'd.

LI.

And next to her sate sober *Modesty*,
 Holding her hand upon her gentle heart ;
 And her against sate comely *Courtesy*,
 That unto every person knew her part ;
 And her before was seated overthwart
 Soft *Silence*, and submissive *Obedience*,
 Both linkt together never to dispart,
 Both gifts of God not gotten but from thence,
 Both girlonds of his Saints against their foes offence.

LII.

Thus fate they all around in seemly rate :
 And in the midst of them a goodly maid,
 Ev'n in the lap of *Wanamood* there fate,
 The which was all in lilly white arrayd,
 With silver streams amongst the linnen strayed;
 Like to the Morn, when first her shining face
 Hath to the gloomy world it self bewrayd :
 That same was fairest *Amoret* in place,
 Shining with beauties light, and heavenly vertues grace.

LIII.

Whom soon as I beheld; my heart 'gan throbb,
 And wade in doubt, what best were to be done :
 For sacriledge me seem'd the church to rob ;
 And folly seem'd to leave the thing undone,
 Which with so strong attempt I had begun.
 Tho shaking off all doubt and shamefac'd fear,
 Which ladies Love I heard had never won
 'Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped near,
 And by the lilly hand her labour'd up to rear.

LIV.

Thereat that formost matron me did blame;
 And sharp rebuke, for being over bold ;
 Saying it was to Knight unseemly shame,
 Upon a recluse virgin to lay hold,
 That unto *Venus* services was fold.
 To whom I thus ; Nay but it fitteth best,
 For *Cupids* man with *Venus* maid to hold :
 For ill your Goddesses services are drest
 By virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest.

LV.

With that my shield I forth to her did show,
 Which all that while I closely had conceald ;
 On which when *Cupid* with his killing bow
 And cruel shafts emblazond she beheld,
 At sight thereof she was with terror queld,
 And said no more : but I which all that while
 The pledge of faith, her hand engaged held,
 Like wary Hind within the weedy soil,
 For no intreaty would forgo so glorious spoil.

LVI.

And evermore upon the Goddess face.

Mine eye was fixt, for fear of her offence:
Whom when I saw with amiable grade
To laugh on me, and favour my pretence,
I was embolden'd with more confidence:
And nought for niceness nor for envy sparing,
In presence of them all forth led her thence,
All looking on, and like astonisht staring,
Yet to lay hand of her, not one of all them daring.

LVII.

She often prayd, and often me besought,
Sometime with tender tears to let her go,
Sometime with witching smiles: but yet for nought,
That ever she to me could say or do,
Could she her wished freedom from me woe,
But forth I led her through the temple gate;
By which I hardly past with much ado:
But that same Lady which me friended late
In entrance, did me also friend in my retrate.

LVIII.

No less did Danger threaten me with dread,
Whenas he saw me, maugre all his powre,
That glorious spoil of beauty with me lead;
Than *Cerberus*, when *Orpheus* did recoure
His Leman from the *Stygian* Princes bowre.
But evermore my shield did me defend,
Against the storm of every dreadful stoure:
Thus safely with my Love I thence did wend.
So ended he his tale, where I this canto end.

C A N T O XI.

*Marinells former wound is heal'd,
 He comes to Proteus hall,
 Where Thamir doth the Medway wed,
 And feasts the Sea-gods all.*

I.

But ah for pity! that I have thus long
 Left a fair Lady languishing in pain :
 Now well away, that I have doen such wrong,
 To let fair *Florimell* in bands remain,
 In bands of love, and in sad thralldoms chain;
 From which unless some heavenly powre her free
 By miracle, not yet appearing plain,
 She longer yet is like captiv'd to be :
 That ev'n to think thereof, it inly pities me :

II.

Here need you to remember, how erewhile
 Unlovely *Proteus*, missing to his mind
 That virgins love to win by wit or wile
 Her threw into a dungeon deep and blind,
 And there in chains her cruelly did bind,
 In hope thereby her to his bent to draw :
 For whenas neither gifts nor graces kind,
 Her constant mind could move at all he saw,
 He thought her to compel by cruelty and awe.

III.

Deep in the bottom of an huge great rock
 The dungeon was, in which her bound he left,
 That neither iron bars, nor brazen lock
 Did need to guard from force, or secret theft
 Of all her Lovers, which would her have rest.
 For wall'd it was with waves, which rag'd and roar'd
 As they the cliff in pieces would have cleft :
 Besides ten thousand monsters foul abhord
 Did wait about it, gaping griesly, all begor'd.

IV.

And in the midst thereof did Horror dwell,
 And Darkness dred, that never viewed day ;
 Like to the baleful house of lowest Hell,
 In which old *Styx* her aged bones alway
 (Old *Styx*, the Grandame of the Gods) doth lay.
 There did this luckless maid three months abide,
 Ne ever evening saw, ne morning ray,
 Ne ever from the day the night descride,
 But thought it all one night, that did no hours divide.

V.

And all this was for love of *Marinel*,
 Who her despis'd (ah ! who would her despise ?)
 And womens love did from his heart expel,
 And all those joys that weak mankind entise.
 Nath'less his pride full dearly he did prise ;
 For of a womans hand it was ywroke,
 That of the wound he yet in languor lies,
 Ne can be cured of that cruel stroke
 Which *Britomart* him gave, when he did her provoke.

VI.

Yet far and near the Nymph his mother sought,
 And many salves did to his fore apply,
 And many herbs did use. But whenas nought
 She saw could ease his rankling maladie,
 At last to *Tryphon* she for help did hie
 (This *Tryphon* is the Sea-gods surgeon hight)
 Whom she besought to find some remedy :
 And for his pains, a whistle him beight,
 That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare delight.

VII.

So well that Leach did heark to her request,
 And did so well employ his carefull pain,
 That in short space his hurts he had redrest,
 And him restor'd to healthful state again :
 In which he long time after did remain
 There with the Nymph his mother, like her thrall ;
 Who sore against his will did him retain,
 For fear of peril, which to him mote fall,
 Through his too ventrous prowels proved over all.

VIII.

It fortun'd then, a solemn feast was there
 To all the Sea-gods and their fruitful seed,
 In honour of the spousals, which then were
 Betwixt the *Medway* and the *Thames* agreed.
 Long had the *Thames* (as we in records read)
 Before that day her wooed to his bed ;
 But the proud Nymph, would for no wordly meed,
 Nor no entreaty to his love be led ;
 Till now at last relenting, she to him was wed.

IX.

So both agreed, that this their bridal feast
 Should for the Gods in *Proteus* house be made ;
 To which they all repair'd, both most and least,
 As well which in the mighty ocean trade,
 As that in rivers swim, or brooks do wade.
 All which, not if an hundred tongues to tell,
 And hundred mouths, and voice of brass I had,
 And endless memory, that mote excell,
 In order as they came, could I recount them well.

X.

Help therefore, O thou sacred imp of *Jove*,
 The nourling of Dame *Memory* his dear,
 To whom those rolls, laid up in heaven above,
 And records of antiquity appear,
 To which no wit of man may comen near ;
 Help me to tell the names of all those floods,
 And all those Nymphs, which then assembled were
 To that great banquet of the watry Gods,
 And all their sundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

XI.

First came great *Neptune*, with his three-forkt mace,
 That rules the seas, and makes them rise or fall ;
 His dewy locks did drop with brine apace,
 Under his diadem imperial :
 And by his side, his Queen with coronal,
 Fair *Amphitritë*, most divinely fair,
 Whose ivory shoulders weren cover'd all,
 As with a robe, with her own silver hair :
 And deckt with pearls, which th'Indian seas for her prepare :

XII.

These marched far afore the other crew;
 And all the way before them as they went,
Triton his trumpet shrill before them blew,
 For goodly triumph and great jolliment,
 That made the rocks to roar as they were rent.
 And after them the royal issue came,
 Which of them sprung by lineal descent:
 First the Sea-gods, which to themselves do claim
 The powre to rule the billows, and the waves to tame.

XIII.

Phorcy, the father of that fatal brood,
 By whom those old heroës won such fame;
 And *Glaucus*, that wise soothsayer understood;
 And tragick *Ino's* son, the which became
 A God of seas through his mad mothers blame,
 Now hight *Palemon*, and is sailors friend;
 Great *Brontes*, and *Astræus*, that did shame
 Himself with incest of his kin unkend;
 And huge *Orion*, that doth tempests still portend.

XIV.

The rich *Cteatus*, and *Eurytus* long;
Neleus and *Pelias*, lovely brethren both;
 Mighty *Chrysaor*, and *Caiæus* strong;
Eurypylus, that calms the waters wroth;
 And fair *Euphamus*, that upon them go'th
 As on the ground, without dismay or dread:
 Fierce *Eryx*, and *Alebius*, that know'th
 The waters depth, and doth their bottom tread;
 And sad *Asopus*, comely with his hoary head.

XV.

There also, some most famous founders were
 Of puissant nations, which the world possess;
 Yet sons of *Neptune*, now assembled here:
 Ancient *Ogyges*, even th'ancientest,
 And *Inachus*, renown'd above the rest;
Phœnix, and *Aon*, and *Pelægus* old,
 Great *Belus*, *Phœax*, and *Agænor*, best,
 And mighty *Albion*, father of the bold
 And warlike people, which the *Britain* Islands hold.

XVI.

For *Albion*, the son of *Neptune* was ;
 Who for the proof of his great puissance,
 Out of his *Albion* did on dry-foot pass.
 Into old *Gaul*, that now is cleeped *France*,
 To fight with *Hercules*, that did advance
 To vanquish all the world with matchless might :
 And there his mortal part by great mischance
 Was slain, but that which is th'immortal spright
 Lives still: and to this feast with *Neptune's* seed was dight.

XVII.

But what do I their names seek to rehearse,
 Which all the world have with their issue filld ?
 How can they all in this so narrow verse
 Contained be, and in small compass hild ?
 Let them record them, that are better skild,
 And know the monuments of passed age !
 Only what needeth, shall be here fulfilld,
 T'express some part of that great equipage,
 Which from great *Neptune* do derive their parentage.

XVIII.

Next came the aged *Ocean*, and his Dame,
 Old *Tethys*, th'oldest two of all the rest ;
 For all the rest, of those two parents came,
 Which afterward both sea and land possrest :
 Of all which, *Nereus*, th'eldest and the best,
 Did first proceed, than which none more upright,
 Ne more sincere in word and deed profest,
 Most void of guile, most free from foul despight,
 Doing himself, and teaching others to do right.

XIX.

Thereto he was expert in prophecies,
 And could the led den of the Gods unfold,
 Through which, when *Paris* brought his famous prize
 The fair *Tindarid*-lafs, he him foretold,
 That her all *Greece* with many a champion bold
 Should fetch again, and finally destroy
 Proud *Priams* town. So wise is *Nereus* old,
 And so well skild; nath'less he takes great joy
 Ofttimes amongst the wanton Nymphs to sport and toy.

XX.

And after him the famous rivers came,
 Which do the earth enrich and beautifie:
 The fertile *Nile*, which creatures new doth frame;
 Long *Rhodanus*, whose source springs from the skie;
 Fair *Isther*, flowing from the mountains high,
 Divine *Scamander*, purpled yet with blood
 Of *Greeks* and *Trojans*, which therein did die;
Paflolus, gliftring with his golden flood,
 And *Tigris* fierce, whose streams of none may be with flood.

XXI.

Great *Ganges*, and immortal *Euphrates*,
 Deep *Indus*, and *Meander* intricate,
 Slow *Peneus*, and tempestuous *Phafides*,
 Swift *Rbene*, and *Alpheus* still immaculate:
Oraxes, feared for great *Cyrus* fate;
Tybris, renowned for the *Romans* fame,
 Rich *Oranochy*, though but knowen late;
 And that huge River, which doth bear his name
 Of warlike *Amazons*, which do possess the same.

XXII.

Joy on those warlike women which so long
 Can from all men so rich a kingdom hold;
 And shame on you, o men, which boast your strong
 And valiant hearts, in thought less hard and bold,
 Yet quail in conquest of that land of gold.
 But this to you, o *Britons*, most pertains,
 To whom the right hereof, it self hath sold;
 The which, for sparing little cost or pains
 Lose so immortal glory, and so endless gains.

XXIII.

Then was there heard a most celestial sound
 Of dainty musick, which did next ensue
 Before the spouse: that was *Arion* crown'd:
 Who playing on his harp, unto him drew
 The ears and hearts of all that goodly crew,
 That even yet the Dolphin, which him bore
 Through the *Aegean* seas from Pirates view,
 Stood still by him astonisht at his lore,
 And all the raging seas, for joy forgot to rore.

XXIV.

So went he playing on the watty plain.

Soon after whom the lovely bridegroom came,

The noble *Thames*, with all his goodly train;

But him before there went, as best became,

His ancient parents, namely th'ancient *Thamē*.

But much more aged was his wife than he,

The *Ouze*, whom men do *Isis* rightly name;

Full weak and crooked creature seemed she, [see.

And almost blind through eld, that scarce her way could

XXV.

Therefore on either side she was sustain'd

Of two small grooms, which by their names were hight

The *Cburn* and *Charwell*, two small streams, which pain'd

Themselves her footing to direct aright,

Which failed oft through faint and feeble plight:

But *Thame* was stronger, and of better stay;

Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,

With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,

Dewed with silver drops, that trickled down away.

XXVI.

And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoop afore

With bowed back, by reason of the load,

And ancient heavy burden, which he bore

Of that fair city, wherein make abroad

So many learned imps, that shoot abroad,

And with their branches spread all *Britany*,

No less than do her elder sisters brood.

Joy to you both, ye double nursery,

Of arts: but *Oxford* thine doth *Thame* most glorify.

XXVII.

But he their son full fresh and jolly was,

All decked in a robe of watchet hue,

On which the waves, glittering like chrystall glass,

So cunningly enwoven were, that few

Could weenen, whether they were false or true,

And on his head like to a coronet

He wore, that seemed strange to common view,

In which were many towres and castles set,

That it encompassed round as with a golden fret.

XXVIII.

Like as the mother of the Gods, they say,
In her great iron charet wons to ride,
When to *Joves* palace she doth take her way;
Old *Cybele*, arrayd with pompous pride,
Wearing a diadem embattled wide
With hundred turrets, like a turribant:
With such an one was *Thamis* beautifide;
That was to weete, the famous *Troynevant*,
In which her kingdoms throne is chiefly resiant.

XXIX.

And round about him many a pretty Page
Attended duely, ready to obey;
All little rivers, which owe vassallage
To him, as to their Lord, and tribute pay:
The chaulkey *Kent*, and the *Thetis* gray,
The morish *Cole*, and the soft sliding *Brean*,
The wanton *Lee*, that oft doth lose his way,
And the still *Darent*, in whose waters cleane
Ten thousand fishes play, and deck his pleasant stream.

XXX.

Then came his neighbour floods, which nigh him dwell,
And water all the English soil throughout;
They all on him this day attended well;
And with meet service waited him about;
No one disdained low to him to lout:
No not the stately *Severn* grudg'd at all,
Ne storming *Humber*, though he looked stout;
But both him honor'd as their principal,
And let their swelling waters low before him fall.

XXXI.

There was the speedy *Tamar*, which divides
The *Cornish*, and the *Devonish* confines;
Through both whose borders swiftly down it glides,
And meeting *Plim*, to *Plimouth* thence declines.
And *Dart* nigh choakt with sands of tinny mines.
But *Avon* marched in more stately path,
Proud of his adamants, with which he shines
And glisters wide, as als' of wondrous *Bath*,
And *Bristol* fair which on his waves he builded hath.

XXXII.

And there came *Stour* with terrible aspect,
 Bearing his six deformed heads on high,
 That doth his course through *Blandford* plains direct,
 And watheth *Winbourn* meads in season dry.
 Next him, went *Wylibourn* with passage fly,
 That of his wyliness his name doth take,
 And of himself doth name the shire thereby :
 And *Mole*, that like a nourling mole doth make
 His way still under ground, till *Thames* he oretake.

XXXIII.

Then came the *Rotter*, decked all with woods
 Like a wood God, and flowing fast to *Rby* :
 And *Sture*, that parteth with his pleasant floods
 The eastern *Saxons* from the southern nigh,
 And *Clare*, and *Harwich* both doth beautifie :
 Him follow'd *Tar*, soft washing *Norwich* wall,
 And with him brought a present joyfully
 Of his own fish unto their festival,
 Whose like none else could shew, the which they *Ruffins* call.

XXXIV.

Next these, the plenteous *Ouse* came far from land,
 By many a city, and by many a town,
 And many rivers taking under hand
 Into his waters, as he passeth down ;
 The *Cle*, the *Were*, the *Guant*, the *Sture*, the *Rown*,
 Thence doth by *Huntingdon* and *Cambridge* flit,
 My mother *Cambridge*, whom as with a crown
 He doth adqrn, and is adorn'd of it
 With many a gentle Muse, and many a learned wit.

XXXV.

And after him the fatal *Welland* went,
 That if old saws prove true (which God forbid)
 Shall drown all *Holland* with his excrement,
 And shall see *Stamford*, though now homely hid,
 Then shine in learning, more than ever did
Cambridge or *Oxford*, *Englands* goodly beams.
 And next to him the *Nene* down softly slid ;
 And bounteous *Trent*, that in himself enseams
 Both thirty sorts of fish, and thirty sundry streams.

XXXVI.

Next these came *Tyne*, along whose stony bank
 That *Roman* Monarch built a brazen wall,
 Which mote the feeble *Britons* strongly flank
 Against the *Picts*, that swarmed over all,
 Which yet thereof *Gualfever* they do call :
 And *Twede* the limit betwixt *Logris* land
 And *Albany* : and *Eden* though but small,
 Yet often staind with blood of many a band
 Of *Scots* and *English* both, that tined on his strand.

XXXVII.

Then came those six sad brethren, like forlorn,
 That whylome were (as antique fathers tell)
 Six valiant Knights, of one fair Nymph yborn,
 Which did in noble deeds of arms excell,
 And woan'd there, where now *York* people dwell ;
 Still *Ure*, swift *Werfe*, and *Oze* the most of might,
 High *Swale*, unquiet *Nide*, and troublous *Skell* ;
 All whom a *Scythian* King, that *Humber* hight,
 Slew cruelly, and in the river drowned quight.

XXXVIII.

But past not long, ere *Brutus* warlike son
Locrinus, them aveng'd, and the same date,
 Which the proud *Humber* unto them had done,
 By equal doom repayd on his own pate :
 For in the self same river, where he late
 Had drenched them, he drowned him again ;
 And nam'd the river of his wretched fate ;
 Whose bad condition yet it doth retain,
 Oft tossed with his storms, which therein still remain.

XXXIX.

These after, came the stony shallow *Lone*,
 That to old *Loncaster* his name doth lend ;
 And following *Dee*, which *Britons* long ygone
 Did call divine, that doth by *Chester* tend ;
 And *Conway*, which out of his stream doth send
 Plenty of pearls to deck his dames withall,
 And *Lindus* that his Pikes doth most commend,
 Of which the ancient *Lincoln* men do call,
 All these together marched toward *Proteus* hall.

XL.

Ne thence the *Irisb* rivers absent were,
 Sith no less famous than the rest they be,
 And join in neighbourhood of kingdom near,
 Why should they not likewise in love agree,
 And joy likewise this solemn day to see?
 They saw it all, and present were in place;
 Though I them all according their degree,
 Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
 Nor read the salvage countries, thorough which they pace.

XLI.

There was the *Liffy*, rolling down the lea,
 The sandy *Slane*, the stony *Aubrian*,
 The spacious *Sbenan* spreading like a sea,
 The pleasant, *Boyne*, the fishy fruitfull *Ban*,
 Swift *Auniduff*, which of the *Englisb*-man
 Is call'd *Blackwater*, and the *Liffar* deep,
 Sad *Trowis*, that once his people over-ran,
 Strong *Allo* tumbling from *Slewlogher* steep,
 And *Mulla* mine, whose waves I whilome taught to weep.

XLII.

And there the three renowned brethren were,
 Which that great Giant *Blomius* begot
 Of the fair Nymph *Rbeüsa* wandring there.
 One day, as she to shun the season hot,
 Under *Slewbloom* in shady grove was got,
 This Giant found her, and by force deflowr'd:
 Whereof conceiving, she in time forth brought
 These three fair sons, which being thence forth pour'd
 In three great rivers ran, and many countries scour'd.

XLIII.

The first, the gentle *Sbure*, that making way
 By sweet *Clonmell*, adorns rich *Waterford*;
 The next, the stubborn *Newre*, whose waters grey
 By fair *Kilkenny* and *Rossepon*te beard;
 The third, the goodly *Barow*, which doth hoard
 Great heaps of Salmons in his deep bosome:
 All which long fundred, do at last accord
 To join in one, ere to the sea they come,
 So flowing all from one, all one at last become.

XLIV.

There also was the wide embayed *Mayre*,
 The pleasant *Bandon* crown'd with many a wood,
 The spreading *Lee*, that like an island fair
 Encloseth *Corke* with his divided flood;
 And baleful *Oure*, late stain'd with *English* blood:
 With many more whose names no tongue can tell.
 All which that day in order seemly good
 Did on the *Tbames* attend, and waited well
 To do their dueful service, as to them befell.

XLV.

Then came the bride, the lovely *Medua* came,
 Clad in a vesture of unknowen gear,
 And uncouth fashion, yet her well became;
 That seem'd like silver, sprinkled here and there
 With glittering spangs, that did like stars appear,
 And wav'd upon, like water chamelot,
 To hide the metal, which yet every where
 Bewrayed it self; to let men plainly wot,
 It was no mortal work, that seem'd and yet was not.

XLVI.

Her goodly locks adown her back did flow
 Unto her waist, with flowres bescattered,
 The which ambrosial odours forth did throw
 To all about, and all her shoulders spread
 As a new spring; and likewise on her head
 A chapëlet of sundry flowres she wore,
 From under which the dewy humour shed,
 Did trickle down her hair, like to the hore
 Congealed little drops, which do the morn adore.

XLVII.

On her two pretty handmaids did attend,
 One call'd the *Tbeise*, the other call'd the *Crane*;
 Which on her waited things amiss to mend,
 And both behind upheld her spreading train;
 Under the which, her feet appeared plain,
 Her silver feet, fair washt against this day:
 And her before there paced pages twain,
 Both clad in colours like, and like array,
 The *Donne* and eke the *Frisb*, both which prepar'd her way.

XLVIII.

And after these the Sea Nymphs marched all,
 All goodly damzels, deckt with long green hair,
 Whom of their sire *Nereides* men call,
 All which the Oceans daughter to him bare;
 The grey-eyd *Doris*: all which fifty are;
 All which she there on her attending had.
 Swift *Proto*, mild *Eucrate*, *Thetis* fair,
 Soft *Spio*, sweet *Endore*, *Sao* sad,
 Light *Doto*, wanton *Glaucé*, and *Galene* glad;

XLIX.

White-handed *Eunica*, proud *Dinamene*,
 Joyous *Thalia*, goodly *Amphitrite*,
 Lovely *Pasithee*, kind *Eulimine*,
 Light-foot *Cymothoe*, and sweet *Melite*,
 Fairest *Pberusa*, *Phao* lilly white,
 Wondred *Agave*, *Poris*, and *Nesæa*,
 With *Erato* that doth in love delight,
 And *Panopæ*, and wife *Protomedæa*,
 And snow-neckt *Doris*, and milkwhite *Galathea*;

L.

Speedy *Hippothoe*, and chaste *Altea*,
 Large *Lisianassa*, and *Pronæa* sage,
Evagore, and light *Pontoporea*,
 And she, that with her least word can assuage
 The surging seas, when they do forest rage,
Cymodoce, and stout *Autonoe*,
 And *Neso*, and *Eione* well in age,
 And seeming still to smile, *Glaucanome*,
 And she that hight of many hests *Polynome*;

LI.

Fresh *Alimeda*, deckt with girlond green;
Hypponeo, with salt bedewed wrests:
Laomedea, like the chrystal sheen;
Liagore, much prais'd for wise behests;
 And *Psamatbe*, for her broad snowy breasts;
Cymo, *Eupompe*, and *Themiste* just;
 And she that vertue loves and vice detests,
Evarna, and *Menippe* true in trust,
 And *Nemertea* learned well to rule her lust.

LII.

All these the daughters of old *Nereus* were,
 Which have the sea in charge to them assign'd,
 To rule his tides, and surges to uprear,
 To bring forth storms, or fast them to upbind,
 And sailors save from wrecks of wrathful wind.
 And yet besides, three thousand more there were
 Of th' Oceans seed, but *Joves* and *Phæbus* kind;
 The which in floods and fountains do appear,
 And all mankind do nourish with their waters clear.

LIII.

The which more eath it were for mortal wight,
 To tell the sands, or count the stars on high,
 Or ought more hard, than think to reckon right.
 But well I wote, that these which I descry,
 Were present at this great solemnity:
 And there amongst the rest, the mother was
 Of luckless *Marinel*, *Cymodoce*;
 Which, for my muse her self now tired has,
 Unto another canto I will overpass,

C A N T O XII.

*Marin' for love of Florimell,
 In languor wastes his life -
 The Nymph his Mothergetteth her,
 And gives to him for Wife.*

I.

O what an endless work have I in hand,
 To count the seas abundant progeny!
 Whose fruitful seed far passeth those in land,
 And also those which wonne in th' azure sky.
 For much more eath to tell the stars on high,
 Albe they endless seem in estimation,
 Then to recount the seas posterity:
 So fertile be the floods in generation,
 So huge their numbers, and so numberless their nation,

II.

Therefore the antique Wizards well invented,
 That *Venus* of the foamy sea was bred ;
 For that the seas by her are most augmented :
 Witness th' exceeding fry, which there are fed,
 And wondrous shoals which may of none be read.
 Then blame me not, if I have err'd in count
 Of Gods, of Nymphs, of rivers yet unread :
 For though their numbers do much more surmount,
 Yet all those same were there, which earst I did recount.

III.

All those were there, and many other more,
 Whose names and nations were too long to tell,
 That *Proteus* house they filld ev'n to the dore ;
 Yet were they all in order as befell,
 According their degrees disposed well.
 Amongst the rest, was fair *Cymodocē*,
 The mother of unlucky *Marinell*,
 Who thither with her came, to learn and see
 The manner of the Gods when they at banquet be.

IV.

But for he was half mortal, being bred
 Of mortal fire, though of immortal womb,
 He might not with immortal food be fed,
 Ne with th' eternal Gods to banquet come ;
 But walkt abroad, and round about did rome,
 To view the building of that uncouth place,
 That seem'd unlike unto his earthly home :
 Where, as he to and fro by chance did trace,
 There unto him betid a disadventrous case.

V.

Under the hanging of an hideous clief,
 He heard the lamentable voice of one,
 That piteously complain'd her careful grief,
 Which never she before disclos'd to none,
 But to her self her sorrow did bemone.
 So feelingly her case she did complain,
 That ruth it moved in the rocky stone,
 And made it seem to feel her grievous pain,
 And oft to groan with billows beating from the main.

VI.

Though vain I see my sorrows to unfold,
And count my cares, when none is nigh to hear;
Yet hoping grief may lessen being told,
I will them tell though unto no man near:
For heaven that unto all lends equal ear,
Is far from hearing of my heavy plight;
And lowest Hell, to which I lie most near,
Cares not what evils hap to wretched wight;
And greedy seas do in the spoil of life delight.

VII.

Yet lo, the seas I see by often beating,
Do pierce the rocks, and hardest marble wears:
But his hard rocky heart for no entreating
Will yield; but when my piteous plaints he hears,
Is hardned more with my abundant tears.
Yet though he never list to me relent,
But let me waste in woe my wretched years,
Yet will I never of my Love repent,
But joy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

VIII.

And when my weary ghost with grief out-worne,
By timely death shall win her wished rest,
Let then this plaint unto his ears be borne,
That blame it is to him that arms protest.
To let her dye whom he might have redrest.
There did she pause, inforced to give place,
Unto the passion, that her heart oppress.
And after she had wept and wail'd a space,
She 'gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case.

IX.

Ye Gods of seas, if any Gods at all
Have care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,
By one or other way me woeful thrall,
Deliver hence out of this dungeon strong,
In which I daily dying am too long.
And if ye deem me death, for loving one
That loves not me, then do it not prolong,
But let me dye and end my days attone,
And let him live unlov'd, or love himself alone.

X.

But if that life ye unto me decree,
 Then let me live, as Lovers ought to do,
 And of my lifes dear Love beloved be :
 And if he should through pride your doom undo,
 Do you by duress him compell thereto,
 And in this prison put him here with me :
 One prison fittest is to hold us two :
 So had I rather to be thrall than free ;
 Such thralldom or such freedom let it surely be.

XI.

But O vain judgment, and conditions vain,
 The which the prisoner points unto the free !
 The whiles I him condemn, and deem his pain,
 He where he list goes loose, and laughs at me.
 So ever loose, so ever happy be.
 But whereso loose or happy that thou art,
 Know *Marinell* that all this is for thee.
 With that she wept and wail'd as if her heart [smart.
 Would quite have burst through great abundance of her

XII.

All which complaint when *Marinell* had heard;
 And understood the cause of all her care
 To come of him for using her so hard,
 His stubborn heart, that never felt misfare,
 Was toucht with soft remorse and pity rare ;
 That ev'n for grief of mind he oft did groan,
 And inly wish, that in his powre it were
 Her to redress : but since he means found none,
 He could no more but her great misery bemone.

XIII.

Thus whilst his stony heart with tender ruth,
 Was toucht, and mighty courage mollified,
 Dame *Venus* son that tameth stubborn youth
 With iron bit, and maketh him abide,
 Till like a victor on his back he ride,
 Into his mouth his maystring bridle threw,
 That made him stoop, till he did him bestride :
 Then 'gan he make him tread his steps anew,
 And learn to love, by learning lovers pains to rew.

XIV.

Now 'gan he in his grieved mind devise,
 How from that dungeon he might her enlarge;
 Some while he thought, by fair and humble wife
 To *Proteus* self to sue for her discharge:
 But then he fear'd his mothers former charge
 'Gainst womens love, long given him in vain.
 Then 'gan he think, perforce with sword and targe
 Her forth to fetch, and *Proteus* to constrain:
 But soon he 'gan such folly to forethink again.

XV.

Then did he cast to steal her thence away,
 And with him bear, where none of her might know;
 But all in vain: for why he found no way
 To enter in, or issue forth below;
 For all about that rock the sea did flow.
 And though unto his will she given were,
 Yet without ship or boat her thence to row,
 He wist not how, her thence away to bear;
 And danger well he wist long to continue there.

XVI.

At last, whenas no means he could invent,
 Back to himself he 'gan return the blame,
 That was the author of her punishment;
 And with vile curses, and reproachful shame
 To damn himself by every evil name,
 And deem unworthy or of love or life,
 That had despis'd so chaste and fair a Dame,
 Which him had sought through trouble and long strife;
 Yet had refus'd a God that her had sought to wife.

XVII.

In this sad plight he walked here and there,
 And roamed round about the rock in vain,
 As he had lost himself, he wist not where;
 Oft listening if he mote her hear again;
 And still bemoaning her unworthy pain:
 Like as an Hind whose calf is slain unwares
 Into some pit, where she him hears complain,
 An hundred times about the pit side fares,
 Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaved cares.

XVIII.

And now by this, the feast was throughly ended,
 And every one 'gan homeward to resort :
 Which seeing, *Marinell* was sore offended,
 That his departure thence should be so short,
 And leave his Love in that sea-walled fort,
 Yet durst he not his mother disobey ;
 But her attending in full seemly sort,
 Did march amongst the many all the way :
 And all the way did inly mourn like one astray.

XIX.

Being returned to his mothers bowre,
 In solitary silence far from wight,
 He 'gan record the lamentable stowre,
 In which his wretched Love lay day and night,
 For his dear sake, that ill deserv'd that plight :
 The thought whereof empierst his heart so deep,
 That of no worldly thing he took delight ;
 Ne daily food did take, ne nightly sleep,
 But pin'd, and mourn'd, and languisht, and alone did weep.

XX.

That in short space his wonted chearful hue
 'Gan fade, and lively spirits deaded quight :
 His cheek-bones raw, and eye-pits hollow grew,
 And brawny arms had lost their knownen might,
 That nothing like himself he seem'd in sight.
 Ere long, so weak of limb, and sick of love
 He wox, that longer he n'ote stand upright,
 But to his bed was brought, and laid above,
 Like rueful ghost, unable once to stir or move.

XXI.

Which when his mother saw, she in her mind
 Was troubled sore, ne wist well what to ween.
 Ne could by search nor any means outfind
 The secret cause and nature of his teen,
 Whereby she might apply some medicine ;
 But weeping day and night did him attend,
 And mourn'd to see her loss before her eyne :
 Which griev'd her more, that she it could not mend ;
 To see an helpless evil double grief doth lend.

XXII.

Nought could she read the root of his disease,
 Ne ween what mister malady it is,
 Whereby to seek some means it to appease.
 Most did she think, but most she thought amiss,
 That that same former fatal wound of his
 Whylear by *Tryphon* was not thoroughly heal'd,
 But closely rankled under th'orifice :
 Least did she think, that which he most conceal'd,
 That Love it was, which in his heart lay unreveal'd.

XXIII.

Therefore to *Tryphon* she again doth haste,
 And him doth chide as false and fraudulent,
 That fail'd the trust which she in him had plaste,
 To cure her son, as he his faith had lent :
 Who now was faln into new languishment
 Of his old hurt, which was not thoroughly cur'd.
 So back he came unto her patient ;
 Where searching every part, her well assur'd,
 That it was no old sore, which his new pain procur'd.

XXIV.

But that it was some other malady,
 Or grief unknown, which he could not discern :
 So left he her withouten remedy.
 Then 'gan her heart to faint, and quake, and yern,
 And inly troubled was the truth to learn.
 Unto himself she came, and him besought,
 Now with fair speeches, now with threatnings stern,
 If ought lay hidden in his grieved thought,
 It to reveal: who still her answer'd, there was nought.

XXV.

Nath'less, she rested not so satisfide :
 But leaving watry Gods, as booting nought,
 Unto the shiny heaven in haste she hide,
 And thence *Apollo* King of Leaches brought.
Apollo came ; who soon as he had sought
 Through his disease, did by and by outfind,
 That he did languish of some inward thought,
 The which afflicted his engrieved mind ;
 Which Love he read to be, that leads each living kind.

XXVI.

Which when he had unto his mother told,
 She 'gan thereat to fret, and greatly grieve.
 And coming to her son, 'gan first to scold,
 And chide at him that made her misbelieve:
 But afterwards she 'gan him soft to shrieve,
 And wooe with fair intreaty, to disclose
 Which of the Nymphs his heart so sore did mieve.
 For sure she ween'd it was some one of those,
 Which he had lately seen, that for his Love he chose.

XXVII.

Now less she feared that same fatal read,
 That warn'd him of womens love beware;
 Which being meant of mortal creatures seed,
 For love of Nymphs she thought she need not care,
 But promitt him whatever wight she were,
 That she her love to him would shortly gain.
 So he her told: but soon as she did hear
 That *Florimell* it was which wrought his pain,
 She 'gan afresh to chafe, and grieve in every vain.

XXVIII.

Yet since she saw the streight extremity,
 In which his life unluckily was laid,
 It was no time to scan the prophesy,
 Whether old *Proteus* true or false had said,
 That his decay should happen by a maid.
 It's late, in death, of danger to advise,
 Or love forbid him, that is life denay'd:
 But rather 'gan in troubled mind devise,
 How she that Ladies liberty might enterprise.

XXIX.

To *Proteus* self to sue, she thought it vain,
 Who was the root and worker of her woe:
 Nor unto any meaner to complain,
 But unto great King *Neptune* self did go,
 And on her knee before him falling low,
 Made humble suit unto his Majesty
 To grant to her, her sons life, which his foe
 A cruel tyrant had presumptuously
 By wicked doom condemn'd, a wretched death to dye:

XXX.

To whom God *Neptune* softly smiling, thus;
 Daughter, me seems of double wrong ye plain;
 'Gainst one that hath both wronged you and us;
 For death t'award, I ween'd did appertain
 To none, but to the seas sole Sovereign.
 Read therefore who it is which this hath wrought;
 And for what cause; the truth discover plain.
 For never wight so evil did or thought,
 But would some rightful cause pretend, though rightly
 XXXI. [nought,

To whom she answer'd; Then it is by name,
Proteus, that hath ordain'd my son to dye;
 For that a waift, the which by fortune came
 Upon your seas, he claim'd as property:
 And yet not his, nor his in equity,
 But yours the waift by high prerogative.
 Therefore I humbly crave your Majesty,
 It to replevy, and my son reprieve:
 So shall you by one gift save all us three alive.

XXXII.

He granted it: and straight his warrant made,
 Under the Sea-gods seal authentical,
 Commanding *Proteus* straight t'enlarge the maid.
 Which wandring on his seas imperial
 He lately took, and sithence kept as thrall.
 Which she receiving with meet thankfulness,
 Departed straight to *Proteus* therewithall:
 Who reading it with inward loathfulness,
 Was grieved to restore the pledge he did possess.

XXXIII.

Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,
 But unto her deliver'd *Florimell*.
 Whom she receiving by the lilly hand,
 Admir'd her beauty much, as she mote well:
 For she all living creatures did excell;
 And was right joyous that she gotten had
 So fair a wife for her son *Marinell*.
 So home with her she straight the virgin lad,
 And shewed her to him, then being fore bestad.

XXXIV.

Who soon as he beheld that Angels face,
Adorn'd with all divine perfection,
His cheared heart eftsoons away 'gan chace
Sad death, revived with her sweet inspection,
And feeble spirit inly felt refection;
As wither'd weed through cruel winters tine,
That feels the warmth of sunny beams reflection,
Lifts up his head that did before decline,
And 'gins to spread his leaf before the fair sunshine.

XXXV.

Right so himself did *Marinell* uprear,
When he in place his dearest Love did spy;
And though his limbs could not his body bear,
Ne former strength return so suddainly,
Yet chearful signs he shewed outwardly.
Ne less was she in secret heart affected,
But that she masked it with modesty,
For fear she should of lightness be detected;
Which to another place I leave to be perfected.

THE
FIFTH BOOK
OF THE
FAIRY QUEEN:

CONTAINING

The legend of ARTHEGAL; or of justice.

I.

SO oft as I, with state of present time,
The image of the antique world compare,
Whenas man's age was in his freshest prime,
And the first blossom of fair vertue bare,
Such odds I find twixt those, and these which are,
As that through long continuance of his course,
Me seems the world is run quite out of square,
From the first point of his appointed course,
And being once amiss grows daily worse and worse.

II.

For from the golden age, that first was nam'd,
It's now at earst become a stony one;
And men themselves, the which at first were fram'd
Of earthly mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,
Are now transformed into hardest stone:
Such as behind their backs (so backward bred)
Were thrown by *Pyrrha* and *Deucalione*:
And if than those may any worse be read,
They into that ere long will be degenerated.

III.

Let none then blame me, if in discipline
 Of vertue and of civil uses lore,
 I do not form them to the common line
 Of present days, which are corrupted fore,
 But to the antique use, which was of yore,
 When good was only for it self desir'd,
 And all men fought their own, and none no more;
 When Justice was not for most meed out-hir'd,
 But simple truth did reign, and was of all admir'd.

IV.

For that which all men then did vertue call,
 Is now call'd vice; and that which vice was hight,
 Is now hight vertue, and so us'd of all:
 Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right,
 As all things else in time are changed quight.
 Ne wonder; for the heavens revolution
 Is wandred far, from where it first was pight,
 And so do make contrary constitution
 Of all this lower world toward his dissolution,

V.

For who so list into the heavens look,
 And search the courses of the rolling sphears,
 Shall find that from the point, where they first took
 Their setting forth, in these few thousand years
 They all are wandred much; that plain appears.
 For that same golden fleecy Ram, which bore
Phrixus and *Helle* from their stepdames fears,
 Hath now forgot, where he was plac'd of yore,
 And shouldred hath the Bull, which fair *Europa* bore.

VI.

And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent horn
 So hardly butted those two twins of *Jove*,
 That they have crusht the Crab, and quite him borne
 Into the great *Nemean* Lions grove.
 So now all range, and do at random rove
 Out of their proper places far away,
 And all this world with them amiss do move,
 And all his creatures from their course astray,
 Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay.

VII.

Ne is that same great glorious lamp of light,
 That doth enlumine all those lesser fires,
 In better case, ne keeps his course more right;
 But is miscarried with the other Spheres.
 For since the term of fourteen hundred years
 That learned *Ptolomy* his height did take,
 He is declined from that mark of theirs,
 Nigh thirty minutes, to the southern lake;
 That makes me fear in time he will us quite forsake.

VIII.

And if to those *Egyptian* wisards old,
 Which in star-read were wont have best insight,
 Faith may be given, it is by them told,
 That since the time they first took the suns height,
 Four times his place he shifted hath in sight,
 And twice hath risen, where he now doth west,
 And wested twice, where he ought rise aright.
 But most is *Mars* amiss of all the rest,
 And next to him old *Saturn*, that was wont be best.

IX.

For during *Saturns* antient reign, it's said,
 That all the world with goodness did abound,
 All loved vertue, no man was affraid
 Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found:
 No war was known, no dreadful trumpets sound,
 Peace universal reign'd 'mongst men and beasts,
 And all things freely grew out of the ground:
 Justice sate high ador'd with solemn feasts,
 And to all people did divide her dred bebests.

X.

Most sacred vertue she of all the rest,
 Resembling God in his imperial might;
 Whose soveraine powre, is herein most exprest,
 That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
 And all his works with Justice hath bedight.
 That powre he also doth to Princes lend,
 And makes them like himself in glorious sight,
 To sit in his own seat, his cause to end,
 And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

XI.

Dread soveraine Goddess that dost highest sit
 In seat of judgement, in th'Almighty's stead,
 And with magnifick might and wondrous wit
 Dost to thy people righteous doorn aread,
 That furthest nations fills with awful dread,
 Pardon the boldness of thy basest thrall,
 That dare discourse of so divine a read,
 As thy great justice praised over all;
 The instrument whereof to here thy *Artbegall*.

C A N T O I,

*Arthegal train'd in justice lore
 Irena's quest pursu'd:
 He doth avenge in Sanglier
 His Ladies blood embru'd.*

I.

Though vertue then were held in highest price,
 In those old times, of which I do entreat,
 Yet then likewise the wicked seed of vice
 Began to spring; which shortly grew full great.
 And with their boughs the gentle plants did beat,
 But evermore some of the vertuous race
 Rose up, inspired with heroick heat,
 That cropt the branches of the sient base,
 And with strong hand their fruitful rankness did deface

II.

Such first was *Bacchus*, that with furious might
 All th'*East*, before untam'd did overrone,
 And wrong repressed, and establisht right,
 Which lawless men had formerly fordone.
 There Justice first her Princely rule begun.
 Next *Hercules* his like ensample shew'd,
 Who all the *West* with equal conquest won,
 And monstrous tyrants with his club subdu'd;
 The club of Justice dread, with Kingly powre endu'd,

III.

And such was he of whom I have to tell,
 The champion of true Justice, *Artbegall*.
 Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
 An hard adventure, which did then befall,
 Into redoubted peril forth did call;
 That was to succour a distressed Dame,
 Whom a strong tyrant did unjustly thrall,
 And from the heritage, which she did clame,
 Did with strong hand withhold: *Grantorio* was his name:

IV.

Wherefore the Lady, which *Irena* hight,
 Did to the Fairy Queen her way address;
 To whom complaining her afflicted plight,
 She her besought of gracious redress
 That soveraine Queen, that mighty Emperess,
 Whose glory is to aid all suppliants poor,
 And of weak Princes to be patroness,
 Chose *Artbegal* to right her to restore;
 For that to her he seem'd best skilld in righteous lore.

V.

For *Artbegal* in Justice was upbrought
 Even from the cradle of his infancy,
 And all the depth of rightful doom was taught
 By fair *Astrea*, with great industry,
 Whilst here on earth she lived mortally.
 For till the world from his perfection fell
 Into all filth and foul iniquity,
Astrea here mongst earthly men did dwell,
 And in the rules of Justice them instructed well.

VI.

Whiles through the world she walked in this sort,
 Upon a day she found this gentle child,
 Amongst his peers playing his childish sport:
 Whom seeing fit, and with no crime defil'd,
 She did allure with gifts and speeches mild,
 To wend with her. So thence him far she brought
 Into a cave from company exil'd,
 In which she nourished him, till years he raught,
 And all the discipline of Justice there him taught,

VII.

There she him taught to weigh both wright and wrong
 In equal ballance with due recompence,
 And equity to measure out along,
 According to the line of conscience,
 Whenso it needs with rigour to dispoose.
 Of all the which (for want there of mankind)
 She caus'd him to make experience
 Upon wild beasts, which she in woods did find,
 With wrongful powre oppressing others of their kind,

VIII.

Thus she him trained, and thus she him taught,
 In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,
 Until the ripeness of mans years he raught:
 That ev'n wild beasts did fear his aweful sight,
 And men admir'd his over-ruling might;
 Ne any liv'd on ground, that durst withstand
 His dreadful heast, much less him match in fight,
 Or bide the horror of his wreakful hand,
 Whenso he list in wrath list up his steely brand.

IX.

Which steely brand, to make him dreadd'd more,
 She gave unto him, gotten by her sleight
 And earnest search, where it was kept in store
 In *Joves* eternal house, unwist of wight,
 Since he himself it us'd in that great fight
 Against the *Titans*, that whylome rebell'd
 Gainst highest heaven; *Cbrysaor* it was hight;
Cbrysaor, that all other swords excell'd,
 Well prov'd in that same day, when *Jove* those Giants quell'd.

X.

For of most perfect metal it was made,
 Tempred with adamant amongst the same,
 And garnisht all with gold upon the blade
 In goodly wise, whereof it took his name,
 And was of no less vertue, than of fame.
 For there no substance was so firm and hard,
 But it would pierce or cleave whereso it came;
 Ne any armour could his dint out-ward,
 But wheresoever it did light, it throughly shar'd.

XI.

Now when the world with sin 'gan to abound,
Africa loathing longer here to space
 Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she found,
 Return'd to heaven, whence she deriv'd her race;
 Where she hath now an everlasting place,
 Mongst those twelve signs, which nightly we do see
 The heavens bright-shining baudricke to enchace;
 And is the *Virgin* sixth in her degree:
 And next her self, her righteous ballance hanging be:

XII.

But when she parted hence, she left her groom
 An iron man, which did on her attend
 Always to execute her stedfast doom,
 And willed him with *Artibegal* to wend,
 And do whatever thing he did intend.
 His name was *Talus*, made of iron mould,
 Immoveable, resistless, without end;
 Who in his hand, an iron flail did hold,
 With which he thresh'd out falsehood, and did truth unfold.

XIII.

He now went with him in this new inquest,
 Him for to aid, if aid he chanc'd to need,
 Against that cruel tyrant, which oppress'd
 The fair *Irena* with his foul misdeed,
 And kept the crown in which she should succeed.
 And now together on their way they bin,
 Whenas they saw a Squire in squallid weed,
 Lamenting sore his sorrowful sad tine,
 With many bitter tears shed from his blubbred cyn.

XIV.

To whom as they approached, they espide
 A sorry sight as ever seen with eye;
 An headless Lady lying him beside,
 In her own blood all wallow'd woefully,
 That her gay clothes did in discolour dye.
 Much was he moved at that rueful sight;
 And flam'd with zeal of vengeance inwardly,
 He askt who had that Dame so foully dight;
 Or whither his own hand, or whether other wight?

XV.

Ah! woe is me, and weal-away, quoth he,
 Bursting forth tears like springs out of a bank,
 That ever I this dismal day did see :
 Full far was I from thinking such a prank ;
 Yet little loss it were, and mickle thank,
 If I should grant that I have doen the same,
 That I mote drink the cup, whereof she drank :
 But that I should die guilty of the blame,
 The which another did, who now is fled with shame.

XVI.

Who was it then, said *Arbogal* that wrought ?
 And why ? do it declare unto me true.
 A Knight, said he, if Knight he may be thought,
 That did his hand in Ladies blood embrew,
 And for no cause, but as I shall you shew.
 This day as I in solace sate hereby
 With a fair Love, whose loss I now do rew,
 There came this Knight, having in company
 This luckless Lady, which now here doth headless lie.

XVII.

He whether mine seem'd fairer in his eye,
 Or that he waxed weary of his own,
 Would change with me ; but I did it deny :
 So did the Ladies both as may be known.
 But he whose spirit was with pride up-blown,
 Would not so rest contented with his right,
 But having from his courser her down-thrown,
 From me rest mine away by lawless might,
 And on his steed her set, to bear her out of sight.

XVIII.

Which when his Lady saw, she follow'd fast,
 And on him catching hold, 'gan loud to cry
 Not so to leave her, nor away to cast,
 But rather of his hand besought to die.
 With that his sword he drew all wrathfully,
 And at one stroke cropt off her head with scorn,
 In that same place, whereas it now doth lie.
 So he my Love away with him hath borne,
 And left me here, both his and mine own Love to mourn.

XIX.

Aread said he, which way then did he make?
 And by what marks may he be known again?
 To hope, quoth he, him soon to overtake,
 That hence so long departed, is but vain:
 But yet he pricked over yonder plain;
 And as I marked, bore upon his shield,
 By which it's easy him to know again,
 A broken sword within a bloody field;
 Expressing well his nature which the same did wield.

XX.

No sooner said, but straight he after sent
 His iron page, who him pursu'd so light,
 As that it seem'd above the ground he went:
 For he was swift as swallow in her flight,
 And strong as Lion in his lordly might.
 It was not long, before he overtook
 Sir *Sangler*; (so cleeped was that Knight)
 Whom at the first he guessed by his look,
 And by the other marks, which of his shield he took.

XXI.

He bade him stay, and back with him retire;
 Who full of scorn to be commanded so,
 The Lady to alight did est require,
 Whilst he reformed that uncivil foe:
 And straight at him with all his force did go.
 Who mov'd no more therewith, than when a rock
 Is lightly stricken with some stones throw;
 But to him leaping lent him such a knock,
 That on the ground he laid him like a senseless block.

XXII.

But ere he could himself recoure again,
 Him in his iron paw he seized had;
 That when he wak'd out of his wareless pain,
 He found himself unwist so ill bestad,
 That limb he could not wag. Thence he him lad,
 Bound like a beast appointed to the stall:
 The sight whereof the Lady fore adrad,
 And fain'd to fly for fear of being thrall;
 But he her quickly staid, and forc'd to wend withall,

XXIII.

When to the place they came, where *Arbeggall*
 By that same careful Squire did them abide,
 He gently 'gan him to demand of all
 That did betwixt him and that Squire betide.
 Who with stern count'nance and indignant pride
 Did answer, that of all he guiltless stood,
 And his accuser thereupon decide :
 For neither he did shed that Ladies blood,
 Nor took away his Love, but his own proper good.

XXIV.

Well did the Squire perceive himself too weak,
 To answer his defiance in the field,
 And rather chose his challenge off to break,
 Than to approve his right with spear and shield.
 And rather guilty chose himself to yield.
 But *Arbeggall* by signs perceiving plain,
 That he it was not which that Lady kill'd,
 But that strange Knight, the fairer Love to gain,
 Did cast about by sleight the truth thereout to strain.

XXV.

And said, now sure this doubtful causes right
 Can hardly but by sacrament be tride,
 Or else by ordeale, or by bloody fight ;
 That ill perhaps more fall to either side.
 But if ye please that I your cause decide,
 Perhaps I may all further quarrel end,
 So ye will swear my judgement to abide.
 Thereto they both did frankly condescend,
 And to his doom with listful ears did both attend.

XXVI.

Sith then, said he, ye both the dead deny,
 And both the living Lady claim your right,
 Let both the dead and living equally
 Divided be betwixt you here in fight,
 And each of either take his share aright.
 But look who does dissent from this my read,
 He for a twelve months day shall in despite
 Bear for his penance that same Ladies head ;
 To witness to the world, that she by him his dead.

XXVII.

Well pleased with that doom was *Sangliere*,
 And offred straight the Lady to be slain,
 But that same Squire, to whom she was more dear,
 Whenas he saw she should be cut in twain,
 Did yield, she rather should with him remain
 Alive than to himself be shared dead;
 And rather than his Love should suffer pain,
 He chose with shame to bear that Ladies head.
 True love despiseth shame, when life is call'd in dread.

XXVIII.

Whom when so willing *Arbegal* perceiv'd;
 Not so thou Squire, he said, but thine I deem
 The living Lady, which from thee he reav'd:
 For worthy thou of her dost rightly seem.
 And you, Sir Knight, that Love so light esteem,
 As that ye would for little leave the same,
 Take here your own that doth you best beseem.
 And with it bear the burden of defame;
 Your own dead Ladies head, to tell abroad your shame.

XXIX.

But *Sangliere* disdain'd much his doom,
 And sternly 'gan repine at his behest;
 Ne would for ought obey, as did become,
 To bear that Ladies head before his breast.
 Untill that *Talus* had his pride repress,
 And forced him, maulgre, it up to rear.
 Who when he saw it bootless to resist,
 He took it up, and thence with him did bear,
 As rated Spaniel takes his burden up for fear.

XXX.

Much did that Squire Sir *Arbegal* adore,
 For his great justice held in high regard;
 And (as his squire) him offred evermore
 To serve, for want of other meet reward,
 And wend with him on his adventure hard.
 But he thereto would by no means consent;
 But leaving him, forth on his journey far'd:
 Ne wight with him but only *Talus* went;
 They two enough t'encounter an whole regiment.

C A N T O II.

*Arthegal bears of Florimell;
Does with the Pagan fight:
Him slays, drowns Lady Munera,
Does rase her castle quight.*

I.

Nought is more honourable to a Knight,
Ne better doth beseem brave chevalry,
Than to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redress in such as wend awry.
Whylome those great Heroës got thereby
Their greatest glory, for their rightful deeds,
And place deserved with the Gods on high.
Herein the nobles of this Knight exceeds,
Who now to perils great for justice sake proceeds.

II.

To which as he now was upon the way,
He chanc'd to meet a Dwarf in hasty course,
Whom he requir'd his forward haste to stay,
Till he of tidings mote with him discourse.
Loth was the Dwarf, yet did he stay perforce,
And 'gan of sundry news his store to tell,
As to his memory they had recourse:
But chiefly of the fairest *Florimell*,
How she was found again, and spous'd to *Marinell*.

III.

For this was *Dony*, *Florimell's* own Dwarf;
Whom having lost (as ye have heard whylear)
And finding in the way the scattred scarf,
The fortune of her life long time did fear.
But of her health when *Arthegal* did hear,
And safe return, he was full inly glad;
And askt him where, and when her bridal cheer
Should be solemniz'd: for if time he had,
He would be there, and honour to her spousal add.





IV.

Within three days, quoth he, as I do hear,
 It will be at the castle of the *Strond*;
 What time, if nought me let, I will be there
 To do her service, so as I am bond.
 But in my way a little here beyond,
 A cursed cruel Sarazin doth wonne,
 That keeps a bridges passage by strong hond,
 And many errant Knights hath there fordone;
 That makes all men for fear that passage for to shone.

V.

What mister wight, quoth he, and how far hence
 Is he that doth to travellers such harms?
 He is said he, a man of great defence;
 Expert in battle and in deeds of arms;
 And more emboldened by the wicked charms,
 With which his daughter doth him still support;
 Having great lordships got and goodly farms,
 Through strong oppression of his powre extort;
 By which he still them holds, and keeps with strong effort.

VI.

And daily he his wrongs encreaseeth more:
 For never wight he lets to pass that way,
 Over his bridge, albe he rich or poor,
 But he him makes his passage-penny pay:
 Else he doth hold him back, or beat away.
 Thereto he hath a groom of evil guise,
 Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
 Which polls and pills the poor in piteous wise;
 But he himself upon the rich doth tyrannize.

VII.

His name is hight *Pollente*, rightly so
 For that he is so puissant and strong,
 That with his powre he all doth overgo,
 And makes them subject to his mighty wrong;
 And some by sleight he eke doth underfong.
 For on a bridge he custometh to fight,
 Which is but narrow, but exceeding long;
 And in the same are many trap-falls pight,
 Through which the rider down doth fall through oversight.

VIII.

And underneath the same a river flows,
 That is both swift and dangerous deep withall;
 Into the which whomso he overthrowes,
 All destitute of help doth headlong fall:
 But he himself through practice usual,
 Leaps forth into the flood, and there assays
 His foe, confused through his sudden fall,
 That horse and man he equally dismays,
 And either both them drowns, or traiterously slays.

IX.

Then doth he take the spoil of them at will,
 And to his daughter brings, that dwells thereby:
 Who all that comes doth take, and therewith fill
 The coffers of her wicked treasury,
 Which she with wrongs hath heaped up so high,
 That many Princes she in wealth exceeds,
 And purchast all the country lying nigh
 With the revenue of her plenteous meeds;
 Her name is *Munera*, agreeing with her deeds.

X.

Thereto she is full fair, and rich attir'd,
 With golden hands and silver feet beside,
 That many Lords have her to wife desir'd:
 But she them all despiseth for great pride.
 Now by my life, said he, and God to guide,
 None other way will I this day betake,
 But by that bridge whereas he doth abide:
 Therefore me thither lead. No more he spake,
 But thitherward forthright his ready way did make.

XI.

Unto the place he came within a while,
 Whereon the bridge he ready armed saw
 The Sarazin, awaiting for some spoil.
 Who as they to the passage 'gan to draw,
 A villain to them came with skull all raw,
 That passage-money did of them require.
 According to the custom of their law.
 To whom he answerd wroth, lo, there thy hire;
 And with that word him strook, that straight he did expire.

XII.

Which when the Pagan saw he waxed wroth,
 And straight himself unto the fight addrest;
 Ne was Sir *Artibegal* behind: so both
 Together ran with ready spears in rest.
 Right in the midst, whereas they breast to breast
 Should meet, a trap was letten down to fall
 Into the flood: straight leapt the Carle unblest,
 Well weening that his foe was faine withall:
 But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall.

XIII.

There being both together in the flood,
 They each at other tyrannously flew;
 Ne ought the water cooled their hot blood,
 But rather in them kindled choler new.
 But there the Paynim, who that use well knew
 To fight in water, great advantage had,
 That oftentimes him nigh he overthrew:
 And eke the courser, whereupon he rad,
 Could swim like to a fish, whiles he his back bestrad.

XIV.

Which odds whenas Sir *Artibegal* espide,
 He saw no way, but close with him in haste;
 And to him driving strongly down the tide,
 Upon his iron collar griped fast,
 That with the straint, his weland nigh he braist.
 There they together strove and strugled long,
 Either the other from his steed to cast,
 Ne ever *Artibegal* his griple strong
 For any thing would slack, but still upon him hong.

XV.

As when a Dolphin and a Sele are met,
 In the wide champaign of the ocean plain,
 With cruel chaufe their courages they whet,
 The masterdom of each by force to gain,
 And dreadful battle 'twixt them do darrain:
 They snuf, they snort, they bounce, they rage, they rore,
 That all the Sea (disturbed with their train)
 Doth fry with some above the surges hore:
 Such was betwixt these two the troublesome uprore.

XVI.

So *Arthegal* at length him forc'd forsake :
 His horses back, for dread of being drown'd,
 And to his handy swimming him betake.
 Eftsoons himself he from his hold unbound,
 And then no odds at all in him he found :
 For *Arthegal* in swimming skilful was,
 And durst the depth of any water sound.
 So ought each Knight, that use of peril has,
 In swimming be expert, through waters force to pass.

XVII.

Then very doubtful was the wars event,
 Uncertain whether had the better side :
 For both were skill'd in that experiment,
 And both in arms well train'd and thoroughly tride,
 But *Arthegal* was better breath'd beside,
 And towards th'end, grew greater in his might,
 That his faint foe no longer could abide
 His puissance, ne bear himself upright,
 But from the water to the land betook his flight,

XVIII.

But *Arthegal* pursu'd him still so near,
 With bright Chrysaor in his cruel hand,
 That as his head he 'gan a little rear
 Above the brink, to tread upon the land,
 He smote it off, that tumbling on the strand,
 It bit the earth for very fell despight,
 And gnashed with his teeth, as if he band
 High God, whose goodness he despaired quight,
 Or curst the hand which did that vengeance on him dight,

XIX.

His corps was carried down along the lee,
 Whose waters with his filthy blood it stain'd :
 But his blasphemous head, that all might see,
 He pitcht upon a pole on high ordain'd ;
 Where many years it afterwards remain'd,
 To be a mirrour to all mighty men,
 In whose right hands great power is contain'd,
 That none of them the feeble over-ren,
 But always do their powre within just compass pen.

XX.

That done, unto the castle he did wen'd,
 In which the Paynims daughter did abide,
 Guarded of many which did her defend :
 Of whom he entrance fought, but was denide,
 And with reproachful blasphemy deside,
 Beaten with stones down from the battlement,
 That he was forced to withdraw aside ;
 And bade his servant *Talus* to invent
 Which way he enter might without endangerment.

XXI.

Estsoons his Page drew to the castle gate,
 And with his iron flail at it let fly,
 That all the Warders it did sore amate,
 The which ere while spake so reproachfully,
 And made them stoop, that looked earst so high,
 Yet still he beat, and bounst upon the dore,
 And thundred strokes thereon so hideously,
 That all the piece he shaked from the flore,
 And filled all the house with fear and great uprore.

XXII.

With noise whereof, the Lady forth appear'd
 Upon the castle wall : and when she saw
 The dangerous state in which she stood, she fear'd
 The sad effect of her near overthrow ;
 And 'gan intreat that iron man below,
 To cease his outrage, and him fair besought,
 Sith neither force of stones which they did throw,
 Nor powre of charms, which she against him wrought,
 Might otherwise prevail, or make him cease for ought.

XXIII.

But whenas yet she saw him to proceed,
 Unmov'd with prayers, or with piteous thought,
 She meant him to corrupt with goodly meed ;
 And caus'd great sacks, with endless riches fraught,
 Unto the battlement to be upbrought,
 And poured forth over the castle wall,
 That she might win some time (though dearly bought)
 Whilst he to gathering of the gold did fall.
 But he was nothing mov'd nor tempted therewithall.

XXIV.

But still continu'd his assault the more,
 And laid on load with his huge iron flail,
 That at the length he has yrent the dore,
 And made way for his master to assail.
 Who being entred, nought did then avail
 For wight, against his powre themselves to rear :
 Each one did fly ; their hearts began to fail,
 And hid themselves in corners here and there ;
 And eke their Dame half dead, did hide her self for fear.

XXV.

Long they her sought, yet no where could they find her,
 That sure they ween'd she was escapt away :
 But *Talus*, that could like a lime-hound wind her,
 And all things secret wisely could bewray,
 At length found out whereas she hidden lay
 Under an heap of gold. Thence he her drew
 By the fair locks, and foully did array,
 Withouten pity of goodly hue,
 That *Arbegal* himself her seemles plight did rue.

XXVI.

Yet for no pity would he change the course
 Of Justice, which in *Talus* hand did lie ;
 Who rudely hall'd her forth without remorse,
 Still holding up her suppliant hands on high
 And kneeling at his feet submissively.
 But her suppliant hands, those hands of gold,
 And eke her feet, those feet of silver try
 (Which sought unrighteousness, and justice sold)
 Chopt off, and naild on high, that all might them behold.

XXVII.

Her self then took he by the slender waist,
 In vain loud crying, and into the flood
 Over the castle wall adown her cast,
 And there her drowned in the dirty mud :
 But the stream washt away her guilty blood.
 Thereafter all that mucky pelf he took,
 The spoil of peoples evil gotten good,
 The which her fire had scrapt by hook and crook,
 And burning all to ashes, pour'd it down the brook.

XXVIII.

And lastly, all that castle quite he ras'd,
 Even from the sole of his foundation,
 And all the hewen stones thereof defac'd,
 That there mote be no hope of reparation,
 Nor memory thereof to any nation.
 All which when *Talus* throughly had perform'd,
 Sir *Arthegal* undid the evil fashion,
 And wicked customs of that bridge reform'd.
 Which done, unto his former journey he return'd.

XXIX.

In which they measur'd mickle weary way,
 Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew ;
 By which as they did travel on a day,
 They saw before them, far as they could view,
 Full many people gather'd in a crew ;
 Whose great assembly they did much admire,
 For never there the like resort they knew.
 So towards them they coasted, to enquire
 What thing so many nations met, did there desire.

XXX.

There they beheld a mighty Giant stand
 Upon a rock, and holding forth on high
 An huge great pair of ballance in his hand,
 With which he boasted in his surquedry,
 That all the world he would weigh equally,
 If ought he had the same to counterpoys.
 For want whereof, he weigh'd vanity,
 And fill'd his ballance full of idle toys :
 Yet was admired much of fools, women, and boys.

XXXI.

He said that he would all the earth uptake,
 And all the sea divided each from either :
 So would he of the fire one ballance make,
 And one of th' air, without or wind, or weather :
 Then would he ballance heaven and hell together,
 And all that did within them all contain ;
 Of all whose weight he would not miss a feather.
 And look what surplus did of each remain,
 He would to his own part restore the same again.

XXXII.

For why, he said, they all unequal were,
 And had encroached upon others share;
 Like as the sea (which plain he shewed there)
 Had worne the earth: so did the fire the air;
 So all the rest did others parts empair.
 And so were realms and nations run awry.
 All which he undertook for to repair,
 In sort as they were formed anciently;
 And all things would reduce unto equality.

XXXIII.

Therefore the vulgar did about him flock,
 And cluster thick unto his leafings vain;
 Like foolish flies about an honey-crock,
 In hope by him great benefit to gain,
 And uncontrolled freedom to obtain.
 All which, when *Artbegal* did see and hear,
 How he misled the simple peoples train,
 In 'sdeignful wise he drew unto him near,
 And thus unto him spake, without regard or fear.

XXXIV.

Thou that presum'st to weigh the world anew,
 And all things to an equal to restore,
 Instead of right, me seems great wrong dost shew,
 And far above thy forces pitch to soare.
 For ere thou limit what is less or more
 In every thing, thou oughtest first to know,
 What was the poise of every part of yore:
 And look then how much it doth overflow,
 Or fail thereof, so much is more than just I trow.

XXXV.

For at the first, they all created were
 In goodly measure, by their makers might;
 And weighed out in ballances so near,
 That not a dram was missing of their right.
 The earth was in the middle centre pight,
 In which it doth immoveable abide,
 Hemd in with waters, like a wall in sight:
 And they with air, that not a drop can slide:
 All which the heavens contain, and in their courses guide.

XXXVI.

Such heavenly justice doth among them reign,
 That every one do know their certain bound,
 In which they do these many years remain;
 And mongst them all no change hath yet been found.
 But if thou now should'st weigh them new in pound,
 We are not sure they would so long remain:
 All change is per'lous, and all chance unsound.
 Therefore leave off to weigh them all again,
 Till we may be assur'd they shall their course retain.

XXXVII.

Thou foolish Elf said then the Giant wroth,
 Seest not how badly all things present be,
 And each estate quite out of order go'th?
 The sea it self dost thou not plainly see
 Encroach upon the land there under thee,
 And th' earth it self how daily it's increast,
 By all that dying to it turned be?
 Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,
 And from the most, that some were given to the least.

XXXVIII.

Therefore I will throw down those mountains high,
 And make them level with the lowly plain:
 These towring rocks, which reach unto the sky,
 I will thrust down into the deepest main,
 And as they were, them equalize again.
 Tyrants that make men subject to their law,
 I will suppress, that they no more may reign;
 And Lordings curb, that commons over-awe;
 And all the wealth of rich men, to the poor will draw.

XXXIX.

Of things unseen how canst thou deem aright,
 Then answered the righteous *Arthegal*,
 Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight?
 What though the sea with waves continual
 Do eat the earth, it is no more at all:
 Ne is the earth the less, or loseth ought;
 For whatsoever from one place doth fall,
 Is with the tide unto another brought:
 For there is nothing lost, that may be found, if sought.

XL.

Likewise the earth is not augmented more,
 By all that dying into it do fade.
 For of the earth they formed were of yore ;
 However gay their blossom or their blade
 Do flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
 What wrong then is it, if that when they die,
 They turn to that whereof they first were made?
 All in the powre of their great maker lie :
 All creatures must obey the voice of the most High.

XLI.

They live, they die, like as he doth ordain,
 Ne ever any asketh reason why.
 The hills do not the lowly dales disdain ;
 The dales do not the lofty hills envy.
 He maketh Kings to sit in sovereignty ;
 He maketh subjects to their powre obey ;
 He pulleth down, he setteth up on high,
 He gives to this, from that he takes away ;
 For all we have is his : what he list do, he may.

XLII.

Whatever thing is done, by him is done,
 Ne any may his mighty will withstand ;
 Ne any may his soveraine power shun,
 Ne loose that he hath bound with stedfast band.
 In vain therefore dost thou now take in hand,
 To call to count, or weigh his works anew,
 Whose counsels depth thou canst not understand,
 Sith of things subject to thy daily view
 Thou dost not know the causes, nor their courses due.

XLIII.

For take thy ballance (if thou be so wise).
 And weigh the wind that under heaven doth blow ;
 Or weigh the light, that in the *East* doth rise
 Or weigh the thought, that from mans mind doth flow :
 But if the weight of these thou canst not show,
 Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall.
 For how canst thou those greater secrets know,
 That dost not know the least thing of them all ?
 All can he rule the great, that cannot reach the small.

XLIV.

Therewith the Giant much abashed said,
That he of little things made reckoning light;
Yet the least word that ever could be laid
Within his ballance, he could weigh aright.
Which is, said he, more heavy than in weight,
The right or wrong, the false or else the true?
He answered, that he would try it straight.
So he the words into his ballance threw:
But straight the winged words out of the ballance flew.

XLV.

Wroth wext he then, and said that words were light,
Ne would within his ballance well abide.
But he could justly weigh the wrong or right.
Well then, said *Artbegal*, let it be tride.
First in one ballance set the true aside.
He did so first, and then the false he laid
In th' other scale; but still it down did slide,
And by no means could in the weight be staid.
For by no means the false will with the truth be weighd.

XLVI.

Now take the right likewise, said *Artbegal*,
And counterpeise the same with so much wrong.
So first the right he put into one scale;
And then the Giant strove with puissance strong
To fill the other scale with so much wrong.
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay,
Might not it peise; yet did he labour long,
And swate, and chaust, and proved every way:
Yet all the wrongs could not a little right down lay.

XLVII.

Which when he saw, he greatly grew in rage,
And almost would his ballances have broken:
But *Artbegal* him fairly 'gan assuage,
And said; be not upon thy ballance wroken:
For they do nought but right or wrong betoken;
But in the mind the doom of right must be;
And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,
The ear must be the ballance, to decree
And judge, whether with truth or falshood they agree.

XLVIII.

But set the truth, and set the right aside
 (For they with wrong or falsehood will not fare)
 And put two wrongs together to be tride,
 Or else two falses, of each equal share;
 And then together do them both compare;
 For truth is one, and right is ever one.
 So did he, and then plain it did appear,
 Whether of them the greater were attone.
 But right sate in the midst of the beam alone.

XLIX.

But he the right from thence did thrust away,
 For it was not the right which he did seek;
 But rather strove extremities to weigh,
 Th' one to diminish, th' other for to eke.
 For of the mean he greatly did misseek.
 Whom when so lewdly-minded *Talus* found,
 Approaching nigh unto him cheek by cheek,
 He shoulder'd him from off the higher ground,
 And down the rock him throwing, in the sea him drown'd.

L.

Like as a Ship, whom cruel tempest drives
 Upon a rock with horrible dismay,
 Her shatter'd ribs in thousand pieces rives,
 And spoiling all her gears and goodly ray,
 Does make her self misfortunes piteous prey:
 So down the cliff the wretched Giant tumbled;
 His battred ballances in pieces lay,
 His timber'd bones all broken rudely rumbled:
 So was the high-aspyring with huge ruin humbled.

LI.

That when the people, which had thereabout
 Long waited, saw his sudden desolation,
 They 'gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
 And mutining, to stir up civil faction,
 For certain loss of so great expectation.
 For well they hoped to have got great good,
 And wondrous riches by his innovation.
 Therefore resolving to revenge his blood,
 They rose in arms, and all in battle order stood.

LII.

Which lawless multitude him coming to -
In warlike wise, when *Artibegal* did view,
He much was troubled, ne wist what to do.
For loth he was his noble hands t'embrue
In the base blood of such a rascal crew :
And otherwise, if that he should retire,
He fear'd lest they with shame would him pursue,
Therefore he *Talus* to them sent, t'inquire
The cause of their array, and truce for to desire.

LIII.

But soon as they him nigh approaching spide,
They 'gan with all their weapons him assay,
And rudely strook at him on every side :
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought dismay.
But when at them he with his snail 'gan lay,
He like a swarm of flies them overthrew,
Ne any of them durst come in his way,
But here and there before his presence flew,
And hid themselves in holes and bushes from his view.

LIV.

As when a Faulcon hath with nimble flight
Flown at a flush of Ducks, foreby the brook,
The trembling fowl dismay'd with dreadful sight
Of death, the which them almost over-took,
Do hide themselves from her astonying look,
Amongst the flags and covert round about.
When *Talus* saw they all the field forsook,
And none appear'd of all that rascal rout,
To *Artibegal* he turn'd, and went with him throughout.

C A N T O III.

*The spousals of fair Florimel,
Where turney many Knights:
There Braggadochio is uncas'd
In all the Ladies fights.*

I.

After long storms and tempests over-blown,
The Sun at length his joyous face doth clear:
So whenas fortune all her spight hath shown,
Some blisful hours at last must needs appear;
Else should afflicted wights ofttimes despair.
So comes it now to *Florimel* by tourn,
After long sorrows suffered whylear,
In which captiv'd she many months did mourn,
To taste of joy, and to wont pleasures to retourn.

II.

Who being freed from *Proteus* cruel band
By *Marinel*, was unto him affide,
And by him brought again to Fairy land;
Where he her spous'd, and made his joyous bride.
The time and place was blazed far and wide;
And solemn feasts and giusts ordain'd therefore.
To which there did resort from every side
Of Lords and Ladies infinite great store;
Ne any Knight was absent that brave courage bore.

III.

To tell the glory of the feast that day,
The goodly service, the deviceful fights,
The Bridegrooms state, the Bride's most rich aray,
The pride of Ladies, and the worth of Knights,
The royal banquets, and the rare delights,
Were work fit for an Herald, not for me:
But for so much as to my lot here lights,
That with this present treatise doth agree,
True vertue to advance, shall here recounted be.

IV.

When all men had with full satiety
 Of meats and drinks their appetites suffiz'd,
 To deeds of arms and proof of chevalrie
 They 'gan themselves address, full rich aguiz'd,
 As each one had his furnitures deviz'd.
 And first of all issu'd Sir *Marinell*,
 And with him six Knights more, which enterpriz'd
 To challenge all in right of *Florimell*,
 And to maintain that she all others did excell.

V

The first of them was hight Sir *Orimont*,
 A noble Knight, and tride in hard assays :
 The second had to name Sir *Bellisfont*,
 But second unto none in prowess praise ;
 The third was *Branel*, famous in his days ;
 The fourth *Ecastor*, of exceeding might ;
 The fifth *Armeddan*, skill'd in lovely lays ;
 The sixth was *Lansack*, a redoubted Knight :
 All six well seen in arms, and prov'd in many a fight.

VI.

And them against came all that list to giust,
 From every coast, and country under sun :
 None was debar'd, but all had leave that lust.
 The trumpets sound ; then all together run,
 Full many deeds of arms that day were done,
 And many Knights unhorst, and many wounded,
 As fortune fell ; yet little lost or won :
 But all that day the greatest praise redounded
 To *Marinell*, whose name the Heralds loud resounded.

VII.

The second day, so soon as morrow light
 Appear'd in heaven into the field they came,
 And there all day continu'd cruel fight,
 With diverse fortune fit for such a game,
 In which all strove with peril to win fame.
 Yet whether side was victor, n'ote be guest :
 But at the last, the trumpets did proclaim
 That *Marinell* that day deserved best.
 So they disparted were, and all men went to rest.

VIII.

The third day came, that should due trial lend
 Of all the rest, and then this warlike crew
 Together met, of all to make an end,
 There *Marinell* great deeds of arms did shew;
 And through the thickest like a Lyon flew,
 Rashing off helms, and riving plates asunder,
 That every one his danger did eschew.
 So terribly his dreadful strokes did thunder.
 That all men stood amaz'd, and at his might did wonder.

IX.

But what on earth can always happy stand?
 The greatest prowess greater perils find.
 So far he past amongst his enemies band,
 That they have him enclosed so behind,
 As by no means he can himself out-wind.
 And now perforce they have him prisoner taken;
 And now they do with captive bands him bind;
 And now they lead him thence of all forsaken,
 Unless some succour had in time him overtaken.

X.

It fortun'd whilst they were thus ill beset,
 Sir *Arbegal* into the tilt-yard came,
 With *Braggadocio*, whom he lately met
 Upon the way, with that his snowy Dame.
 Where when he understood by common fame,
 What evil hap to *Marinell* betid,
 He much was mov'd at so unworthy shame,
 And straight that boaster pray'd, with whom he rid,
 To change his shield with him, to be the better hid.

XI.

So forth he went, and soon them over-hent,
 Where they were leading *Marinell* away,
 Whom he assail'd with dreadless hardiment,
 And forc'd the burden of their prize to stay.
 They were an hundred Knights of that array;
 Of which th'one half upon himself did set,
 The other staid behind to guard the prey.
 But he ere long the former fifty bet;
 And from the other fifty, soon the prisoner fet.

XII.

So back he brought Sir *Marinell* away,
Whom having quickly arm'd again anew,
They both together joined might and main,
To set afresh on all the other crew.
Whom with fore havock soon they overthrew,
And chased quite out of the field, that none
Against them durst his head to peril shew.
So were they left Lords of the field alone:
So *Marinell* by him was rescu'd from his fone.

XIII.

Which when he had perform'd, then back again
To *Braggadocchio* did his shield restore:
Who all this while behind him did remain,
Keeping there close with him in precious store
That his false Lady, as ye heard afore.
Then did the trumpets sound, and judges rose,
And all these Knights, which that day armour bore,
Came to the open hall, to listen whose
The honour of the prize should be adjudg'd by those.

XIV.

And thither also came in open sight
Fair *Florimell* into the common hall,
To greet his guerdon unto every Knight,
And best to him, to whom the best should fall.
Then for that stranger Knight they loud did call,
To whom that day they should the girlond yield;
Who came not forth: but for Sir *Artbegall*
Came *Braggadocchio*, and did shew his shield,
Which bore the sun, broad blazed in a golden field.

XV.

The sight whereof did all with gladness fill:
So unto him they did addeem the prize
Of all that triumph. Then the trumpets shrill
Don *Braggadocchio*'s name resounded thrise:
So courage lent a cloak to cowardise.
And then to him came fairest *Florimell*,
And goodly 'gan to greet his brave emprise,
And thousand thanks him yield, that had so well
Approv'd that day, that she all others did excell.

XVI.

To whom the boaster, that all Knights did blot,
 With proud disdain did scornful answer make;
 That what he did that day, he did it not
 For her, but for his own dear Ladies sake;
 Whom on his peril he did undertake,
 Both her, and eke all others to excell:
 And further did uncomely speeches crake.
 Much did his words the gentle Lady quell,
 And turn'd aside for shame to hear what he did tell.

XVII.

Then forth he brought his snowy *Florimell*,
 Whom *Trompart* had in keeping there beside,
 Cover'd from peoples gazement with a veil.
 Whom when discover'd they had throughly ey'd,
 With great amazement they were stupifide;
 And said that surely *Florimell* it was,
 Or if it were not *Florimell* so tride,
 That *Florimell* her self she then did pass.
 So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has.

XVIII.

Which whenas *Marinel* beheld likewise,
 He was therewith exceedingly dismaid;
 Ne wist he what to think, or to devise:
 But like as one, whom Fiends had made affraid,
 He long astonisht stood: ne ought he said,
 Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eyes
 He gazed still upon that snowy maid:
 Whom ever as he did the more avize,
 The more to be true *Florimell* he did surmize.

XIX.

As when two suns appear in th'azure sky,
 Mounted in *Phæbus* charet fry bright;
 Both darting forth fair beams to each mans eye,
 And both adorn'd with lamps of flaming light,
 All that behold so strange prodigious sight,
 Not knowing natures work, nor what to ween,
 Are rapt with wonder, and with rare affright:
 So stood Sir *Marinell*, when he had seen
 The semblant of this false by his fair beauties Queen.

XX.

All which, when *Arbegal* (who all this while
 Stood in the prease close cover'd) well had view'd,
 And saw that boasters pride and graceless guile,
 He could no longer bear, but forth issu'd,
 And unto all himself there open thew'd:
 And to the boaster said; Thou Losel base,
 That hast with borrow'd plumes thy self endu'd,
 And others worth with leasings dost deface,
 When they are all restor'd, thou shalt rest in disgrace.

XXI.

That shield which thou dost bear, was it indeed
 Which this days honour sav'd to *Marinell*;
 But not that arm, nor thou the man I read,
 Which didst that service unto *Florimell*.
 For proof, shew forth thy sword, and let it tell,
 What strokes, what dreadful stoure it stir'd this day:
 Or shew the wounds which unto thee befell;
 Or shew the sweat, with which thou diddest sway
 So sharp a battle, that so many did dismay.

XXII.

But this the sword, which wrought those cruel stounds,
 And this the arm, the which that shield did bear,
 And these the signs (so shewed forth his wounds)
 By which that glory gotten doth appear.
 As for this Lady which he sheweth here,
 Is not (I wager) *Florimell* at all;
 But some fair Franion, fit for such a Fere,
 That by misfortune in his hand did fall.
 For proof whereof, he bade them *Florimell* forth call.

XXIII.

So forth the noble Lady was ybrought,
 Adorn'd with honour and all comely grace:
 Whereto her bashful shamefacedness ywrought
 A great increase in her fair blushing face,
 As Roses did with Lillies interlace.
 For of those words, the which that boaster threw,
 She inly yet conceived great disgrace.
 Whom whenas all the people such did view,
 They shouted loud, and signs of gladness all did shew.

XXIV.

Then did he set her by that snowy one,
 Like the true Saint beside the Image set;
 Of both their beauties to make paragone,
 And trial, whether should the honour get.
 Straightway so soon as both together met,
 Th' enchanted damzell vanisht into nought:
 Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
 Ne of that goodly hue remained ought,
 But th'empty girdle, which about her waist was wrought.

XXV.

As when the daughter of *Tbaumantes* fair,
 Hath in a watry cloud displayed wide
 Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid air,
 That all men wonder at her colours pride;
 All suddenly, ere one can look aside,
 The glorious picture vanisheth away,
 Ne any token doth thereof abide:
 So did his Ladies goodly form decay,
 And into nothing go, ere one could it bewray.

XXVI.

Which whenas all that present were beheld,
 They stricken were with great astonishment;
 And their faint hearts with senseless horror quell'd,
 To see the thing that seem'd so excellent,
 So stolen from their fancies wonderment;
 That what of it became, none understood.
 And *Braggadocchio* self with dreriment
 So daunted was in his despairing mood,
 That like a lifeless corse immoveable he stood.

XXVII.

But *Arthegal* that golden belt uptook,
 The which of all her spoil was only left;
 Which was not hers, as many it mistook,
 But *Florimells* own girdle, from her rest,
 While she was flying, like a weary west,
 From that foul monster, which did her compell
 To perils great; which he unbuckling est,
 Presented to the fairest *Florimell*:
 Who round about her tender waist it fitted well.

XXVIII.

Full many Ladies often had assay'd,
 About their middles that fair belt to knit;
 And many a one suppos'd to be a maid:
 Yet it to none of all their loins would fit,
 Till *Florimell* about her fasten'd it.
 Such power it had, that to no womans waist
 By any skill or labour it would fit,
 Unless that she were continent and chaste,
 But it would loose or break, that many had disgrac'd.

XXIX.

Whilst thus they busied were 'bout *Florimell*,
 And boastful *Braggadocchio* to defame,
 Sir *Guyon* (as by fortune them befell)
 Forth from the thickest prease of people came,
 His own good steed, which he had stoln, to claim,
 And th' one hand seizing on his golden bit,
 With th' other drew his sword: for with the same
 He meant the thief there deadly to have smit:
 And had he not been held, he nought had fail'd of it.

XXX.

Thereof great hurly burly moved was
 Throughout the hall, for that same warlike horse.
 For *Braggadocchio* would not let him pass;
 And *Guyon* would him algates have perforce,
 Or it approve upon his carion corse.
 Which troublous stir when *Arbegal* perceiv'd,
 He nigh them drew, to stay th'avengers force;
 And 'gan inquire, how was that steed bereav'd,
 Whether by might extort, or else by sleight deceiv'd.

XXXI.

Who all that piteous story, which befell
 About that woeful couple, which were slain,
 And their young bloody babe, to him 'gan tell;
 With whom whiles he did in the wood remain,
 His horse purloined was by subtle train:
 For which he challenged the thief to fight.
 But he for nought could him thereto constrain:
 For as the death he hated such despight,
 And rather had to lose, than try in arms his right.

XXXII.

Which *Arbegal* well hearing, though no more
 By law of arms there need ones right to try,
 As was the wont of warlike Knights of yore,
 Than that his foe should him the field deny :
 Yet further right by tokens to descry,
 He askt what privy tokens he did bear.
 If that said *Guyon*, may you satisfie,
 Within his mouth a black spot doth appear,
 Shap'd like a horses shoe, who list to seek it there.

XXXIII.

Whereof to make due trial, one did take
 The horse in hand, within his mouth to look :
 But with his heels so sorely he him strake,
 That all his ribs he quite in pieces brake,
 That never word from that day forth he spoke.
 Another that would seem to have more wit,
 Him by the bright embroidred head-stall took :
 But by the shoulder him so sore he bit,
 That he him maimed quite, and all his shoulder split.

XXXIV.

Ne he his mouth would open unto wight,
 Untill that *Guyon* self unto him spake,
 And called *Brigadore* (so was he hight :)
 Whose voice so soon as he did undertake,
 Eftsoons he stood as still as any stake,
 And suffred all his secret mark to see :
 And whenas he him nam'd, for joy he brake
 His bands, and follow'd him with gladful glee,
 And friskt, and flung aloft, and louted low on knee.

XXXV.

Thereby Sir *Arbegal* did plain areed,
 That unto him the horse belong'd, and said ;
 Lo there Sir *Guyon*, take to you the steed,
 As he with golden saddle is array'd :
 And let that Losel, plainly now display'd,
 Hence fare on foot, till he an horse have gain'd.
 But the proud boaster 'gan his doom upbraid,
 And him revil'd, and rated, and disdain'd,
 That judgement so unjust against him had ordain'd.

XXXVI.

Much was the Knight incenc'd with his lewd word,
 To have revenged that his villany :
 And thrice did lay his hand upon his sword,
 To have him slain, or dearly doen aby,
 But *Gayon* did his choler pacify,
 Saying, Sir Knight, it would dishonour be
 To you, that are our judge of equity,
 To wreak your wrath on such a Carle as he :
 It's punishment enough, that all his shame do see.

XXXVII.

So did he mitigate Sir *Arthegall* ;
 But *Talus* by the back the boaster hent,
 And drawing him out of the open hall,
 Upon him did inflict this punishment.
 First he his beard did shave, and foully shent :
 Then from him rest his shield, and it renverst,
 And blotted out his arms with falshood blent,
 And himself baffuld, and his arms unherst,
 And broke his sword in twain, and all his armour sperst.

XXXVIII.

The whiles his guileful groom was fled away :
 But vain it was to think from him to fly.
 Who overtaking him did disarray,
 And all his face deform'd with infamy,
 And out of court him scourged openly.
 So ought all faytours, that true knighthood shame,
 And arms dishonour with base villany,
 From all brave Knights be banisht with defame,
 For oft their lewdness blotteth good deserts with blame.

XXXIX.

Now when these counterfeits were thus uncas'd
 Out of the fore-side of their forgery,
 And in the sight of all men clean disgrac'd,
 All 'gan to jest and gibe full merrily
 At the remembrance of their knavery.
 Ladies 'gan laugh at Ladies, Knights at Knights,
 To think with how great vaunt of bravery
 He them abused through his subtil flights,
 And what a glorious shew he made in all their sights;

XL.

There leave we them in pleasure and repast,
 Spending their joyous days and gladful nights,
 And taking usury of time forepast,
 With all dear delices and rare delights,
 Fit for such Ladies and such lovely Knights :
 And turn we here to this fair furtows end
 Our weary yokes, to gather fresher sprights,
 That whenas time to *Arthegal* shall tend,
 We on his first adventure may him forward send.

C A N T O IV.

*Arthegal dealeth right betwixt
 Two brethren that do strive :
 Saves Terpine from the gallow tree,
 And doth from death reprove.*

I.

Whoso upon himself will take the skill
 True justice unto people to divide,
 Have need of mighty hands for to fulfill
 That which he doth with righteous doom decide,
 And for to maister wrong and puissant pride.
 For vain it is to deem of things aright,
 And makes wrong-doers justice to deride,
 Unless it be perform'd with dreadful might.
 For powre is the right hand of Justice truly hight.

II.

Therefore whylome to Knights of great emprise,
 The charge of Justice given was in trust,
 That they might execute her judgements wise,
 And with their might beat down licentious lust,
 Which proudly did impugne her sentence just.
 Whereof no braver precedent this day
 Remains on earth, preserv'd from iron rust
 Of rude oblivion, and long times decay,
 Than this of *Arthegal*, which here we have to say.

III.

Who having lately left that lovely pair,
 Enlinked fast in wedlocks loyal bond,
 Bold *Marinell* with *Florimell* the fair,
 With whom great feast and goodly glee he fond,
 Departed from the castle of the *strand*,
 To follow his adventures first intent,
 Which long ago he taken had in hond :
 Ne wight with him for his assistance went,
 But that great iron groom, his guard and government.

IV.

With whom as he did pass by the sea shore,
 He chanc'd to come, whereas two comely Squires,
 Both brethren, whom one womb together bore,
 But stirred up with different desires,
 Together strove, and kindled wrathful fires :
 And them beside, two seemly damzels stood,
 By all means seeking to assuage their ires,
 Now with fair words but words did little good : [mood.
 Now with sharp threat; but threats the more increas'd their

V.

And there before them stood a coffer strong,
 Fast bound on every side with iron bands,
 But seeming to have suffered mickle wrong,
 Either by being wreckt upon the sands,
 Or being carried far from foreign lands,
 Seem'd that for it these Squires at odds did fall,
 And bent against themselves their cruel hands.
 But evermore those damzels did forestall
 Their furious encounter, and their fierceness pall.

VI.

But firmly fixt they were, with dint of sword,
 And battles doubtful proof their rights to try,
 Ne other end their fury would afford,
 But what to them fortune would justify.
 So stood they both in readiness thereby,
 To join the combat with cruel intent ;
 When *Artibegal* arriving happily,
 Did stay awhile their greedy bickermment,
 Till he had questioned the cause of their dissent;

VII.

To whom the elder did this answer frame ;
 Then weet ye Sir, that we two brethren be,
 To whom our Sire, *Milefis* by name,
 Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
 Two islands, which ye there before ye see
 Not far in sea ; of which the one appears
 But like a little mount of small degree ;
 Yet was as great and wide ere many years,
 As that same other isle, that greater breadth now bears.

VIII.

But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
 And this devouring sea that nought doth spare,
 The most part of my land hath washt away,
 And thrown it up unto my brothers share :
 So his encreased, but mine did empair.
 Before which time I lov'd as was my lot,
 That further maid hight *Philtera* the fair,
 With whom a goodly dowre I should have got,
 And should have joined been to her in wedlocks knot.

IX.

Then did my younger brother *Amidas*,
 Love that same other damzel *Lucy* bright,
 To whom but little dowre allotted was :
 Her vertue was the dowre that did delight.
 What better dowre can to a Dame be hight ?
 But now when *Philtera* saw my lands decay,
 And former livel'od fail, she left me quight,
 And to my brother did elope straightway ;
 Who taking her from me, his own Love left astray.

X.

She seeing then herself forsaken so,
 Through dolorous despair, which she conceiv'd,
 Into the sea herself did headlong throw,
 Thinking to have her grief by death bereav'd.
 But see how much her purpose was deceiv'd,
 Whilst thus, amidst the billows beating of her,
 Twixt life and death, long to and fro she weav'd,
 She chanc'd unwares to light upon this coffer,
 Which to her in that danger hope of life did offer.

XI.

The wretched maid, that erst desir'd to die,
 Whenas the pain of death she tasted had,
 And but half seen his ugly visnomic,
 Gan to repent that she had been so mad,
 For any death to change life though most bad :
 And catching hold of this sea-beaten chest,
 The lucky Pilot of her passage sad,
 After long tossing in the seas distrest,
 Her weary bark at last upon mine Isle did rest.

XII.

Where I by chance then wandering on the shore,
 Did her espy, and through my good endeavour,
 From dreadful mouth of death, which threatned fore
 Her to have swallow'd up, did help to save her.
 She then in recompence of that great favour,
 Which I on her bestow'd, bestow'd on me
 The portion of that good which Fortune gave her,
 Together with her self in dowry free ;
 Both goodly portions ; but of both the better she.

XIII.

Yet in this coffer, which she with her brought,
 Great treasure sithence we did find contain'd :
 Which as our own we took, and so it thought,
 But this same other damzel since hath feign'd,
 That to her self that treasure appertain'd ;
 And that she did transport the same by sea,
 To bring it to her husband new ordain'd,
 But suffred cruel shipwreck by the way.
 But whether it be so or no, I cannot say.

XIV.

But whether it indeed be so or no,
 This do I say, that what so good or ill,
 Or God or Fortune unto me did throw
 (Not wronging any other by my will)
 I hold mine own and so will hold it still.
 And though my land he first did win away,
 And then my Love (though now it little skill)
 Yet my good luck he shall not likewise prey ;
 But I will it defend whilst ever that I may.

XV.

So having said, the younger did ensue ;
 Full true it is, whatso about our land
 My brother here declared hath to you :
 But not for it this odds twixt us doth stand,
 But for this treasure thrown upon his strand ;
 Which well I prove, as shall appear by trial,
 To be this maids, with whom I fastned hand,
 Known by good marks and perfect good espial :
 Therefore it ought be rendred her without denial.

XVI.

When they thus ended had, the Knight began ;
 Certes your strife were easie to accord,
 Would ye remit it to some righteous man.
 Unto your self, said they, we give our word,
 To bide that judgement ye shall us afford.
 Then for assurance to my doom to stand,
 Under my foot let each lay down his sword,
 And then you shall my sentence understand.
 So each of them laid down his sword out of his hand.

XVII.

Then *Artibegal* thus to the younger said ;
 Now tell me *Amidas*, if that ye may,
 Your brothers land the which the sea hath laid
 Unto your part, and pluckt from his away,
 By what good right do you withhold this day ?
 What other right, quoth he, should you esteem,
 But that the sea it to my share did lay ?
 Your right is good, said he, and so I deem,
 That what the sea unto you sent, your own should seem.

XVIII.

Then turning to the elder thus he said ;
 Now *Bracidas*, let this likewise be shown ;
 Your brothers treasure, which from him is straid,
 Being the dowry of his Wife well known,
 By what right do you claim to be your own ?
 What other right, quoth he, should you esteem,
 But that the sea hath it unto me thrown ?
 Your right is good, said he, and so I deem,
 That which the sea unto you sent, your own should seem.

XIX.

For equal right in equal things doth stand;
 For what the mighty sea hath once possess'd,
 And plucked quite from all possessors hand,
 Whether by rage of waves, that never rest,
 Or else by wreck that wretches hath distress'd,
 He may dispose by his imperial might,
 As thing at random left, to whom he list.
 So *Amidas*, the land was yours first right,
 And so the treasure yours is *Bracidas* by right.

XX.

When he his sentence thus pronounced had,
 Both *Amidas* and *Philtra* were displeas'd:
 But *Bracidas* and *Lucy* were right glad,
 And on the treasure by that judgment seiz'd.
 So was their discord by this doom appeas'd,
 And each one had his right. Then *Artbegall*,
 Whenas their sharp contention he had ceas'd,
 Departed on his way as did befall,
 To follow his old quest, the which him forth did call.

XXI.

So as he travelled upon the way,
 He chanc'd to come, where happily he spide
 A rout of many people far away;
 To whom his course he hastily applide,
 To weet the cause of their assemblance wide.
 To whom when he approached near in sight
 (An uncouth sight) he plainly then descride
 To be a troop of women, warlike dight,
 With weapons in their hands, as ready for to fight.

XXII.

And in the midst of them he saw a Knight,
 With both his hands behind him pinion'd hard,
 And round about his neck an halter tight,
 As ready for the gallow tree prepar'd:
 His face was cover'd, and his head was bar'd,
 That who he was underneath was to descry;
 And with full heavy heart with them he far'd,
 Griev'd to the soul, and groaning inwardly,
 That he of Womens hands so base a death should dye.

XXIII.

But they like tyrants merciless, the more
 Rejoiced at his miserable case,
 And him reviled, and reproached fore
 With bitter taunts and terms of vile disgrace.
 Now whenas *Arthegal* arriv'd in place,
 Did ask, what cause brought that man to decay,
 They round about him 'gan to swarm apace,
 Meaning on him their cruel hands to lay,
 And to have wrought unwares some villanous assay.

XXIV.

But he was soon aware of their ill mind,
 And drawing back deceived their intent;
 Yet though himself did shame on womankind
 His mighty hand to shew, he *Talus* sent
 To wreck on them their follies hardiment:
 Who with few souses of his iron flaile,
 Dispersed all their troop incontinent,
 And sent them home to tell a piteous tale
 Of their vain prowess, turned to their proper bale.

XXV.

But that same wretched man, ordain'd to dye,
 They left behind them, glad to be so quit:
 Him *Talus* took out of perplexity,
 And horror of soul death for Knight unfit,
 Who more than loss of life ydreaded it;
 And him restoring unto living light,
 So brought unto his Lord, where he did sit,
 Beholding all that womanish weak fight;
 Whom soon as he beheld, he knew, and thus behight.

XXVI.

Sir *Terpine*, hapless man, what make you here?
 Or have you lost your self, and your discretion,
 That ever in this wretched case ye were?
 Or have ye yielded you to proud oppression
 Of womens powre, that boast of mens subjection?
 Or else, what other deadly dismal day
 Is faine on you, by heavens hard direction,
 That ye were run so fondly far astray,
 As for to lead your self unto your own decay?

XXVII.

Much was the man confounded in his mind,
 Partly with shame, and partly with dismay,
 That all astonisht he himself did find,
 And little had for his excuse to say,
 But only thus; Most hapless well ye may
 Me justly term, that to this shame am brought,
 And made the scorn of knighthood this same day.
 But who can scape what his own fate hath wrought?
 The work of heavens will surpasseth human thought.

XXVIII.

Right true: but faulty men use oftentimes
 To attribute their folly unto fate,
 And lay on heaven the guilt of their own crimes.
 But tell, Sir *Terpine*, ne let you amate
 Your misery, how fell ye in this state.
 Then sith ye needs, quoth he, will know my shame;
 And all the ill which chanc'd to me of late,
 I shortly will to you rehearse the same,
 In hope ye will not turn misfortune to my blame.

XXIX.

Being desirous (as all Knights are wont)
 Through hard adventures deeds of arms to try;
 And after fame and honour for to hunt,
 I heard report that far abroad did fly,
 That a proud *Amazon* did late defy
 All the brave Knights that hold of Maidenhead,
 And unto them wrought all the villany.
 That she could forge in her malicious head,
 Which some hath put to shame, and many done be dead.

XXX.

The cause, they say, of this her cruel hate,
 Is for the sake of *Belladant* the bold,
 To whom she bore most fervent love of late,
 And wooed him by all the ways she could:
 But when she saw at last, that he ne would
 For ought or nought be won unto her will,
 She turn'd her love to hatred manifold,
 And for his sake, vow'd to do all the ill [fulfill,
 Which she could do to Knights: which now she doth

XXXI.

For all those Knights, the which by force or guile
 She doth subdue, she foully doth intreat.
 First she doth them of warlike arms despoil,
 And clothe in womens weeds : and then with threat
 Doth them compell to work, to earn their meat,
 To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring ;
 Ne doth she give them other thing to eat
 But bread and water, or like feeble thing,
 Them to disable from revenge adventuring.

XXXII.

But if through stout disdain of manly mind,
 Any her proud observance will withstand,
 Upon that gibbet, which is there behind,
 She causeth them be hang'd up out of hand ;
 In which condition I right now did stand.
 For being overcome by her in fight,
 And put to that base service of her band,
 I rather chose to dye in life's despight,
 Than lead that shameful life, unworthy of a Knight.

XXXIII.

How hight that *Amazon* (said *Artibegal*) ?
 And where, and how far hence does she abide ?
 Her name, quoth he, they *Radigund* do call,
 A Princess of great powre, and greater pride,
 And Queen of *Amazons* in arms well tride,
 And sundry battles which she hath atchiev'd
 With great success, that her hath glorified,
 And made her famous, more than is believ'd ;
 Ne would I it have ween'd, had I not late it priev'd.

XXXIV.

Now sure, said he, and by the faith that I
 To Maidenhead and noble knighthood owe,
 I will not rest, till I her might do try,
 And venge the shame, that she to Knights doth show.
 Therefore Sir *Terpine* from you lightly throw
 This squalid weed, the pattern of despair,
 And wend with me, that ye may see and know,
 How fortune will your ruin'd name repair, [pair.
 And Knights of Maidenhead, whose praise she would em-

XXXV.

With that, like one that hopeless was repriev'd
 From death's door, at which he lately lay,
 Those iron fetters, wherewith he was gyv'd,
 The badges of reproach, he threw away,
 And nimble did him dight to guide the way
 Unto the dwelling of that *Amazon*.
 Which was from thence not past a mile or tway;
 A goodly city, and a mighty one,
 The which of her own name she called *Radigone*.

XXXVI.

Where they arriving by the watchmen were
 Descried straight; who all the city warn'd,
 How that three warlike persons did appear,
 Of which the one him seem'd a Knight all arm'd,
 And th' other two well likely to have harm'd.
 Eftsoons the people all to harness ran,
 And like a sort of bees in clusters swarm'd:
 Ere long, their Queen her self arm'd like a man,
 Came forth into the rout, and them t' array began.

XXXVII.

And now the Knights, being arrived near,
 Did beat upon the gates to enter in,
 And at the Porter, scorning them so few,
 Threw many threats, if they the town did win,
 To tear his flesh in pieces for his sin.
 Which whenas *Radigund* there coming heard,
 Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin:
 She bade that straight the gates should be unbar'd,
 And to them way to make, with weapons well prepar'd.

XXXVIII.

Soon as the gates were open to them set,
 They pressed forward, entrance to have made.
 But in the middle way they were ymet
 With a sharp showre of arrows, which them staid,
 And better bade advise, ere they assaid,
 Unknowen peril of bold womens pride.
 Then all that rout upon them rudely laid,
 And heaped strokes so fast on every side,
 And arrows haild so thick, that they could not abide.

XXXIX.

But *Radigund* her self, when she espide
Sir Terpine, from her direful doom acquit,
 So cruel dole amongst her maids divide.
 T'avenge that shame, they did on him commit;
 All suddainly inflam'd with furious fit,
 Like a fell Lioness at him she flew,
 And on his head-piece him so fiercely smit,
 That to the ground him quite she overthrew,
 Dismay'd so with the stroke, that he no colours knew;

XL.

Soon as she saw him on the ground to grovel,
 She lightly to him leapt; and in his neck
 Her proud foot setting, at his head did level,
 Weening at once her wrath on him to wreak,
 And his contempt, that did her judgment break:
 As when a Bear hath seiz'd her cruel claws
 Upon the carcass of some beast too weak,
 Proudly stands over, and a while doth pause,
 To hear the piteous beast pleading her plaintiff cause.

XLI.

Whom whereas *Arboreal* in that distress
 By chance beheld, he left the bloody slaughter,
 In which he swam, and ran to his redress.
 There her assailing fiercely fresh, he raught her
 Such an huge stroke, that it of sense distraught her:
 And had she not it warded warily,
 It had depriv'd her mother of a daughter.
 Nath'less for all the powre she did apply,
 It made her stagger oft, and stare with ghastly eye.

XLII.

Like to an Eagle in his kingly pride,
 Soaring through his wide empire of the air,
 To weather his broad sails, by chance hath spide
 A Goshawk, which hath seized for her share
 Upon some fowl, that should her feast prepare;
 With dreadful force he flies at her bylive,
 That with his fouse, which none endure dare,
 Her from the quarry he away doth drive,
 And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth rive;

XLIIII.

But soon as she her sense recover'd had,
 She fiercely towards him her self 'gan dight,
 Through vengeful wrath and 'sdeignful pride half mad:
 For never had she suffred such despight,
 But ere she could join hand with him to fight,
 Her warlike maids about her flockt so fast,
 That they disparted them, maugre their might,
 And with their troops did far asunder cast:
 But 'mongst the rest the fight did until evening last.

XLV.

And every while that mighty iron man,
 With his strange weapon, never wont in war,
 Them forely vext, and courst, and overran,
 And broke their bows, and did their shooting man,
 That none of all the many once did dare
 Him to assault, nor once approach him nigh.
 But like a sort of sheep disperfed far
 For dread of their devouring enemy,
 Through all the fields and vallies did before him fly.

XLV.

But whenas days fair shiny beam, yclouded
 With fearful shadows of deformed night,
 Warn'd man and beast in quiet rest be shrouded,
 Bold *Radigund* (with sound of trump on height)
 Caus'd all her people to surcease from fight;
 And gathering them unto her cities gate,
 Made them all enter in before her sight,
 And all the wounded, and the weak in state,
 To be convey'd in, ere she would once retrate.

XLVI.

When thus the field was voided all away,
 And all things quieted, the Elfin Knight
 (Weary of toil and travel of that day)
 Caus'd his pavilion to be richly pight
 Before the city gate, in open sight;
 Where he himself did rest in safety,
 Together with Sir *Terpine* all that night:
 But *Talus* us'd in time of jeopardy
 To keep a nighly watch, for dread of treachery.

XLVII.

But *Radigund* full of heart-gnawing grief,
 For the rebuke which she sustain'd that day,
 Could take no rest, ne would receive relief;
 But tossed in her troublous mind, what way
 She mote revenge that blot, which on her lay.
 There she resolv'd, her self in single fight
 To try her fortune, and his force assay,
 Rather than see her people spoiled quight,
 As she had seen that day a disadventurous fight.

XLVIII.

She called forth to her a trusty maid,
 Whom she thought fittest for that business,
 Her name was *Clarind*, and thus to her said;
 Go damzel quickly, do thy self address
 To do the message, which I shall express.
 Go thou unto that stranger Fairy Knight,
 Who yesterday drove us to such distress;
 Tell, that to morrow I with him will fight,
 And try in equal field, whether hath greater might.

XLIX.

But these conditions do to him propound,
 That if I vanquish him, he shall obey
 My law, and ever to my lore be bound;
 And so will I, if me he vanquish may,
 Whatever he shall like to do or say:
 Go straight, and take with thee to witness it,
 Six of thy fellows of the best array,
 And bear with you both wine and juncates fit,
 And bid him eat; henceforth he oft shall hungry sit.

L.

The damzel straight obeyed: and putting all
 In readines, forth to the town-gate went;
 Where sounding loud a trumpet from the wall,
 Unto those warlike Knights she warning sent.
 Then *Talus*, forth issuing from the tent,
 Unto the wall his way did fearless take,
 To weeten what that trumpets sounding meant:
 Where that same damzel loudly him bespake,
 And shew'd, that with his Lord she would emparlance
 [make.

LI.

So he them straight conducted to his Lord ;
 Who as he could, them goodly well did greet,
 'Till they had told their message word by word :
 Which he accepting well, as he could weet,
 Them fairly entertain'd with court'sies meet,
 And gave them gifts and things of dear delight.
 So back again they homeward turn'd their feet.
 But *Artbegall* himself to rest did dight,
 That he mote fresher be against the next days fight.

C A N T O V.

*Arthegal fights with Radigund,
 And is subdu'd by Guile :
 He is by her emprisoned,
 But wrought by Clarind's wile.*

I.

So soon as day, forth drawing from the East,
 Nights humid curtain from the heavens withdrew
 And early calling forth both man and beast,
 Commanded them their daily works renew,
 These noble warriors, mindful to pursue
 The last days purpose of their vowed fight,
 Themselves thereto prepar'd in order due :
 The Knight, as best was seeming for a Knight :
 And th' *Amazon*, as best it lik'd her self to dight.

II.

All in a camis light of purple silk
 Woven upon with silver, subtly wrought,
 And quilted upon satin white as milk,
 Trailed with ribbands diversly distraught,
 Like as the workman had their courses taught,
 Which was short tucked for light motion
 Up to her ham : but when she list, it raught
 Down to her lowest heel, and thereupon
 She wore for her defence a mailed habergeon.

III.

And on her legs she painted buskins wore,
 Basted with bends of gold on every side,
 And mails between, and laced close afore :
 Upon her thigh her scimitar was tide,
 With an embroidred belt of mickel pride ;
 And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt
 Upon the boss with stones, that shined wide,
 As the fair Moon in her most full aspect,
 That to the Moon it mote be like in each respect.

IV.

So forth she came out of the city gate,
 With stately port and proud magnificence,
 Guarded with many Damzels, that did wait
 Upon her person for her sure defence,
 Playing on shaums and trumpets, that from hence
 Their sound did reach unto the heavens height.
 So forth into the field she marched thence,
 Where was a rich pavilion ready pight,
 Her to receive, till time they should begin the fight.

V.

Then forth came *Arthegal* out of his tent,
 All arm'd to point, and first the lists did enter :
 Soon after eke came she with fell intent,
 And count'nance fierce, as having fully bent her,
 That battles utmost trial to adventure.
 The lists were closed fast, to bar the rout
 From rudely pressing to the middle center ;
 Which in great heaps them circled all about,
 Waiting how Fortune would resolve that dangerous doubt.

VI

The trumpets sounded, and the field began ;
 With bitter strokes it both began and ended.
 She at the first encounter on him ran
 With furious rage, as if she had intended
 Out of his breast the very heart have rended :
 But he that had like tempests often tride,
 From that first flaw himself right well defended.
 The more she rag'd, the more he did abide ;
 She hew'd, she foyn'd, she lasht, she laid on every side. -

VII.

Yet still her blows he bore, and her forbore,
Weening at last to win advantage new,
Yet still her cruelty encreased more,
And though powre faild, her courage did accrue:
Which failing, he 'gan fiercely her pursue,
Like as a Smith that to his cunning feat
The stubborn metal seeketh to subdue,
Soon as he feels it mollifide with heat,
With his great iron sledge doth strongly on it beat.

VIII.

So did Sir *Arbegal* upon her lay,
As if she had an iron anvil been,
That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,
Out of her steely arms were flashing seen,
That all on fire ye would her surely ween.
But with her shield so well her self she warded,
From the dread danger of his weapon keen,
That all that while her life she safely guarded:
But he that help from her against her will discarded.

IX.

For with his trenchant blade at the next blow,
Half of her shield he shared quite away,
That half her side it self did naked show,
And thenceforth unto danger open way.
Much was she moved with the mighty sway
Of that sad stroke, that half enrag'd she grew,
And like a greedy Bear unto her prey,
With her sharp scimeter at him she flew,
That glancing down his thigh, the purple blood forthdrew.

X.

Thereat she 'gan to triumph with great boast,
And to upbraid that chance which him misfell,
As if the prize she gotten had almost,
With spiteful speeches fitting with her well,
That his great heart 'gan inwardly to swell,
With indignation, at her vaunting vain,
And at her strook with puissance fearful fell,
Yet with her shield she warded it again,
That shatter'd all to pieces round about the plain.

XI.

Having her thus disarmed of her shield,
 Upon her helmet he again her strook
 That down she fell upon the grassie field;
 In senseless swoon, as if her life forsook,
 And pangs of death her spirit overtook.
 Whom when he saw before his foot prostrated,
 He to her leapt, with deadly dreadful look,
 And her sunshiny helmet soon unlac'd,
 Thinking at once both head and helmet to have rac'd.

XII.

But whenas he discov'ring had her face,
 He saw his senses strange astonishment,
 A miracle of natures goodly grace,
 In her fair visage void of ornament,
 But bath'd in blood and sweat together ment;
 Which in the rudeness of that evil plight,
 Bewrayd the signs of feature excellent:
 Like as the Moon in foggy winters night,
 Doth seem to be her self, though darkned be her light.

XIII.

At sight thereof his cruel minded heart
 Empierced was with pitiful regard,
 That his sharp sword he threw from him apart,
 Cursing his hand that had that visage mar'd:
 No hand so cruel, nor no heart so hard,
 But ruth of beauty will it mollify.
 [By this upstarting from her swoon, she start'd
 A while about her with confused eye;
 Like one that from his dream is waked suddenly.

XIV.

Soon as the Knight she there by her did spy,
 Standing with empty hands all weaponless,
 With fresh assault upon him she did fly,
 And 'gan renew her former cruelties:
 And though he still retir'd, yet nathelless
 With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd;
 And more encreast her outrage merciless,
 The more that he with meek intreaty prayd,
 Her wrathful hand from greedy vengeance to have stayd.

XV.

Like as a Puttock having spide in sight,
A gentle Falcon sitting on a hill,
Whose other wing now made unmeet for flight,
Was lately broken by some fortune ill;
The foolish Kite led with licentious will,
Doth beat upon the gentle bird in vain,
With many idle stoops her troubling still:
Even so did *Radigund* with bootless pain
Annoy this noble Knight, and sorely him constrain.

XVI.

Nought could he do, but shun the dread despight
Of her fierce wrath, and backward still retire,
And with his single shield, well as he might,
Bear off the burden of her raging ire;
And evermore he gently did desire,
To stay her strokes, and he himself would yield:
Yet would she heark; ne let him once respire,
Till he to her deliv'ed had his shield,
And to her mercy him submitted in plain field.

XVII.

So was he overcome, not overcome,
But to her yielded of his own accord:
Yet was he justly damned by the doom
Of his own mouth, that spake so wareless word,
To be her thrall, and service her afford.
For though that he first victory obtain'd,
Yet after by abandoning his sword,
He wilful lost, that he before attain'd.
No fairer conquest, than that with good will is gain'd.

XVIII.

Tho with her sword on him she flatling strook,
In sign of true subjection to her powre,
And as her vassal him to thraldom took.
But *Terpine* born to more unhappy houre,
As he on whom the luckless Stars did loure,
She caus'd to be attacht, and forthwith led
Unto the crook, t'abide the baleful stowre,
From which he lately had through rescue fled:
Where he full shamefully was hanged by the head.

XIX.

But when they thought on *Talus*, hands to lay,
 He with his iron flail amongst them thundred,
 That they were fain to let him 'scape away,
 Glad from his company to be so sundred;
 Whose presence all their troops so much encumbred,
 That th'heaps of those which he did wound and slay,
 Besides the rest dismay'd, might not be numbred:
 Yet all that while he would not once assay
 To rescue his own Lord, but thought it just t'obey.

XX.

Then took the *Amazon* this noble Knight,
 Left to her will by his own wilful blame,
 And caused him to be disarmed quight
 Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
 With which whylome he gotten had great fame:
 Instead whereof she made him to be dight
 In woman's weeds, that is to manhood shame,
 And put before his lap an apron white,
 Instead of curjets and bates fit for fight.

XXI.

So being clad she brought him from the field,
 In which he had been trained many a day,
 Into a long large chamber, which was ciel'd
 With monuments of many Knights decay,
 By her subdued in victorious fray:
 Amongst the which she caus'd his warlike arms
 Be hang'd on high, that mote his shame bewray;
 And broke his sword for fear of further harms,
 With which he wont to stir up battailous alarms.

XXII.

There entred in, he round about him saw
 Many brave Knights, whose names right well he knew,
 There bound t'obey that *Amazons* proud law,
 Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
 That his big heart loath'd so uncomely view.
 But they were forc'd through penury and pine,
 To do those works to them appointed due:
 For nought was given them to sup or dine,
 But what their hands could earn by twisting linnen twine.

XXIII.

Amongst them all, she placed him most low,
 And in his hand a distaff to him gave,
 That he thereon should spin both flax and tow;
 A sordid office for a mind so brave.
 So hard it is to be a womans slave,
 Yet he it took in his own selfs despight,
 And thereto did himself right well behave,
 Her to obey, sith he his faith had plight.
 Her vassal to become, if she him won in fight.

XXIV.

Who had him seen, imagine mote thereby,
 That whylome hath of *Hercules* been told,
 How for *Iolas* sake he did apply
 His mighty hands, the distaff vile to hold,
 For his huge club, which had subdu'd of old
 So many monsters, which the world annoy'd:
 His Lions skin chang'd to a pall of gold,
 In which forgetting wars, he only joy'd
 In combats of sweet Love, and with his mistress toy'd.

XXV.

Such is the cruelty of womenkind.
 When they have shaken off the shamefac'd band,
 With which wise nature did them strongly bind
 T'obey the heasts of mans well-ruling hand,
 That then all rule and reason they withstand,
 To purchase a licentious liberty:
 But vertuous women wisely understand,
 That they were born to base humility,
 Unless the heavens them lift to lawful sovereignty.

XXVI.

Thus there long while continu'd *Arbeggall*,
 Serving proud *Radigund* with true subjection;
 However it his noble heart did gall,
 T'obey a womans tyrannous direction,
 That might have had of life or death election:
 But having chosen, now he might not change.
 During which time, the warlike *Amazon*,
 Whose wandering fancy after lust did range,
 Gan cast a secret liking to this captive strange.

XXVII.

Which long concealing in her covert breast,
 She chaw'd the cud of lovers careful plight :
 Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,
 Being fast fixed in her wounded spright,
 But it tormented her both day and night :
 Yet would she not thereto yield free accord,
 To serve the lowly vassal of her might,
 And of her servant make her soveraine Lord :
 So great her pride, that she such baseness much abhor'd.

XXVIII.

So much the greater still her anguish grew,
 Through stubborn handling of her love-sick heart ;
 And still the more she strove it to subdue,
 The more she still augmented her own smart,
 And wider made the wound of th'hidden dart.
 At last when long she struggled had in vain,
 She 'gan to stoop, and her proud mind convert
 To meek obeysance of Loves mighty rein,
 And him intreat for grace, that had procur'd her pain.

XXIX.

Unto her self in secret she did call
 Her nearest handmaid whom she most did trust,
 And to her said ; *Clarinda*, whom of all
 I trust alive, sith I thee sofred first ;
 Now is the time, that I untimely must
 Thereof make trial in my greatest need :
 It is so hapned, that the heavens unjust,
 Spighting my happy freedom, have agreed,
 To thrall my looser life, or my last bale to breed.

XXX.

With that she turn'd her head as half abash'd,
 To hide the blush which in her visage rose,
 And through her eyes like sudden lightning flash'd,
 Decking her cheek with a vermilion rose :
 But soon she did her countenance compose,
 And to her turning, thus began again ;
 This griefs deep wound I would to thee disclose,
 Thereto compelled through heart-murd'ring pain,
 But dread of shame my doubtful lips doth still restrain.

XXXI.

Ah my dear dread (said then the faithful maid)
 Can dread of ought your dreadless heart withhold,
 That many hath with dread of death dismay'd,
 And dare even Deaths most dreadful face behold?
 Say on, my sovaine Lady, and be bold.
 Dost not your handmaids life at your foot lie?
 Therewith much comforted, she 'gan unfold
 The cause of her conceived malady,
 As one that would confesse, yet fain would it deny.

XXXII.

Clarinda, said she, thou seest yond Fairy Knight,
 Whom not my valour, but his own brave mind
 Subjected hath to my unequal might;
 What right is it, that he should thralldom find,
 For lending life to me a wretch unkind,
 That for such good him recompense with ill?
 Therefore I cast, how I may him unbind,
 And by his freedom get his free good-will,
 Yet so, as bound to me he may continue still.

XXXIII.

Bound unto me, but not with such hard bands
 Of strong compulsion, and streight violence,
 As now in miserable state he stands;
 But with sweet Love and sure benevolence,
 Void of malicious mind, or foul offence.
 To which if thou canst win him any way,
 Without discovery of my thoughts presence,
 Both goodly meed of him it purchase may,
 And eke with grateful service me right well repay.

XXXIV.

Which that thou mayst the better bring to pass,
 Lo here this ring, which shall thy warrant be,
 And token true to old *Eumenias*,
 From time to time, when thou it best shalt see,
 That in and out thou mayst have passage free.
 Go now, *Clarinda*, well thy wits advise,
 And all thy forces gather unto thee;
 Armies of lovely looks, and speeches wise,
 With which thou canst even *Jove* himself to love entice;

XXXV.

The trusty maid conceiving her intent,
 Did with sure promise of her good endeavour,
 Give her great comfort, and some hearts content.
 So from her parting, she thenceforth did labour
 By all the means she might, to curry favour
 With th'Elfin Knight, her Ladies best belov'd ;
 With daily shew of courteous kind behaviour,
 Even at the mark-white of his heart she rov'd,
 And with wideglancing words, one day she thus him prov'd.

XXXVI.

Unhappy Knight, upon whose hopeless state
 Fortune envying good, hath felly frown'd,
 And cruel heav'ns have heapt an heavy fate ;
 I rue that thus thy better days are drown'd
 In sad despair, and all thy senses swoun'd
 In stupid sorrow, sith thy juster merit
 Might else have with felicity been crown'd :
 Look up at last, and wake thy dulled spirit
 To think how this long death thou mightest disinherite.

XXXVII.

Much did he marvel at her uncouth speech,
 Whose hidden drift he could not well perceive ;
 And 'gan to doubt, lest she him sought t'appreach
 Of treason or some guileful train did wear,
 Through which she might his wretched life bereave,
 Both which to bar, he with this answer met her ;
 Fair Damzell, that with ruth (as I perceive)
 Of my mishaps, art mov'd to wish me better,
 For such your kind regard, I can but rest your debtor,

XXXVIII.

Yet weet ye well, that to a courage great
 It is no less befitting, well to bear
 The storm of Fortunes frown, or heavens threat,
 Than in the sunshine of her count'nance clear,
 Timely to joy, and carry comely cheer.
 For though this cloud have now me overcast,
 Yet do I not of better times despair ;
 And though (unlike) they should for ever last,
 Yet in my truths assurance I rest fixed fast.

XXXIX.

But what so stony mind (she then replide)
 But if in his own powre occasion lay,
 Would to his hope a window open wide,
 And to his fortunes help make ready way?
 Unworthy sure quoth he, of better day,
 That will not take the offer of good hope,
 And eke pursue if he attain it may.
 Which speeches she applying to the scope
 Of her intent, this further purpose to him shope.

XL.

Then why dost not, thou ill advized man,
 Make means to win thy liberty forlorn,
 And try if thou by fair entreaty can
 Move *Radigund*? who though she still have worn
 Her days in war, yet (weet thou) was not born
 Of Bears and Tigers, nor so salvage minded,
 As that albe all love of men she scorn,
 She yet forgets that she of men was kindred:
 And sooth oft seen, that proudest hearts base love hath

XLI.

[blinded.]

Certes *Clarinda*, not of cancred will,
 Said he, nor obstinate disdainful mind,
 I have forbore this duty to fulfill:
 For well I may this ween, by that I find,
 That she a Queen and come of Princely kind,
 Both worthy is for to be su'd unto,
 Chiefly by him, whose life her law doth bind,
 And eke of powre her own doom to undo,
 And als' of Princely grace to be enclin'd thereto.

XLII.

But want of means hath been mine only let
 From seeking favour, where it doth abound;
 Which if I might by your good office get,
 I to your self should rest for ever bound,
 And ready to deserve what grace I found.
 She feeling him thus bite upon the bait,
 Yet doubting lest his hold was but unsound,
 And not well fasten'd, would not strike him strait,
 But drew him on with hope, fit leisure to await.

XLIII.

But foolish Maid, whiles heedless of the hook,
 She thus oftimes was beating of and on,
 Through slippery footing, fell into the brook,
 And there was caught to her confusion.
 For seeking thus to save the *Amazon*,
 She wounded was with her deceits own dart,
 And 'gan thenceforth to cast affection,
 Conceived close in her beguiled heart,
 To *Arbegal*, through pity of his causeless smart.

XLIV.

Yet durst she not disclose her fancies wound,
 Ne to himself, for doubt of being 'slayned,
 Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
 For fear her mistress should have knowledge gain'd,
 But to herself it secretly retain'd,
 Within the closet of her covert breast :
 The more thereby her tender heart was pain'd.
 Yet to await fit time she weened best,
 And fairly did dissemble her sad thoughts unrest.

XLV.

One day her Lady calling her apart,
 'Gan to demand of her some tidings good,
 Touching her loves success, her lingring smart.
 Therewith she 'gan at first to change her mood,
 As one adaw'd and half confused stood,
 But quickly she it overpast, so soon
 As she her face had wip'd, to fresh her blood :
 Tho' 'gan she tell her all, that she had done,
 And all the ways she sought his love for to have won :

XLVI.

But said that he was obstinate and stern,
 Scorning her offers and conditions vain ;
 Ne would be taught with any terms, to learn
 So fond a lesson as to love again.
 Die rather would he in penurious pain,
 And his abridged days in dolour waste,
 Than his foes love or liking entertain :
 His resolution was both first and last,
 His body was her thrall, his heart was freely plasse.

XLVII.

Which when the cruel *Amour* perceiv'd,
 She 'gan to storm, and rage, and rend her gall,
 For very fell despight, which she conceiv'd,
 To be so scorn'd of a base born thrall,
 Whose life did lie in her least eyelids fall;
 Of which she vow'd with many a curst threat,
 That she therefore would him ere long forestal.
 Nath'less when calmed was her furious hear,
 She chang'd that threatful mood, and mildly 'gan intreat.

XLVIII.

What now is left *Clarinda*? what remains,
 That we may compass this our enterprize?
 Great shame to lose so long employed pains;
 And greater shame t'abide for great misprize,
 With which he dares our offers thus despize.
 Yet that his guilt the greater may appear,
 And more my gracious mercy by this wize,
 I will awhile with his first folly bear,
 Till thou have tride again, and tempted him more near.

XLIX.

Say and do all, that may thereto prevail;
 Leave nought unpromist, that may him persuade;
 Life, freedom, grace, and gifts of great avail,
 With which the Gods themselves are milder made:
 Thereto add art, even womens witty trade,
 The art of mighty words, that men can charm;
 With which in case thou canst him not invade,
 Let him feel hardness of thy heavy arm:
 Whowill not stoop with good, shall be made stoop with harm.

L.

Some of his diet do from him withdraw;
 For I him find to be too proudly fed.
 Give him more labour and with streighter law,
 That he with work may be forwearied.
 Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen bed,
 That may pull down the courage of his pride;
 And lay upon him for his greater dread,
 Cold iron-chains, with which let him be tide;
 And let whatever he desires, be him denide.

LI.

When thou hast all this done then bring me news
Of his demean : thenceforth not like a Lover,
But like a rebell stout I will him use.
For I resolve this siege not to give over,
Till I the conquest of my will recover.
So she departed, full of grief and 'sdain,
Which inly did to great impatience move her.
But the false maiden shortly turn'd again
Unto the prison, where her heart did thrall remain.

LII.

There all her subtil nets she did unfold,
And all the engines of her wit display;
In which she meant him wareless to enfold,
And of his innocence to make her prey.
So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,
That both her Lady, and herself withall,
And eke the Knight atonce she did betray:
But most the Knight, whom she with guileful call
Did cast for to allure, into her trap to fall.

LIII.

As a bad nurse, which feigning to receive
In her own mouth the food meant for her child,
Withholds it to her self, and doth deceive
The infant, so for want of nour'ture spoild:
Even so *Clarinda* her own Dame beguil'd
And turn'd the trust, which was in her affide,
To feeding of her private fire, which boild
Her inward breast, and in her entrails fride
The more that she it sought to cover and to hide.

LIV.

For coming to this Knight, she purpose feign'd,
How earnest suit she earst for him had made
Unto her Queen, his freedom to have gain'd;
But by no means could her thereto persuade:
But that instead thereof, she sternly bade
His misery to be augmented more,
And many iron bands on him to lade.
All which nath'less she for his love forbore:
So praying him t'accept her service evermore.

LV.

And more than that, she promist that she would,
 In case she might find favour in his eye,
 Devize how to enlarge him out of hold.
 The Fairy glad to gain his liberty,
 'Gan yield great thanks for such her courtesy;
 And with fair words (fit for the time and place)
 To feed the humour of her malady,
 Promist if she would free him from that case,
 He would by all good means he might, deserve such grace.

LVI.

So daily he fair semblant did her shew,
 Yet never meant he in his noble mind,
 To his own absent Love to be untrue:
 Ne ever did deceitful *Clarind'* find
 In her false heart, his bondage to unbind;
 But rather how she mote him faster tye.
 Therefore unto her mistress most unkind
 She daily told, her love he did defy;
 And him she told, her Dame his freedom did deny.

LVII.

Yet thus much friendship she to him did show,
 That his scarce diet somewhat was amended,
 And his work lessen'd, that his love mote grow:
 Yet to her Dame him still she discommended,
 That she with him mote be the more offended,
 Thus he long while in thraldom there remaind,
 Of both beloved well, but little friended;
 Until his own true Love his freedom gain'd.
 Which in another canto will be best contain'd.

CANTO VI.

*Talus brings news to Britomart,
Of Arthegals mishap :
She goes to seek him, Dolon meets,
Who seeks her to entrap.*

I.

Some men, I wote, will deem in *Arthegall*
Great weakness, and report of him much ill,
For yielding to himself a wretched thrall,
To th'insolent command of womens will ;
That all his former praise doth foully spill.
But he the man, that say or do so dare,
Be well advis'd, that he stand steadfast still :
For never yet was wight so well aware,
But he at first or last was trap in womens snare.

II.

Yet in the streightness of that captive state,
This gentle Knight himself so well behav'd,
That notwithstanding all the subtile bait,
With which those *Amazons* his love still crav'd,
To his own Love his loyalty he sav'd :
Whose character in th'Adamantine mould
Of his true heart so firmly was engrav'd,
That no new loves impression ever could
Bereave it thence : such blot his honour blemish should.

III

Yet his own Love, the noble *Britomart*,
Scarce so conceived in her jealous thought,
What time sad tidings of his baleful smart
In womans bondage, *Talus* to her brought ;
Brought in untimely hour, ere it was sought.
For after that the utmost date, assignd
For his return, she waited had for nought,
She 'gan to cast in her misdoubtful mind
A thousand fears, that love-sick fancies feign to find.

IV.

Sometimes she feared, lest some hard mishap
 Had him misfain in his aduentrous quest;
 Sometimes lest his false foe did him entrap
 In traytrous trayn, or had unwares opprest:
 But most she did her troubled mind molest,
 And secretly afflict with jealous fear,
 Lest some new Love had him for her posselt;
 Yet loth she was, since she so ill did hear,
 To think of him so ill: yet could she not forbear.

V.

One while she blam'd herself; another while
 She him condemn'd, as trustless and untrue:
 And then, her grief with errour to beguile,
 She feign'd to count the time again anew,
 As if before she had not counted true.
 For hours, but days; for weeks that passed were,
 She told but months, to make them seem more few:
 Yet when she reckned them still drawing near,
 Each hour did seem a month, and every month a year.

VI.

But whenas yet she saw him not return,
 She thought to send some one to seek him out;
 But none she found so fit to serve that turn
 As her own self, to ease her self of doubt.
 Now she deviz'd amongst the warlike rout
 Of errant Knights, to seek her errant Knight;
 And then again resolv'd to hunt him out
 Amongst loose Ladies, lapped in delight:
 And then both Knights envide, and Ladies eke did spight.

VII.

One day, whenas she long had sought for ease
 In every place, and every place thought best,
 Yet found no place, that could her liking please,
 She to a window came, that open'd West,
 Towards which coast her Love his way addrest.
 There looking forth, she in her heart did find
 Many vain fancies, working her unrest;
 And sent her winged thoughts, more swift than wind,
 To bear unto her Love the message of her mind.

VIII.

There as she looked long, at last she spide
 One coming towards her with hasty speed :
 Well weend she then, ere him she plain descride,
 That it was one sent from her Love indeed.
 Who when he nigh approacht, she mote aread
 That it was *Talus*, *Arthegal* his groom ;
 Whereat her heart was filld with hope and dread ;
 Ne would she stay, till he in place could come,
 But ran to meet him forth, to know his tidings some.

IX.

E'en in the door him meeting, she beguni ;
 And where is he thy Lord, and how far hence ?
 Declare attonce, and hath he lost or won ?
 The iron man, albe he wanted sense
 And sorrows feeling, yet with conscience
 Of his ill news, did inly chill and quake,
 And stood still mute, as one in great suspence,
 As if that by his silence he would make
 Her rather read his meaning, than himself it spake.

X.

Till she again thus said ; *Talus* be bold,
 And tell whatever it be good or bad,
 That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth hold.
 To whom he thus at length, The tidings sad,
 That I would hide, will needs I see be r'ad.
 My Lord (your Love) by hard mishap doth lie
 In wretched bondage, woefully bestad.
 Ay me, quoth she, what wicked destiny ?
 And is he vanquisht by his tyrant enemy ?

XI.

Not by that tyrant, his intended foe ;
 But by a tyranness, he then replide,
 That him captived hath in hapless woe.
 Cease thou bad news-man : badly dost thou hide
 Thy masters shame, in harlots bondage tide.
 The rest my self too readily can spell.
 With that in rage she turn'd from him aside
 (Forcing in vain the rest to her to tell)
 And to her chamber went like solitary cell.

XII.

There she began to make her moanfull plaint
Against her Knight, for being so untrue ;
And him to touch with falshoods foul attaint,
That all his other honour overthrew.
Oft did she blame her self, and often rue,
For yielding to a strangers love so light,
Whose life and manners strange she never knew ;
And evermore she did him sharply twight
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmly plight.

XIII.

And then she in her wrathfull will did cast,
How to revenge that blot of honour blent ;
To fight with him, and goodly die her last :
And then again she did her self torment,
Inflicting on her self his punishment.
Awhile she walkt, and chauft ; awhile she threw
Her self upon her bed, and did lament :
Yet did she not lament with loud alew,
As women wont, but with deep sighs, and singults few.

XIV.

Like as a wayward child, whose sounder sleep
Is broken with some fearfull dreams affright,
With froward will doth set himself to weep ;
Ne can be still'd for all his nurses might,
But kicks, and squals, and shrieks for fell despight :
Now scratching her, and her loose locks misusing ;
Now seeking darkness, and now seeking light ;
Then craving suck, and then the suck refusing :
Such was this Ladies fit, in her Loves fond accusing.

XV.

But when she had with such unquiet fits
Her self there close afflicted long in vain,
Yet found no easement in her troubled wits,
She unto *Talus* forth return'd again,
By change of place seeking to ease her pain ;
And 'gan enquire of him, with milder mood,
The certain cause of *Artbegals* detain :
And what he did, and in what state he stood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd.

XVI.

Ah well-away ! said then the iron man,
 That he is not the while in state to woo ;
 But lies in wretched thralldom, weak and wan,
 Not by strong hand compelled thereunto,
 But his own doom, that none can now undo.
 Said I not then, quoth she, ere-while aright,
 That this is thing compact betwixt you two,
 Me to deceive of faith unto me plight,
 Since that he was not forc'd, nor overcome in fight ?

XVII.

With that, he 'gan at large to her dilate
 The whole discourse of his captivance sad,
 In sort as ye have heard the same of late.
 All which, when she with hard endurance had
 Heard to the end, she was right sore bestad,
 With sudden stounds of wrath and grief attone :
 Ne would abide, till she had answer made ;
 But straight her self did dight, and armour don ;
 And mounting to her steed, bade *Talus* guide her on.

XVIII.

So forth she rode upon her ready way,
 To seek her Knight, as *Talus* her did guide :
 Sadly she rode, and never word did say,
 Nor good nor bad, ne ever lookt aside,
 But still right down, and in her thought did hide
 The felness of her heart, right fully bent
 To fierce avengement of that womans pride,
 Which had her Lord in her base prison pent,
 And so great honour with so foul reproach had blent.

XIX.

So as she thus melancholick did ride,
 Chawing the cud of grief and inward pain,
 She chanc'd to meet, toward the even-tide
 A Knight, that softly paced on the plain,
 As if himself to solace he were fain.
 Well shot in years he seem'd, and rather bent
 To peace, than needless trouble to constrain,
 As well by view of that his vestiment,
 As by his modest semblant, that no evil meant.

XX.

He coming near, 'gan gently her salute
With courteous words, in the most comely wize ;
Who though desirous rather to rest mute,
Than terms to entertain of common guize,
Yet rather than the kindness would despize,
She would her self displease, so him requite.
Then 'gan the other further to devise
Of things abroad, as next to hand did light,
And many things demand, to which she answer'd light.

XXI.

For little lust had she to talk of ought,
Or ought to hear, that mote delightful be ;
Her mind was whole possessed of one thought,
That gave none other place. Which whenas he
By outward signs (as well he might) did see,
He list no longer to use loathful speech,
But her besought to take it well in gree,
Sith shady damp had dimd the heavens reach,
To lodge with him that night, unless good cause empeach.

XXII.

The championess, now seeing night at dore,
Was glad to yield unto his good request :
And with him went without gainfaying more.
Not far away, but little wide by West,
His dwelling was, to which he him address ,
Where soon arriving they received were
In seemly wise, as them beseemed best :
For he their Host them goodly well did chear,
And talkt of pleasant things, the night away to wear.

XXIII.

Thus passing th' evening well till time of rest,
Then *Britomart* unto a bowre was brought ;
Where grooms awaited her to have undrest.
But she ne would undressed be for ought,
Ne doff her arms, though he her much besought.
For she had vow'd, she said, not to forgo
Those warlike weeds, till she revenge had wrought
Of a late wrong upon a mortal foe ;
Which she would sure perform, betide her weal or woe.

XXIV.

Which when her Host perceiv'd, right discontent
 In mind he grew, for fear left by that art
 He should his purpose miss, which close he ment :
 Yet taking leave of her he did depart.
 There all that night remained *Britomart*.
 Restless, recomfortless, with heart deep griev'd;
 Not suffering the least twinkling sleep to start
 Into her eye, which th' heart mote have reliev'd ;
 But if the least appear'd, her eyes she straight repriev'd.

XXV.

Ye guilty eyes, said she, the which with guile
 My heart at first betray'd, will ye betray
 My life now too, for which a little while
 Ye will not watch ? false watches, weal-away,
 I wote when ye did watch both night and day
 Unto your loss : and now needs will ye sleep ?
 Now ye have made my heart to wake alway,
 Now will ye sleep ? ah ! wake, and rather weep,
 To think of your nights want, that should ye waking keep.

XXVI.

Thus did she watch, and wear the weary night
 In wailfull plaints, that none was to appease;
 Now walking soft, now sitting still upright,
 As sundry change her seemed best to ease.
 Ne less did *Talus* suffer sleep to seize
 His eye-lids sad, but watch'd continually,
 Lying without her door in great disease ;
 Like to a Spaniel waiting carefully
 Left any should betray his Lady treacherously.

XXVII.

What time the native Belman of the night,
 The bird that warn'd *Peter* of his fall,
 First rings his silver bell t' each sleepy wight,
 That should their minds up to devotion call,
 She heard a wondrous noise below the hall:
 All suddenly the bed, where she should lie,
 By a false trap was let adown to fall
 Into a lower room, and by and by
 The lost was rais'd again, that no man could it spie.

XXVIII.

With sight whereof she was dismayd right fore,
 Perceiving well the treason, which was meant :
 Yet stirred not at all for doubt of more,
 But kept her place with courage confident,
 Waiting what would ensue of that event.
 It was not long, before she heard the sound
 Of armed men, coming with close intent
 Towards her chamber ; at which dreadful stound
 She quickly caught her sword, and shield about her bound,

XXIX.

With that, there came unto her chamber dore
 Two Knights, all armed ready for to fight ;
 And after them full many other more,
 A rascal rout, with weapons rudely dight.
 Whom soon as *Talus* spide by glimpse of night,
 He started up, there where on ground he lay,
 And in his hand his thresher ready keight.
 They seeing that, let drive at him straightway,
 And round about him preace in riotous array.

XXX.

But soon as he began to lay about.
 With his rude iron flail, they 'gan to fly,
 Both armed Knights and eke unarmed rout :
 Yet *Talus* after them apace did ply,
 Wherever in the dark he could them spy ;
 That here and there like scattred sheep they lay.
 Then back returning, where his Dame did lie,
 He to her told the story of that fray,
 And all that treason there intended, did bewray.

XXXI.

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly burning
 To be avenged for so foul a deed,
 Yet being forc'd t' abide the days returning,
 She there remain'd, but with right wary heed,
 Lest any more such practice should proceed.
 Now mote ye know (that which to *Britomart*
 Unknowen was) whence all this did proceed :
 And for what cause so great mischievous smart.
 Was meant to her, that never evil meant in heart.

XXXII.

The goodman of this house was *Dolon* hight,
 A man of subtil wit and wicked mind,
 That whilome in his youth had been a Knight,
 And arms had borne, but little good could find,
 And much less honour by that warlike kind
 Of life: for he was nothing valorous,
 But with sly shifts and wiles did undermin'd
 All noble Knights, which were adventurous,
 And many brought to shame by treason treacherous.

XXXIII.

He had three sons, all three like fathers sons,
 Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
 Of all that on this earthly compass wonns:
 The eldest of the which was slain erewhile
 By *Artbegal*, through his own guilty wile;
 His name was *Guizor*: whose untimely fate
 For to revenge, full many treasons vile
 His father *Dolon* had devis'd of late
 With these his wicked sons, and shew'd his cancred hate,

XXXIV.

For sure he weend, that this his present guest
 Was *Artbegal*, by many tokens plain;
 But chiefly by that iron page he guest,
 Which still was wont with *Artbegal* remain;
 And therefore meant him surely to have slain.
 But by Gods grace, and her good heediness,
 She was preserved from that traytrous train.
 Thus she all night wore out in watchfulness,
 Ne suffred slothfull sleep her eye-lids to oppress.

XXXV.

The morrow next, so soon as dawning hour
 Discovered had the light to living eye,
 She forth issu'd out of her loathed bowr,
 With full intent t' avenge that villany,
 On that vile man, and all his family.
 And coming down to seek them where they wond,
 Nor sire, nor sons, nor any could she spy:
 Each room she sought, but them all empty found:
 They all were fled for fear; but whither, neither kond,

XXXVI.

She saw it vain to make there longer stay,
 But took her steed ; and thereon mounting light,
 Gan her address unto her former way.
 She had not rid the mount'nance of a flight,
 But that she saw, there present in her sight,
 Those two false brethren, on that per'lous bridge,
 On which *Pollente* with *Arthegal* did fight.
 Streight was the passage like a ploughed ridge,
 That if two met, the one mote needs fall ov'r the lidge.

XXXVII.

There they did think themselves on her to wreak :
 Who as she nigh unto them drew, the one
 These vile reproaches 'gan unto her speak ;
 Thou recreant false traytor, that with lone
 Of arms hast knighthood stoln, yet Knight art none,
 No more shall now the darkness of the night
 Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone ;
 But with thy blood thou shalt appease the spright
 Of *Guizor*, by thee slain, and murdered by thy flight.

XXXVIII.

Strange were the words in *Britomartis* ear ;
 Yet stayd she not for them, but forward far'd,
 Till to the per'lous bridge she came : and there
Talus desir'd, that he might have prepar'd
 The way to her, and those two losels scar'd.
 But she thereat was wroth, that for despight
 The glancing sparkles through her beaver glar'd,
 And from her eyes did flash out fiery light,
 Like coals, that through a silver censer sparkle bright.

XXXIX.

She stayd not to advize which way to take ;
 But putting spurs unto her fiery beast,
 Thorough the midst of them she way did make.
 The one of them, which most her wrath encreast,
 Upon her spear she bore before her breast,
 Till to the bridges further end she past ;
 Where falling down, his challenge he releast :
 The other over side the bridge she cast
 Into the river, where he drunk his deadly last.

XL.

As when the flashing levin haps to light
 Upon two stubborn oaks, which stand so near,
 That way betwixt them none appears in sight;
 The engine, fiercely flying forth, doth tear
 Th'one from the earth, and through the air doth bear
 The other it with force doth overthrow,
 Upon one side, and from the roots doth rear:
 So did the championess those two there strow,
 And to their fire their carcasses left to bestow.

C A N T O VII.

*Britomart comes to Isis church,
 Where she strange visions sees:
 She fights with Radigund, her slays
 And Arthegal thence frees.*

I.

Nought is on earth more sacred or divine,
 That Gods and men do equally adore,
 Than this same vertue that doth right define:
 For th'heavens themselves, whence mortal men implore
 Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous lore
 Of highest Jove, who doth true Justice deal
 To his inferiour Gods, and evermore
 Therewith contains his heavenly common-weal:
 The skill whereof to Princes hearts he doth reveal.

II.

Well therefore did the antique world invent,
 That Justice was a God of soveraine grace,
 And altars unto him, and temples lent,
 And heavenly honours in the highest place;
 Calling him great *Osyris*, of the race
 Of th'old *Aegyptian* Kings that whilome were;
 With feigned colours shading a true case:
 For that *Osyris*, whilst he lived here,
 The justice man alive, and truest did appear.

III.

His wife was *Isis*, whom they likewise made
 A Goddess of great powre and sovrainty,
 And in her person cunningly did shade
 That part of Justice which is equity,
 Whereof I have to treat here presently.
 Unto whose temple whenas *Britomart*
 Arrived, she with great humility
 Did enter in, ne would that night depart;
 But *Talus* mote not be admitted to her part.

IV.

There she received was in goodly wize
 Of many Priests, which duly did attend
 Upon the rites and daily sacrifice,
 All clad in linnen robes with silver hemd;
 And on their heads with long locks comely kemd,
 They wore rich mitres shaped like the Moon,
 To shew that *Isis* doth the Moon portend;
 Like as *Osiris* signifies the Sun,
 For that they both like race in equal justice run.

V.

The championess them greeting, as she could,
 Was thence by them into the temple led;
 Whose goodly building when she did behold,
 Borne upon stately pillours, all disspread
 With shining gold and arched over-head,
 She wondred at the workmans passing skill,
 Whose like before she never saw nor read;
 And thereupon long while stood gazing still,
 But thought that she thereon could never gaze her fill;

VI.

Thenceforth unto the idol they her brought,
 The which was framed all of silver fine,
 So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
 And clothed all in garments made of line,
 Hemd all about with fringe of silver twine.
 Upon her head she wore a crown of gold,
 To show that she had powre in things divine;
 And at her feet a Crocodile was rold,
 That with her wreathed tail her middle did enfold.

VII.

One foot was set upon the Crocodile,
 And on the ground the other fast did stand,
 So meaning to suppress both forged guile,
 And open force : and in her other hand
 She stretched forth a long white slender wand
 Such was the Goddess ; whom when *Britomart*
 Had long beheld, herself upon the land
 She did prostrate, and with right humble heart
 Unto herself her silent prayers did impart.

VIII.

To which the Idol as it were inclining,
 Her wand did move, with amiable look,
 By outward shew her inward sense designing.
 Who well perceiving, how her wand she shook,
 It as a token of good fortune took.
 By this, the day with damp was overcast,
 And joyous light the house of *Jove* forsook :
 Which when she saw, her helmet she unlac'd,
 And by the altars side her self to slumber plac'd.

IX.

For other beds the Priests there used none,
 But on their mother Earth's dear lap did lye,
 And bake their sides upon the cold hard stone,
 T'enure themselves to sufferance thereby ;
 And proud rebellious flesh to mortify.
 For by the vow of their religion,
 They tied were to stedfast chastity,
 And continence of life ; that all forgon,
 They mote the better tend to their devotion.

X.

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food,
 Ne feed on ought the which doth blood contain,
 Ne drink of wine : for wine they say is blood ;
 Even the blood of Giants, which were slain
 By thundring *Jove* in the *Phlegrean* plain.
 For which the earth (as they the story tell)
 Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetual pain
 Had damn'd her sons, which 'gainst them did rebell,
 With inward grief and malice did against them swell.

XI.

And of their vital blood, the which was shed
Into her pregnant bosom, forth she brought
The fruitfull Vine; whose liquor bloody red,
Having the minds of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them stir up old rebellious thought,
To make new war against the Gods again:
Such is the powre of that same fruit, that nought
The fell contagion may thereof restrain;
Ne within reasons rule, her madding mood contain.

XII.

There did the warlike Maid herself repose,
Under the wings of *Iſis* all that night;
And with sweet rest her heavy eyes did close,
After that long days toil and weary plight.
Where whilst her earthly parts with soft delight
Of senseless sleep did deeply drowned lie,
There did appear unto her heavenly spright
A wondrous vision, which did close imply
The course of all her fortune and posterity.

XIII.

Her seem'd as she was doing sacrifice
To *Iſis*, deckt with mitre on her head,
And linnen stole, after those Priestesses guise,
All suddainly she saw transfigured
Her linnen stole to robe of scarlet red,
And moon-like mitre to a crown of gold;
That even she herself much wondered
At such a change, and joyed to behold
Her self, adorn'd with gems and jewels manifold.

XIV.

And in the midst of her felicity,
An hideous tempest seemed from below,
To rise through all the temple suddainly,
That from the altar all about did blow
The holy fire, and all the embers strow
Upon the ground: which kindled privily,
Into outrageous flames unwares did grow,
That all the temple put in jeopardy
Of flaming, and her self in great perplexity.

XV.

With that, the Crocodile, which sleeping lay
 Under the Idols feet in fearless bowre,
 Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,
 As being troubled with that stormy stowre ;
 And gaping greedy wide did straight devour
 Both flames and tempest ! with which grown great,
 And swoln with pride of his own peerless powre,
 He 'gan to threaten her likewise to eat ;
 But that the Goddess with her rod him back did bear.

XVI.

Tho turning all his pride to humblest meek ;
 Himself before her feet he lowly threw,
 And 'gan for grace and love of her to seek :
 Which she accepting, he so near her drew,
 That of his game she soon emwombed grew,
 And forth did bring a Lion of great might,
 That shortly did all other beasts subdue,
 With that she waked full of fearful fright,
 And doubtfully dismayd through that so uncouth sight.

XVII.

So thereupon long while she musing lay,
 With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasy,
 Untill she spide the lamp of lightsome day,
 Uplifted in the porch of heaven high.
 Then up she rose fraught with melancholy,
 And forth into the lower parts did pass ;
 Whereas the Priests she found full busily
 About their holy things for morrow mass ;
 Whom she saluting fair, fair resaluted was.

XVIII.

But by the change of her uncheerful look ;
 They might perceive she was not well in plight ;
 Or that some pensiveness to heart she took.
 Therefore thus one of them (who seem'd in sight
 To be the greatest, and the gravest wight) :
 To her bespake ; Sir Knight, it seems to me,
 That thorough evil rest of this last night,
 Or ill afraid, or much dismayd ye be,
 That by your change of cheer is easie for to see.

XIX.

Certes, said she, sith ye so well have spide
 The troublous passion of my pensive mind,
 I will not seek the same from you to hide,
 But will my cares unfold, in hope to find
 Your aid to guide me out of errour blind.
 Say on quoth he the secret of your heart :
 For by the holy vow which me doth bind,
 I am adjur'd best counsel to impart
 To all that shall require my comfort in their smart.

XX.

Then 'gan she to declare the whole discourse
 Of all that vision which to her appear'd,
 As well as to her mind it had recourse.
 All which when he unto the end had heard,
 Like to a weak faint-hearted man he far'd,
 Through great astonishment of that strange sight;
 And with long locks upstanding stiffly star'd,
 Like one adawed with some dreadful spright :
 So filld with heavenly fury, thus he her beight.

XXI.

Magnifick virgin, that in queint disguise
 Of British arms dost mask thy royal blood,
 So to pursue a perillous emprise,
 How could'st thou ween, through that disguised hood,
 To hide thy state from being understood?
 Can from th'immortal Gods ought hidden be?
 They do thy lineage, and thy Lordly brood;
 They do thy Sire, lamenting sore for thee;
 They do thy Love, forlorn in womens thraldom see.

XXII.

The end whereof, and all the long event,
 They do to thee in this same dream discover.
 For that same Crocodile doth represent
 The righteous Knight, that is thy faithfull Lover,
 Like to *Osyris* in all just endeavour,
 For that same Crocodile *Osyris* is,
 That under *Isis* feet doth sleep for ever :
 To shew that clemence oft in things ami's,
 Restrains those stern behests, and cruel dooms of his,

XXIII.

That Knight shall all the troublous storms assuage,
 And raging flames that many foes shall rear,
 To hinder thee from the just heritage
 Of thy Sires crown, and from thy country dear.
 Then shalt thou take him to thy loved Fere,
 And join in equal portion of thy realm :
 And afterwards a son to him shalt bear,
 That Lion like shall shew his powre extream.
 So blest thee God, and give thee joyance of thy dream.

XXIV.

All which when she unto the end had heard,
 She much was eased in her troublous thought,
 And on those Priests bestowed rich reward :
 And royal gifts of gold and silver wrought,
 She for a present to their Goddess brought.
 Then taking leave of them, she forward went,
 To seek her Love, where he was to be sought ;
 Ne rested till she came without relent
 Unto the land of *Amazons*, as she was bent.

XXV.

Whereof when news to *Radigund* was brought,
 Not with amaze, as women wonted be,
 She was confused in her troublous thought,
 But filld with courage and with joyous glee;
 As glad to hear of arms, the which now she
 Had long surceast, she bade to open bold,
 That she the face of her new foe might see.
 But when they of that iron man had told,
 Which late her folk had slain, she bade them forth to hold.

XXVI.

So there without the gate (as seemed best)
 She caused her pavilion be pight ;
 In which stout *Britomart* her self did rest,
 Whiles *Talus* watched at the door all night.
 All night likewise they of the town in fright,
 Upon their wall good watch and ward did keep.
 The morrow next, so soon as dawning light
 Bade do away the damp of drouzy sleep,
 The warlike *Anazon* out of her bowre did peep.

XXVII.

And caus'd straight a trumpet loud to shrill,
 To warn her foe to battle soon be prest :
 Who long before awoke (for she full ill
 Could sleep all night, that in unquiet breast
 Did closely harbour such a jealous guest)
 Was to the battle whylome ready dight.
 Eftsoons that warrioures with haughty crest
 Did forth issue all ready for the fight :
 On th'other side her foe appeared soon in sight.

XXVIII.

But ere they reared hand, the *Amazon*
 Began the streight conditions to propound,
 With which she used still to tie her sone ;
 To serve her so, as she the rest had bound.
 Which when the other heard, she sternly frownd
 For high disdain of such indignity,
 And would no longer treat, but bade them sound,
 For her no other terms should ever tie
 Than what prescribed were by laws of chevalrie.

XXIX.

The trumpets sound, and they together run
 With greedy rage, and with their faulchins smote ;
 Ne either sought the others strokes to shun,
 But through great fury both their skill forgot,
 And practick use in arms ; ne spared not
 Their dainty parts, which nature had created
 So fair and tender, without stain or spot,
 For other uses than they them translated ;
 Which they now hackt and hew'd, as if such use they hated.

XXX.

As when a Tiger and a Lions
 Are met at spoiling of some hungry prey,
 Both challenge it with equal greediness :
 But first the Tiger claws thereon did lay ;
 And therefore loth to loose her right away,
 Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stond :
 To which the Lion strongly doth gainsay,
 That she to hunt the beast first took in hand ;
 And therefore ought it have, wherever she it fond.

XXXI.

Full fiercely laid the *Amazon* about,
 And dealt her blows unmercifully fore :
 Which *Britomart* withstood with courage stout,
 And them repaid again with double more.
 So long they fought that all the grassy flore
 Was filld with blood, which from their sides did flow,
 And gushed through their arms, that all in gore
 They trode, and on the ground their lives did strow,
 Like fruitless seed, of which untimely death should grow.

XXXII.

At last proud *Radigund* with fell despight,
 Having by chance espide advantage near,
 Let drive at her with all her dreadful might,
 And thus upbraiding, said ; This token bear
 Unto the man whom thou dost love so dear ;
 And tell him for his sake thy life thou gavest.
 Which spiteful words she sore engriev'd to hear.
 Thus answer'd ; Lewdly thou my Love depravest,
 Who shortly must repent that now so vainly bravest.

XXXIII.

Nath'less that stroke so cruel passage found,
 That glancing on her shoulder plate, it bit
 Unto the bone, and made a grievous wound,
 That she her shield through raging smart of it
 Could scarce uphold ; yet soon she it requit.
 For having force increast through furious pain,
 She her so rudely on the helmet smit,
 That it empierced to the very brain,
 And her proud person low prostrated on the plain.

XXXIV.

Where being laid, the wrathful Britonnes
 Stayd not till she came to her self again,
 But in revenge both of her Loves distress,
 And her late vile reproach, though vaunted vain,
 And also of her wound, which sore did pain,
 She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft.
 Which dreadful sight, when all her warlike train
 There present saw, each one (of sense bereft)
 Fled fast into the town, and her sole Victor left.

XXXV.

But yet so fast they could not home retrate,
 But that swift *Talus* did the foremost win;
 And pressing through the preace unto the gate,
 Pelmel with them attonce did enter in.
 There then a piteous slaughter did begin:
 For all that ever came within his reach,
 He with his iron flail did thresh so thin,
 That he no work at all left for the Leach:
 Like to an hideous storm, which nothing may empeach.

XXXVI.

And now by this the noble conqueress
 Herself came in, her glory to partake;
 Where though revengeful vow she did profess,
 Yet when she saw the heaps which he did make
 Of slaughtred carcasses, her heart did quake
 For very ruth, which did it almost rive,
 That she his fury willed him to slake:
 For else he sure had left not one alive,
 But all in his revenge of spirit would deprive.

XXXVII.

Tho when she had his execution stayd,
 She for that iron prison did inquire,
 In which her wretched Love was captive layd;
 Which breaking open with indignant ire,
 She entred into all the parts entire.
 Where when she saw that loathly uncouth sight,
 Of men disguiz'd in womanish attire,
 Her heart 'gan grudge, for very deep despight
 Of so unmanly mask, in misery misdight.

XXXVIII.

At last whenas to her own Love she came,
 Whom like disguise no less deformed had,
 At sight thereof abasht with secret shame,
 She turnd her head aside, as nothing glad,
 To have beheld a spectacle so sad:
 And then too well believ'd, that which to-fore
 Jealous suspect as true unruly drad.
 Which vain conceit now flourishing no more,
 She fought with ruth to salve his sad misfortunes sore.

XXXIX.

Not so great wonder and astonishment,
 Did the most chaste *Penelope* possess,
 To see her Lord, that was reported drent,
 And dead long since in dolorous distress,
 Come home to her in piteous wretchedness,
 After long-travel of full twenty years,
 That she knew not his favours likeliness,
 For many scars, and many hoary hairs :
 But stood long staring on him, mongst uncertain fears.

XL.

Ah ! my dear Lord, what sight is this, quoth she,
 What May-game hath misfortune made of you ?
 Where is that dreadful manly look ? where be
 Those mighty palms, the which ye wont t'embrue
 In blood of Kings, and great hosts to subdue ?
 Could ought on earth so wondrous change have wrought,
 As to have robb'd you of that manly hue ?
 Could so great courage stooped have to ought ?
 Then farewell fleshly force ; I see thy pride is nought.

XLI.

Thenceforth she straight into a bowre him brought,
 And caus'd him those uncomely weeds undight ;
 And in their stead for other raiment sought,
 Whereof there was great store, and armours bright,
 Which had been rest from many a noble Knight ;
 Whom that proud *Amazon* subdued had,
 Whilst Fortune favour'd her success in fight :
 In which whenas she him anew had clad,
 She was reviv'd, and joy'd much in his semblance glad.

XLII.

So there awhile they afterwards remain'd,
 Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heal :
 During which space she there as Princess reign'd,
 And changing all that form of commonweal,
 The liberty of women did repeal,
 Which they had long usurpt ; and them restoring
 To mens subjection, did true Justice deal :
 That all they, as a Goddess-her-adoring,
 Her wisdom did admire, and hearkned to her loring.

XLIII.

For all those Knights, which long in captive shade
Had shrouded been, she did from thralldom free ;
And magistrates of all that city made,
And gave to them great living and large fee:
And that they should for ever faithful be,
Made them swear fealty unto *Artibegal*.
Who when himself now well recour'd did see,
He purpos'd to proceed, what-so befall,
Upon his first adventure which him forth did call.

XLIV.

Full sad and sorrowful was *Britomart*
For his departure, her new cause of grief ;
Yet wisely moderated her own smart,
Seeing his honour, which she tendred chief,
Consisted much in that adventures prief.
The care whereof, and hope of his success
Gave unto her great comfort and relief,
That womanish complaints she did repress,
And tempred for the time her present heaviness.

XLV.

There she continu'd for a certain space,
Till through his want her woe did more increase :
Then hoping that the change of air and place
Would change her pain, and sorrow somewhat cease,
She parted thence, her anguish to appease.
Mean while, her noble Lord Sir *Artibegall*
Went on his way, ne ever hour did cease,
Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall :
That for another canto will more fitly fall.

C A N T O VIII.

*Prince Arthur, and Sir Arthegal,
Free Samient from fear :
They slay the Souldan, drive his wife
Adicia to despair.*

I.

Nought under heaven so strongly doth allure
The sense of man, and all his mind possess.
As beauty's lovely bait, that doth procure
Great warriors oft their rigour to repress,
And mighty hands forget their manliness ;
Drawn with the powre of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tress,
That can with melting pleasance mollify
Their hardned hearts, enur'd to blood and cruelty.

II.

So whylome learn'd that mighty Jewish swain,
Each of whose locks did match a man in might,
To lay his spoils before his Lemans train :
So also did that great *Oetea*n Knight
For his Loves sake his Lions skin undight :
And so did warlike *Anthony* neglect
The worlds whole rule, for *Cleopatra*s sight.
Such wondrous powre hath womens fair aspect,
To captive men; and make them-all the world reject.

III.

Yet could it not stern *Arthegal* retain,
Nor hold from suit of his avowed quest,
Which he had undertane to *Gloriane* ;
But left his Love (albe her strong request)
Fair *Britomart*, in languor and unrest,
And rode himself upon his first intent :
Ne day nor night did ever idly rest ;
Ne wight but only *Talus* with him went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous government.

IV.

So travelling, he chanc'd far off to heed
 A Damzel flying on a palfrey fast
 Before two Knights, that after her did speed
 With all their powre, and her full fiercely chac'd,
 In hope to have her overhent at last:
 Yet fled she fast, and both them far outwent,
 Carried with wings of fear, like fowl aghast,
 With locks all loose, and rayment all to rent;
 And ever as she rode, her eye was backward bent.

V.

Soon after these, he saw another Knight,
 That after those two former rode apace,
 With spear in rest, and prickt with all his might:
 So ran they all as they had been at base,
 They being chased, that did others chase.
 At length he saw the hindmost overtake
 One of those two, and force him turn his face;
 However loth he were his way to flake,
 Yet mote he algates now abide, and answer make.

VI.

But th' other still pursu'd the fearful Maid;
 Who still from him as fast away did fly,
 Ne once for ought her speedy passage staid,
 Till that at length she did before her spy
 Sir *Artibegal*, to whom she straight did hie
 With gladful haste, in hope of him to get
 Succour against her greedy enemy:
 Who seeing her approach, 'gan forward set
 To save her from her fear, and him from force to let.

VII.

But he like hound full greedy of his prey,
 Being impatient of impediment,
 Continu'd still his course, and by the way
 Thought with his spear him quite have overwent.
 So both together ylike felly bent,
 Like fiercely met. But *Artibegal* was stronger,
 And better skill'd in tilt and tournament,
 And bore him quite out of his saddle, longer [wronger.
 Than two spears length; so mischief over-matcht the

VIII.

And in his fall misfortune him mistook ;
 For on his head unhappily he pight,
 That his own weight his neck asunder broke,
 And left there dead. Mean while the other Knight
 Defeated had the other faytour quight,
 And all his bowels in his body braist :
 Whom leaving there in that despiteous plight.
 He ran still on, thinking to follow fast
 His other fellow Pagan, which before him past.

IX.

Instead of whom, finding there ready prest
 Sir *Artbegal*, without discretion
 He at him ran, with ready spear in rest :
 Who seeing him come still so fiercely on,
 Against him made again. so both anon
 Together met, and strongly either strook
 And broke their spears ; yet neither has forgon
 His horses back, yet to and fro long shook, [quook.
 And totter'd like two towres, which through a tempest

X.

But when again they had recover'd sense,
 They drew their swords, in mind to make amends
 For what their spears had fail'd of their pretence.
 Which when the Damzel, who those deadly ends
 Of both her foes had seen, and now her friends
 For her beginning a more fearful fray ;
 She to them runs in haste, and her hair rends,
 Crying to them their cruel hands to stay,
 Untill they both do hear, what she to them will say.

XI.

They stayd their hands, when she thus 'gan to speak ;
 Ah ! gentle Knights, what mean ye thus unwise .
 Upon your selves anothers wrong to wreak ?
 I am the wrong'd, whom ye did enterprise
 Both to redress, and both redrest likewise :
 Witness the Paynims both, whom ye may see
 There dead on ground. What do ye then devise
 Of more revenge ? if more, then I am she,
 Which was the root of all : end your revenge on me .

XII.

Whom when they heard so say, they lookt about,
 To weet if it were true as she had told;
 Where when they saw their foes dead out of doubt,
 Eftsoons they 'gan their wrathful hands to hold,
 And ventails rear each other to behold.
 Tho whenas *Artbegal* did *Arthur* view,
 So fair a creature and so wondrous bold,
 He much admired both his heart and hue,
 And touched with intire affection, nigh him drew.

XIII.

Saying, Sir Knight, of pardon I you pray,
 That all unweeting have you wrong'd thus fore
 Suffring my hand against my heart to stray :
 Which if ye please forgive, I will therefore
 Yield for amends my self yours evermore,
 Or whatso penance shall by you be read.
 To whom the Prince, Certes, me needeth more
 To crave the same, whom errour so misled,
 As that I did mistake the living for the dead.

XIV.

But sith ye please, that both our blames shall dye,
 Amends may for the trespass soon be made,
 Since neither is endamag'd much thereby.
 So 'gan they both themselves full eath persuade
 To fair accordance, and both faults to shade,
 Either embracing other lovingly,
 And swearing faith to either on his blade,
 Never thenceforth to nourish enmity,
 But either others cause to maintain mutually.

XV.

Then *Artbegal*, 'gan of the Prince enquire,
 What were those Knights which there on ground were
 And had receiv'd their follies worthy hire, [laid,
 And for what cause they chased so that maid.
 Certes, I wote not well, the Prince then said;
 But by adventure found them faring so,
 As by the way unweetingly I strayd :
 And lo, the Damzel self, whence all did grow,
 Of whom we may at will the whole occasion know.

XVI.

Then they that Damzel called to them nigh,
 And asked her, what were those two her sone,
 From whom she earst so fast away did fly;
 And what was she herself so woe-begone,
 And for what cause pursu'd of them attone.
 To whom she thus; then wote ye well, that I
 Do serve a Queen that not far hence doth wonne,
 A Princess of great powre and majesty,
 Famous through all the world, and honour'd far and nigh.

XVII.

Her name *Mercilla* most men use to call;
 That is a maiden Queen of high renown,
 For her great bounty knowen over all,
 And soveraine grace, with which her royal crown
 She doth support, and strongly beateth down
 The malice of her foes which her envy,
 And at her happiness do fret and frown:
 Yet she her self the more doth magnify,
 And even to her foes her mercies multiply.

XVIII.

Mongst many which maligne her happy state,
 There is a mighty man, which wonnes hereby,
 That with most fell despight and deadly hate,
 Seeks to subvert her crown and dignity;
 And all his powre doth thereunto apply:
 And her good Knights (of which so brave a band
 Serves her, as any Princess under sky)
 He either spoils, if they against him stand,
 Or to his part allures, and bribeth underhand.

XIX.

Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill
 Which he unto her people does each day;
 But that he seeks by traytrous trains to spill
 Her person, and her sacred self to slay:
 That O ye heavens defend, and turn away
 From her unto the miscreant himself,
 That neither hath religion nor fay,
 But makes his God of his ungodly pelf,
 And Idols serves; so let his Idols serve the Elf.

XX.

To all which cruel tyranny they say,
 He is provokt, and stir'd up day and night
 By his bad wife that hight *Adicia*,
 Who counsels him (through confidence of might)
 To break all bonds of law, and rules of right.
 For she herself professeth mortal foe
 To Justice, and against her still doth fight,
 Working to all that love her, deadly woe,
 And making all her Knights and people to do so.

XXI.

Which my liege Lady seeing thought it best,
 With that his wife in friendly wise to deal,
 For stint of strife, and stablishment of rest
 Both to herself, and to her commonweal,
 And all forepast displeasures to repeal.
 So me in message unto her she sent,
 To treat with her by way of enterdeal,
 Of final peace and fair attonement,
 Which might concluded be by mutual consent.

XXII.

All times have wont safe passage to afford
 To messengers that come for causes just :
 But this proud Dame disdaining all accord,
 Not only into bitter terms forth brust,
 Reviling me, and railing as she lust ;
 But lastly, to make proof of utmost shame,
 Me like a Dog she out of doors did thrust,
 Miscalling me by many a bitter name,
 That never did her ill, ne once deserved blame.

XXIII.

And lastly that no shame might wanting be,
 When I was gone, soon after me she sent
 These two false Knights, whom there ye lying see,
 To be by them dishonoured and shent :
 But thank't be God, and your good hardiment,
 They have the price of their own folly paid.
 So said this Damzel, that hight *Samient* ;
 And to those Knights for their so noble aid,
 Herself most grateful shew'd, and heaped thanks repaid.

XXIV.

But they, now having throughly heard and seen
 All those great wrongs, the which that maid complain'd
 To have been done against her Lady Queen,
 By that proud Dame, which her so much disdain'd,
 Were moved much thereat, and 'twixt them fain'd,
 With all their force to work avengement strong
 Upon the Souldan self, which it maintain'd ;
 And on his Lady, th' author of that wrong,
 And upon all those Knights that did to her belong.

XXV.

But thinking best by counterfeit disguise,
 To their design to make the easier way,
 They did this complot 'twixt themselves devise ;
 First that Sir *Artbegal* should him array,
 Like one of those two Knights which dead there lay.
 And then that Damzel, the sad *Samient*,
 Should as his purchast prize with him convey
 Unto the Souldans court, her to present
 Unto his scornful Lady, that for her had sent.

XXVI.

So as they had deviz'd, Sir *Artbegal*
 Him clad in th' armour of a Pagan Knight ;
 And taking with him, as his vanquisht thrall,
 That Damzel, led her to the Souldans right.
 Where soon as his proud wife of her had sight
 (Forth of her window as she looking lay)
 She weened straight it was her Paynim Knight ;
 Which brought that Damzel, as his purchast prey ;
 And sent to him a Page that mote direct his way.

XXVII.

Who bringing them to their appointed place,
 Offred his service to disarm the Knight ;
 But he refusing him to let unlace,
 For doubt to be discover'd by his sight,
 Kept himself still in his strange armour dight.
 Soon after whom, the Prince arrived there ;
 And sending to the Souldan in despight
 A bold defiance, did of him require
 That Damzel, whom he held as wrongfull prisonere.

XXVIII.

Wherewith, the Souldan all with fury fraught,
Swearing, and banning most blasphemously,
Commanded straight his armour to be brought;
And mounting straight upon a charret high,
With iron wheels and hooks arm'd dreadfully,
And drawn of cruel steeds, which he had fed
With flesh of men, whom through fell tyranny
He slaughtred had, and ere they were half dead,
Their bodies to his beasts for provender did spread.

XXIX.

So forth he came all in a coat of plate,
Burnisht with bloody rust; whiles on the green
The Briton Prince him ready did await,
In glistering arms right goodly well beseen,
That shone as bright, as doth the heaven sheen;
And by his stirrup *Talus* did attend,
Playing his Pages part, as he had been
Before directed by his Lord; to th' end
He should his flail to final execution bend.

XXX.

Thus go they both together to their gear,
With like fierce minds, but meanings different:
For the proud Souldan with presumptuous chear,
And countenance sublime and insolent,
Sought only slaughter and avengement:
But the brave Prince for honour and for right,
Gainst tortious powre and lawless regiment,
In the behalf of wronged weak did fight:
More in his causes truth he trusted than in might.

XXXI.

Like to the *Thracian* tyrant, who they say
Unto his horses gave his guests for meat,
Till he himself was made their greedy prey,
And torn in pieces by *Alcides* great.
So thought the Souldan in his follies threat,
Either the Prince in pieces to have torne
With his sharp wheels in his first rages heat,
Or under his fierce horses feet have borne
And trampled down in dust his thoughts disdain'd scorn.

XXXII.

But the bold child that peril well espying,
 If he too rashly to his charet drew,
 Gave way unto his horses speedy flying,
 And their resistless rigour did eschew.
 Yet as he passed by, the Pagan threw
 A shivering dart with so impetuous force,
 That had he not it shun'd with heedful view,
 It had himself transfix'd, or his horse,
 Or made them both one masse withouten more remorse.

XXXIII.

Oft drew the Prince unto his charet nigh,
 In hope some stroke to fasten on him near;
 But he was mounted in his seat so high,
 And his wing-footed courfers him did bear
 So fast away, that ere his ready spear
 He could advance, he far was gone and past.
 Yet still he him did follow every where,
 And follow'd was of him likewise full fast;
 So long as in his steeds the flaming breath did last.

XXXIV.

Again the Pagan threw another dart,
 Of which he had with him abundant store,
 On every side of his embattled cart,
 And of all other weapons less or more,
 Which warlike uses had deviz'd of yore.
 The wicked shaft guided through th' ayrie wide,
 By some bad sprite, that it to mischief bore,
 Strayd not till through his cuiras it did glide,
 And made a griesly wound in his enriven side.

XXXV.

Much was he grieved with that hapless throe,
 That open'd had the well-spring of his blood,
 But much the more that to his hateful foe
 He mote not come, to wreak his wrathful mood.
 That made him rave, like to a Lion wood,
 Which being wounded of the huntsmans hand
 Cannot come near him in the covert wood,
 Where he with boughs hath built his shady stand,
 And fenc'd himself about with many a flaming brand.

XXXVI.

Still when he fought t' approach unto him nigh,
His charet wheels about him whirled round,
And made him back again as fast to fly;
And eke his steeds, like to an hungry hound,
That hunting after game hath carrion found,
So cruelly did him pursue and chace,
That his good steed, all were he much renown'd
For noble courage, and for hardy race,
Durst not endure their sight, but fled from place to place.

XXXVII.

Thus long they trac'd, and travers'd to and fro,
Seeking by every way to make some breach:
Yet could the Prince not nigh unto him go,
That one sure stroke he might unto him reach,
Whereby his strengths assay he might him teach.
At last from his victorious shield he drew
The veil, which did his powreful light empeach;
And coming full before his horses view,
As they upon him prest, it plain to them did shew.

XXXVIII.

Like lightning flash, that hath the gazer burn'd,
So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
That back again upon themselves they turn'd,
And with their rider ran perforce away:
Ne could the Souldan them from flying stay,
With reins, or wonted rule, as well he knew.
Nought feared they, what he could do or say,
But th' only fear that was before their view;
From which like mazed Deer, dismayfully they flew.

XXXIX.

Fast did they fly, as them their feet could bear,
High over hills, and lowly over dales,
As they were follow'd of their former fear.
In vain the Pagan banns, and swears, and rails,
And back with both his hands unto him hails
The resty reins, regarded now no more:
He to them calls and speaks, yet nought avails;
They hear him not, they have forgot his lore,
But go, which way they list, their guide they have forlore.

XL.

As when the fry mouthed steeds, which drew
 The Suns bright wain to *Phaetons* decay,
 Soon as they did the monstrous Scorpion view,
 With ugly craples crawling in their way,
 The dreadful sight did them so sore affray,
 That their well known courses they forwent ;
 And leading th' ever burning lamp astray,
 This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,
 And left their scorched path yet in the firmament.

XLI.

Such was the fury of these headstrong steeds,
 Soon as the Infants sunlike shield they saw,
 That all obedience both to words and deeds
 They quite forgot and scorn'd all former law ;
 Through woods and rocks, and mountains they did draw
 The iron charet, and the wheels did tear,
 And tost the Paynim, without fear or awe ;
 From side to side they tost him here and there,
 Crying to them in vain, that n'ould his crying hear.

XLII.

Yet still the Prince pursu'd him close behind,
 Oft making offer him to smite, but found
 No easie means according to his mind.
 At last they have all overthrown to ground
 Quite topside turvey, and the Pagan hound
 Amongst the iron hooks and grapples keen,
 Torn all to rags, and rent with many a wound :
 That no whole piece of him was to be seen,
 But scattred all about, and strow'd upon the green.

XLIII.

Like as the cursed Son of *Ithefaus*,
 That following his chace in dewy morn,
 To fly his stepdames love outrageous,
 Of his own steeds was all to pieces torn,
 And his fair limbs left in the woods forlorn ;
 That for his sake *Diana* did lament,
 And all the woody Nymphs did wail and mourn :
 So was this Souldan rapt and all to rent,
 That of his shape appear'd no little monument.

XLIV.

Only his shield and armour, which there lay,
 Though nothing whole, but all too bruis'd and broken,
 He up did take, and with him brought away,
 That mote remain for an eternal token.
 To all 'mongst whom this story should be spoken,
 How worthily, by heavens high decree,
 Justice that day of wrong her self had wroken;
 That all men which that spectacle did see,
 By like ensample mote for ever warned be.

XLV.

So on a tree before the tyrants dore,
 He caused them be hung in all mens sight;
 To be a monument for evermore.
 Which when his Lady from the castles height
 Beheld, it much appall'd her troubled spright:
 Yet not as women wont in doleful fit,
 She was dismayd, or fainted through affright,
 But gather'd unto her her troubled wit,
 And 'gan eftsoons devise to be aveng'd for it.

XLVI.

Straight down she ran like an enraged Cow,
 That is berobbed of her youngling dear,
 With knife in hand, and fatally did vow,
 To wreak her on that maiden messengere,
 Whom she had caus'd be kept as prisonere
 By *Artbegal*, misween'd for her own Knight,
 That brought her back: And coming present there,
 She at her ran with all her force and might,
 All flaming with revenge and furious despight.

XLVII.

Like raging *Ino*, when with knife in hand
 She threw her husband's murdered infant out;
 Or fell *Medea*, when on *Colchick* strand
 Her brothers bones she scattered all about;
 Or as that madding mother, 'mongst the rout
 Of *Bacchus* Priests her own dear flesh did tear.
 Yet neither *Ino*, nor *Medea* stout,
 Nor all the *Menades* so furious were,
 As this bold woman, when she saw that Damzel there.

XLVIII.

But *Artbegal* being thereof aware,
 Did stay her cruel hand, ere she her raught,
 And as she did her self to strike prepare,
 Out of her fist the wicked weapon caught :
 With that, like one enfelon'd or distraught,
 She forth did roam, whither her rage her bore,
 With frantick passion, and with fury fraught ;
 And breaking forth out at a postern dore,
 Unto the wild wood ran, her dolours to deplore.

XLIX.

As a mad Bitch, whenas the frantick fit
 Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
 Doth run at random, and with furious bit
 Snatching at every thing, doth wreak her wrath
 On man and beast that cometh in her path.
 There they do say, that she transformed was
 Into a Tiger, and that Tigers scath
 In cruelty and courage she did pass,
 To prove her surname true, that she imposed has.

L.

Then *Artbegal* himself discovering plain,
 Did issue forth 'gainst all that warlike rout
 Of Knights and armed men, which did maintain
 That Ladies part, and to the Souldan lout :
 All which he did assault with courage stout,
 All were they nigh an hundred Knights of name,
 And like wild Goats them chaced all about,
 Flying from place to place with coward shame,
 So that with final force them all he overcame.

LI.

Then caused he the gates be open'd wide ;
 And there the Prince as victor of that day,
 With triumph entertain'd and glorifide,
 Presenting him with all the rich array,
 And royal pomp, which there long hidden lay,
 Purchast through lawless powre and tortious wrong
 Of that proud Souldan, whom he earst did slay.
 So both for rest there having staid not long,
 Marcht with that Maid ; fit matter for another song.

C A N T O IX.

*Arthur and Arthegal catch Guile,
Whom Talus doth dismay:
They to Mercillas palace come,
And see her rich array.*

I.

What Tiger, or what other salvage wight
Is so exceeding furious and fell,
As Wrong, when it hath arm'd it self with might?
Not fit 'mongst men, that do with reason mell,
But 'mongst wild beasts and salvage woods to dwell;
Where still the stronger doth the weak devour,
And they that most in boldness do excell,
Are dreaded most, and feared for their powre:
Fit for *Adicia* there to build her wicked bowre.

II.

There let her wonne far from resort of men,
Where righteous *Arthegal* her late exil'd,
There let her ever keep her damned den,
Where none may be with her lewd parts defil'd,
Nor none but beasts may be of her despoil'd:
And turn we to the noble Prince where late
We did him leave, after that he had foil'd
The cruel Souldan, and with dreadful fate
Had utterly subverted his unrighteous state.

III.

Where having with Sir *Arthegal* a space
Well solac'd in that Souldans late delight,
They both resolving now to leave the place,
Both it and all the wealth therein behight
Unto that Damzel in her Ladies right,
And so would have departed on their way.
But she them woo'd by all the means she might,
And earnestly belought to wend that day
With her to see her Lady thence not far away.

IV.

By whose entreaty both they overcome,
 Agree to go with her, and by the way,
 (As often falls) of sundry things did commen.
 'Mongst which that Damzell did to them bewray
 A strange adventure, which not far thence lay ;
 To weet, a wicked villain bold and stout,
 Which wonned in a rock not far away,
 That robbed all the country thereabout,
 And brought the pillage home, whence none could get it

V.

[out.

Thereto both his own wily wit, she said,
 And eke the fastness of his dwelling place,
 Both unassailable, gave him great aid :
 For he so crafty was to forge and face,
 So light of hand, and nimble of his pace,
 So smooth of tongue, and subtle in his tale,
 That could deceive one looking in his face ;
 Therefore by name *Malengin* they him call,
 Well knownen by his feats, and famous over all.

VI.

Through these his flights he many doth confound :
 And eke the rock in which he wons to dwell,
 Is wondrous strong, and hew'n far under ground
 A dreadful depth, how deep no man can tell ;
 But some do say, it goeth down to Hell.
 And all within it full of windings is,
 And hidden ways, that scarce an hound by smell
 Can follow out those false footsteps of his,
 Ne none can back return that once are gone amiss.

VII.

Which when those Knights had heard, their hearts 'gan
 To understand that villains dwelling place, [yeare,
 And greatly it desir'd of her to learn,
 And by which way they towards it should trace.
 Were not, said she, that it should let your pace
 Towards my Ladies presence by you meant,
 I would you guide directly to the place.
 Then let not that said they stay your intent.
 For neither will one foot, till we that Carle have hent.

VIII.

So forth they past, till they approached nigh
 Unto the rock where was the villains wonne,
 Which when the Damzel near at hand did spy,
 She warn'd the Knights thereof: who thereupon
 'Gan to advize what best were to be done.
 So both agreed to send that Maid afore,
 Where she might sit nigh to the den alone,
 Wailing, and raising pitiful uprore,
 As if she did some great calamity deplore.

IX.

With noise whereof whenas the caitive Carle
 Should issue forth in hope to find some spoil,
 They in await would closely him ensnarle,
 Ere to his den he backward could recoil,
 And so would hope him easily to foil.
 The Damzel straight went as she was directed,
 Unto the rock; and there upon the soil
 Having her self in wretched wise abjected,
 'Gan weep and wail, as if great grief had her affected.

X.

The cry whereof entring the hollow cave,
 Estfoons brought forth the villain, as they meant,
 With hope of her some wishful boot to have.
 Full dreadful wight he was, as ever went
 Upon the earth, with hollow eyes deep pent,
 And long curld locks, that down his shoulders shagg'd,
 And on his back an uncouth vestiment,
 Made of strange stuff, but all too worn and ragged;
 And underneath, his breech was all too torn and jagged.

XI.

And in his hand an huge long staff he held,
 Whose top was arm'd with many an iron hook,
 Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
 Or in the compass of his clouches took;
 And ever round about he cast his look.
 Als at his back a great wide net he bore,
 With which he seldom fished at the brook,
 But us'd to fish for fools on the dry shore,
 Of which he in fair weather wont to take great store.

XII.

Him when the Damzel saw fast by her side,
 So ugly creature, she was nigh dismay'd;
 And now for help aloud in earnest cride.
 But when the villain saw her so affraid.
 He 'gan with guileful words her to persuade
 To banish fear: and with *Sardonian* smile
 Laughing on her, his false intent to shade,
 'Gan forth to lay his bait her to beguile,
 That from herself unwares he might her steal the while.

XIII.

Like as the Fowler on his guileful pipe,
 Charms to the birds full many a pleasant lay,
 That they the whiles may take less heedie keep,
 How he his nets doth for their ruin lay:
 So did the villain to her prate and play,
 And many pleasant tricks before her show,
 To turn her eyes from his intent away:
 For he in sleights and jugling feats did flow,
 And of legier-demain the mysteries did know.

XIV.

To which whilst she lent her intentive mind,
 He suddenly his net upon her threw,
 That overspread her like a puff of wind;
 And snatching her soon up ere well she knew,
 Ran with her fast away unto his mew,
 Crying for help aloud. But whenas nigh
 He came unto his cave, and there did view
 The armed Knights stopping his passage by,
 He threw his burden down and fast away did fly.

XV.

But *Arbegal* him after did pursue,
 The whiles the Prince there kept the entrance still:
 Up to the rock he ran, and thereon flew
 Like a wild Goat, leaping from hill to hill,
 And dancing on the craggy cliffs at will;
 That deadly danger seem'd in all mens sight,
 To tempt such steps, where footing was so ill:
 Ne ought availed for the armed Knight,
 To think to follow him that was so swift and light.

XVI.

Which when he saw, his iron man he sent
To follow him : for he was swift in chace.
He him pursu'd wherever that he went,
Both over rocks, and hills, and every place :
Wherefo he fled, he follow'd him apace :
So that he shortly forc'd him to forsake
The height, and down descend unto the base.
There he him courst afresh, and soon did make
To leave his proper form, and other shape to take.

XVII.

Into a Fox himself he first did toun ;
But he him hunted like a Fox full fast :
Then to a bush himself he did transform ;
But he the bush did beat, till that at last
Into a Bird it chang'd, and from him past,
Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand :
But he then stones at it so long did cast,
That like a stone it fell upon the land,
But he then took it up, and held fast in his hand.

XVIII.

So he it brought with him unto the Knights,
And to his Lord Sir *Artbegal* it lent,
Warning him hold it fast, for fear of sleights.
Who whilst in hand it griping hard he hent,
Into an Hedgehog all unwares it went,
And prickt him so, that he away it threw.
Then 'gan it run away incontinent,
Being returned to his former hue :
But *Talus* soon him over-took, and backward drew.

XIX.

But whenas he would to a Snake again
Have turn'd himself, he with his iron flail
'Gan drive at him, with so huge might and main,
That all his bones, as small as sandy grail
He broke, and did his bowels disentrail ;
Crying in vain for help, when help was past.
So did deceit the self deceiver fail :
There they him left a carrion outcast,
For beasts and fowls to feed upon for their repast.

XX.

Thenceforth they passed with that gentle Maid,
 To see her Lady, as they did agree.
 To which when she approached, thus she said;
 Lo now, right noble Knights, arriv'd ye be
 Nigh to the place which ye desir'd to see:
 There shall ye see my sov'raine Lady Queen,
 Most sacred wight, most debonair and free,
 That ever yet upon this earth was seen,
 Or that with diadem hath ever crowned been.

XXI.

The gentle Knight rejoiced much to hear
 The praises of that Prince so manifold;
 And passing little further, comen were
 Where they a stately palace did behold,
 Of pompous show, much more than she had told;
 With many towres, and tarras mounsed high
 And all their tops bright glistering with gold,
 That seemed to outshine the dimmed sky,
 And with thir brightness daz'd the strange beholders eye.

XXII.

There they alighting, by that Damzel were
 Directed in, and shewed all the sight:
 Whose porch that most magnifick did appear,
 Stood open wide to all men day and night;
 Yet warded well by one of mickle might,
 That sate thereby, with Giant-like resemblance,
 To keep out guile, and malice, and despight,
 That under shew oft-times of feigned semblance,
 Are wont in Princes courts to work great scath and hin-

XXIII.

[drance.

His name was *Awe*; by whom they passing in
 Went up the hall, that was a large wide room,
 All full of people making troublous din,
 And wondrous noise, as if that there were some,
 Which unto them were dealing righteous doom.
 By whom they passing through the thickest preace,
 The Marshal of the hall to them did come,
 His name hight *Order*, who commanding peace,
 Them guided through the throng, that did their clamours
 [cease.

XXIV.

They ceast their clamours upon them to gaze;
 Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,
 Strange there to see, it did them much amaze,
 And with unwonted terrour half affray.
 For never saw they there the like array.
 Ne ever was the name of war there spoken,
 But joyous peace and quietness alway,
 Dealing just judgements, that mote not be broken
 For any bribes, or threats of any to be wroken.

XXV.

Thereas they entred at the scierne, they saw
 Some one whose tongue was for his trespass vile
 Naild to a post adjudged so by law:
 For that therewith he falsely did revile,
 And foul blasphemie that Queen for forged guile,
 Both with bold speeches, which he blazed had,
 And with lewd poems, which he did compile;
 For the bold title of a Poet bad
 He on himself had ta'en, and railing rhimes had sprad.

XXVI.

Thus there he stood, whilst high over his head,
 There written was the purport of his sin,
 In cyphers strange, that few could rightly read,
 BON FONS: but *Bon* that once had written bin,
 Was rased out, and *Mal* was now put in.
 So now *Malfons* was plainly to be read;
 Either for th'evil, which he did therein,
 Or that he liken'd was to a well-head
 Of evil words, and wicked slanders by him shed.

XXVII.

They passing by, were guided by degree
 Unto the prefence of that gracious Queen:
 Who sate on high, that she might all men see,
 And might of all men royally be seen,
 Upon a throne of gold full bright and sheen
 Adorned all with gems of endless price,
 As either might for wealth have gotten been,
 Or could be fram'd by workmans rare device;
 And all embost with Lions, and with flowr-delice.

XXVIII.

All over her a cloth of state was spread,
 Not of rich tissew, nor of cloth of gold,
 Nor of ought else, that may be richest read,
 But like a cloud, as likest may be told,
 That her broad spreading-wings did wide unfold;
 Whose skirts were bordred with bright sunny beams,
 Gliftring like gold amongst the pleights enrold,
 And here and there shooting forth silver streams,
 Mongst which crept little Angels through the glittering

XXIX.

[gleams.

Seemed those little Angels did uphold
 The cloth of state, and on their purpled wings
 Did bear the pendants, through their nimble's bold.
 Besides a thousand more of such as sings
 Hymns to high God, and carol heavenly things,
 Encompassed the throne, on which she sate;
 She Angel-like, the heir of ancient Kings
 And mighty conquerors, in royal state,
 Whilst Kings and Kefars at her feet did them prostrate.

XXX.

Thus she did sit in soveraine majesty,
 Holding a scepter in her royal hand,
 The sacred pledge of peace and clemency,
 With which high God had blest her happy land,
 Maugre so many foes, which did withstand.
 But at her feet her sword was likewise laid,
 Whose long rest, rusted the bright steely brand;
 Yet whenas foes enforc'd, or friends sought aid,
 She could it sternly draw, that all the world dismay'd.

XXXI.

And round about, before her feet there sate
 A beavy of fair Virgins clad in white,
 That goodly seem'd t'adorn her royal state,
 All lovely Daughters of high *Jove*, that hight
Litæ, by him begot in loves delight,
 Upon the righteous *Themis*: thole they say,
 Upon *Joves* Judgement-seat wait day and night,
 And when in wrath he threats the worlds decay,
 They do his anger calm, and cruel vengeance stay.

XXXII.

They also do by his divine permission,
 Upon the thrones of mortal Princes tend,
 And often treat for pardon and remission
 To suppliants, through fault which offend,
 Those did upon *Mercillas* throne attend:
Iust Dice, wife *Eunomie*, mild *Eirene*;
 And them amongst, her glory to commend,
 Sate goodly *Temperance* in garments clean,
 And sacred *Reverence*, yborn of heavenly strene.

XXXIII.

Thus did she sit in royal rich estate,
 Admir'd of many, honoured of all;
 Whilst underneath her feet there as she sate,
 An huge great Lion lay, that mote appall
 An hardy courage, like captived thrall,
 With a strong iron chain and collar bound,
 That once he could not move, nor quich at all;
 Yet did he murmur with rebellious sound,
 And softly royne, when salvage choler 'gan redound.

XXXIV.

So sitting high in dreaded soverainty,
 Those two strange Knights were to her presence brought;
 Who bowing low before her Majesty,
 Did to her mild obeysance, as they ought,
 And meekest boon, that they imagine mought.
 To whom she eke inclining her withall,
 As a fair stoop of her high-soaring thought,
 A chearful countenance on them let fall,
 Yet tempred with some Majesty imperiall.

XXXV.

As the bright Sun, what time his fiery team
 Towards the western brim begins to draw,
 'Gins to abate the brightness of his beam,
 And fervour of his flames somewhat adaw:
 So did this mighty Lady, when she saw
 Those two strange Knights such homage to her make,
 Bate somewhat of that Majesty and awe,
 That whylome wont to do so many quake,
 And with more mild aspect those two to entertake.

XXXVI.

Now at that instant as occasion fell,
 When those two stranger Knights arriv'd in place,
 She was about affairs of common-weal,
 Dealing of Justice with indifferent grace,
 And hearing pleas of people mean and base.
 Mongst which as then, there was for to be heard
 The trial of a great and weighty case,
 Which on both sides was then debating hard :
 But at the sight of these, those were awhile debar'd.

XXXVII.

But after all her Princely entertain,
 To th' hearing of that former cause in hand,
 Her self Eftsoons she 'gan convert again ;
 Which that those Knights likewise mote understand,
 And witness forth aright in foreign land,
 Taking them up unto her stately throne,
 Where they mote hear the matter thoroughly scand
 On either part, she placed th' one on th' one,
 The other on the other side, and near them none.

XXXVIII.

Then was there brought as prisoner to the bar,
 A Lady of great countenance and place,
 But that she it with foul abuse did mar ;
 Yet did appear rare beauty in her face,
 But blotted with condition vile and base,
 That all her other honour did obscure,
 And titles of nobility deface :
 Yet in that wretched semblant, she did sure
 The peoples great compassion unto her allure.

XXXIX.

Then up arose a person of deep reach,
 And rare insight, hard matters to reveal ;
 That well could charm his tongue, and time his speech
 To all assays ; his name was called *Zeal* :
 He 'gan that Lady strongly to appeal
 Of many heinous crimes, by her enur'd ;
 And with sharp reasons rang her such a peal,
 That those, whom she to pity had allur'd,
 He now t' abhor and loath her person had procur'd.

XL.

First 'gan he tell how this that seem'd so gair
 And royally arrayd, *Dueffa* hight,
 That false *Dueffa*, which had wrought great care,
 And mickle mischief unto many a Knight,
 By her beguiled, and confounded quight;
 But not for those she now in question came,
 Though also those mote question'd be aright,
 But for vile treasons, and outrageous shame,
 Which she against the dred *Mercilla* oft did frame.

XLI.

For she whylome (as ye mote yet right well
 Remember) had her counsels false conspir'd,
 With faithless *Blandamour* and *Paridell*
 (Both two her Paramours, both by her hir'd,
 And both with hope of shadows vain inspir'd)
 And with them practiz'd how for to deprive
Mercilla of her crown, by her aspir'd,
 That she might it unto her self derive,
 And triumph in their blood, whom she to death did drive.

XLII.

But through high heavens grace (which favours not
 The wicked drifts of trayterous designs,
 'Gainst loyal Princes) all this cursed plot,
 Ere proof it took, discover'd was betimes,
 And th' actors won the meed meet for their crimes.
 Such be the meed of all, that by such mean
 Unto the type of kingdoms title climbs.
 But false *Dueffa*, now untitled Queen,
 Was brought to her sad doom, as here was to be seen.

XLIII.

Strongly did *Zeal* her heinous fact enforce,
 And many other crimes of foul defame
 Against her brought, to banish all remorse,
 And aggravate the horror of her blame.
 And with him to make part against her came
 Many grave persons, that against her plead;
 First was a sage old Sire, that had to name
 The *Kingdoms* care, with a white silver head,
 That many high regards and reasons 'gainst her read.

XLIV.

Then 'gan *Authority* her to oppose
 With peremptory powre, that made all mute ;
 And then the Law of *Nations* 'gainst her rose,
 And reasons brought, that no man could refute ;
 Next, 'gan *Religion* 'gainst her to impute
 High Gods behest, and powre of holy laws ;
 Then 'gan the peoples cry, and Commons sute,
 Importune care of their own publick cause ;
 And lastly, *Justice* charged her with breach of laws.

XLV.

But then for her on the contrary part,
 Rose many advocates for her to plead :
 First there came *Pity* with full tender heart,
 And with her join'd *Regard* of womanhead ;
 And then came *Danger* threatening hidden dread,
 And high alliance unto foreign powre ;
 Then came *Nobility* of birth, that bred
 Great ruth through her misfortunes tragick stowre ;
 And lastly *Grief* did plead, and many tears forth poure.

XLVI.

With the near touch whereof in tender heart
 The Briton Prince was sore compassionate
 And wox inclined much unto her part,
 Through the sad terrour of so dreadful fate,
 And wretched ruin of so high estate ;
 That for great ruth his courage 'gan relent.
 Which whenas *Zeal* perceived to abate,
 He 'gan his earnest fervour to augment,
 And many fearful objects to them to present.

XLVII.

He 'gan t' efforce the evidence anew,
 And new accusations to produce in place :
 He brought forth that old Hag of hellish hue,
 The cursed *Atè*, brought her face to face,
 Who privy was, and party in the case :
 She glad of spoil and ruinous decay,
 Did her appeach, and to her more disgrace,
 The plot of all her practice did display,
 And all her trains, and all her treasons forth did lay.

XLVIII.

Then brought he forth, with grisly grim aspect,
 Abhorred *Murder*, who with bloody knife
 Yet dropping fresh in hand did her detect.
 And there with guilty bloodshed charged rise :
 Then brought he forth *Sedition*, breeding strife
 In troublous wits, and mutinous uprore :
 Then brought he forth *Incontinence* of life,
 Even foul *Adultery* her face before,
 And lewd *Impiety*, that her accused sore.

XLIX.

All which whenas the Prince had heard and seen,
 His former fancies ruth he 'gan repent,
 And from her partings was drawn clean.
 But *Artibegal*, with constant firm intent,
 For zeal of Justice was against her bent.
 So was she guilty deemed of them all.
 Then *Zeal* began to urge her punishment,
 And to their Queen for judgment loudly call,
 Unto *Mercilla* mild for Justice 'gainst the thrall.

L.

But she, whose Princely breast was touched near
 With piteous ruth of her so wretched plight,
 Though plain she saw by all that she did hear,
 That she of death was guilty found by right,
 Yet would not let just vengeance on her light ;
 But rather let instead thereof to fall
 Few perling drops from her fair lamps of light ;
 The which she cov'ring with her purple pall
 Would have the passion hid, and up arose withall.

C A N T O X.

*Prince Arthur takes the enterprife,
For Belge for to fight:
Gerioneo's Senefchal
He flays in Belge's right,*

I.

Some Clarks do doubt in their deviceful art,
Whether this heavenly thing whereof I treat,
To weeten *Mercy*, be of Justice part,
Or drawn forth from her by divine extreat.
This well I wote, that sure she is as great,
And meriteth to have as high a place,
Sith in th' Almighty's everlasting seat
She first was bred, and born of heavenly race;
From thence pour'd down on men, by influence of grace.

II.

For if that vertue be of so great might,
Which from just verdict will for nothing start,
But to preserve inviolated right,
Oft spills the principal to save the part;
So much more then is that of powre and art,
That seeks to save the subject of her skill,
Yet never doth from doom of right depart:
As it is greater praise to save than spill,
And better to reform, than to cut off the ill.

III.

Who then can thee, *Mercilla*, throughly praise,
That herein dost all earthly Princes pass?
What heavenly Muse shall thy great honour raise
Up to the skies, whence first deriv'd it was,
And now on earth it self enlarged has,
From th' utmost brink of the *Armerick* shore,
Unto the margent of the *Molucas*?
Those nations far thy justice do adore:
But thine own people do thy mercy praise much more.

IV.

Much more it praised was of those two Knights;
 The noble Prince, and righteous *Aribegall*,
 When they had seen and heard her doom arights
 Against *Duessâ*, damned by them all;
 But by her tempred without grief or gall,
 Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce.
 And yet even then rueing her wilful fall,
 With more than needful natural remorse,
 And yielding the last honour to her wretched corse.

V.

During all which, those Knights continued there,
 Both doing and receiving courtesies,
 Of that great Lady, who with goodly chear,
 Them entertain'd, fit for their dignities,
 Approving daily to their noble eyes
 Royal examples of her mercies rare,
 And worthy patterns of her clemencies;
 Which to this day 'mongst many living are,
 Who them to their posterities do still declare.

VI.

Amongst the rest, which in that space befell,
 There came two Springals of full tender years,
 Far thence from foreign land where they did dwell,
 To seek for succour of her and her Peers,
 With humble prayers and intreatful tears;
 Sent by their mother, who a widow was,
 Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly fears,
 By a strong tyrant, who invaded has
 Her land, and slain her children ruefully, alas!

VII.

Her name was *Belge*, who in former age
 A Lady of great worth and wealth had been,
 And mother of a fruitful heritage,
 Even seventeen goodly sons; which who had seen
 In their first flowre, before this fatal teen
 Them overtook, and their fair blossoms blasted,
 More happy mother would her surely ween,
 Than famous *Niobe*, before she tasted
Laius's childrens wrath, that all her issue wasted.

VIII.

But this fell tyrant through his tortious powre,
 Had left her now but five of all that brood :
 For twelve of them he did by times devour,
 And to his Idols sacrifice their blood,
 Whilst he of none was stopped, nor withstood.
 For soothly he was one of matchless might,
 Of horrible aspect, and dreadful mood,
 And had three bodies in one waiste empight,
 And th'arms and legs of three, to succour him in fight.

IX.

And sooth they say, that he was born and bred,
 Of Giants race, the son of *Geryon*,
 He that whylome in *Spain* so sore was dred
 For his huge powre and great oppression,
 Which brought that land to his subjection,
 Through his three bodies powre, in one combin'd ;
 And eke all strangers in that region
 Arriving, to his kine for good assign'd ;
 The fairest kine alive, but of the fiercest kind.

X.

For they were all, they say, of purple hue,
 Kep: by a cow-herd, hight *Eurytion* ;
 A cruel Carle, the which all strangers slew,
 Ne day nor night did sleep, t'attend them on,
 But walkt about them ever and anon,
 With his two-headed Dog, that *Ortibrus* hight ;
Ortibrus begotten by great *Typhaon*,
 And foul *Ecbidna*, in the house of night ;
 But *Hercules* them all did overcome in fight.

XI.

His son was this, *Geryonco* hight :
 Who after that his monstrous father fell
 Under *Alcides* club, straight took his flight
 From that sad land where he his sire did quell,
 And came to this, where *Belge* then did dwell,
 And flourish't in all wealth and happiness,
 Being then new made widow (as befell)
 After her noble husbands late decease ;
 Which gave beginning to her woe and wretchedness.

XII.

Then this bold tyrant, of her widowhead
 Taking advantage, and her yet fresh woes,
 Himself and service to her offered,
 Her to defend against all foreign foes,
 That should their powre against her right oppose.
 Whereof she glad, now needing strong defence,
 Him entertain'd, and did her champion chose:
 Which long he us'd with careful diligence,
 The better to confirm her fearless confidence.

XIII.

By means whereof, she did at last commit
 All to his hands, and gave him soveraine powre.
 To do whatever he thought good or fit.
 Which having got, he 'gan forth from that house
 To stirr up strife, and many a tragick stowe,
 Giving her dearest children one by one
 Unto a dreadful monster to devoure,
 And setting up an Idol of his own,
 The image of his monstrous parent *Geryone*.

XIV.

So tyrannizing, and oppressing all,
 The woeful widow had no means now left,
 But unto gracious great *Mercilla* call
 For aid against that cruell tyrants theft,
 Ere all her children he from her had rest.
 Therefore these two, her eldest sons, she sent
 To seek for succour of this Ladies giest:
 To whom their suit they humbly did present,
 In th'hearing of full many Knights and Ladies gent.

XV.

Amongst the which, then fortun'd to be
 The noble Briton Prince, with his brave Peer:
 Who when he none of all those Knights did see
 Hastily bent that enterprise to hear,
 Nor undertake the same for coward fear,
 He stepped forth with courage bold and great,
 Admir'd of all the rest in presence there,
 And humbly 'gan that mighty Queen entreat,
 To grant him that adventure for his former feat.

XVI.

She gladly granted it: then he straightway,
 Himself unto his journey 'gan prepare.
 And all his armours ready dight that day,
 That nought the morrow next mote stay his fare.
 The morrow next appear'd, with purple hair
 Yet dropping fresh out of the *Indian* fount,
 And bringing light into the heavens fair,
 When he was ready to his steed to mount,
 Unto his way, which now was all his care and count.

XVII.

Then taking humble leave of that great Queen,
 Who gave him royal gifts and riches rare,
 As tokens of her thankful mind beseen,
 And leaving *Artibegal* to his own care;
 Upon his voyage forth he 'gan to fare,
 With those two gentle youths, which him did guide,
 And all his way before him still prepare.
 Ne after him did *Artibegal* abide,
 But on his first adventure forward forth did ride.

XVIII.

It was not long, till that the Prince arriv'd
 Within the land, where dwelt that Lady sad,
 Whereof that tyrant had her now depriv'd,
 And into moors and marshes banisht had,
 Out of the pleasant soil, and cities glad,
 In which she wont to harbour happily:
 But now his cruelty so sore she drad,
 That to those fens for fastness she did fly;
 And there her self did hide from his hard tyranny,

XIX.

There he her found in sorrow and dismay,
 All solitary without living wight;
 For all her other children, through affray,
 Had hid themselves, or taken further flight:
 And eke her self through sudden strange affright,
 When one in arms she saw, began to fly;
 But when her own two sons she had in sight,
 She 'gan take heart, and look up joyfully:
 For well she wist this Knight came succour to supply.

XX.

And running unto them with greedy joys,
 Fell straight about their necks, as they did kneel:
 And bursting forth in tears: Ah my sweet boys,
 Said she, yet now I 'gin new life to feel;
 And feeble spirits, that 'gan faint and reel,
 Now rise again, at this your joyous sight.
 Already seems that Fortunes headlong wheel
 Begins to turn, and sun to shine more bright
 Than it was wont, through comfort of this noble Knight.

XXI.

Then turning unto him; And you, Sir Knight,
 Said she, that taken have this toilsome pain
 For wretched woman, miserable wight,
 May you in heaven immortal guerdon gain
 For so great travel, as you do sustain:
 For other meed may hope for none of me,
 To whom nought else, but bare life doth remain:
 And that so wretched one, as ye do see
 Is liker lingring death, than loathed life to be.

XXII.

Much was he moved with her piteous plight;
 And low dismounting from his lofty steed,
 'Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
 Seeking to drive away deep-rooted dreed,
 With hope of help in that her greatest need.
 So thence he wished her with him to wend,
 Unto some place, where they mote rest and feed,
 And she take comfort, which God now did send:
 Good heart in evils doth the evils much amend.

XXIII.

Ay me! said she, and whither shall I go?
 Are not all places full of foreign powres?
 My palaces possessed of my foe,
 My cities sackt, and their sky-threatening towres
 Rased, and made smooth fields now full of flowres?
 Only these marishes, and miry bogs,
 In which the fearful Ewftes do build their bowres,
 Yield me an hoftry 'mongst the croaking Frogs,
 And harbour here in safety from those ravenous Dogs;

XXIV.

Nath'less, said he, dear Lady with me go:
 Some place shall us receive and harbour yield;
 If not, we will it force maugre your foe,
 And purchase it to us with spear and shield:
 And if all fail yet farewell open field:
 The earth to all her creatures lodging lends.
 With such his chearful speeches he doth wield
 Her mind so well, that to his will she bends;
 And binding up her locks and weeds, forth with him wends.

XXV.

They came unto a city far up land,
 The which whylome that Ladies own had been:
 But now by force extort out of her hand,
 By her strong foe, who had defaced clean
 Her stately towres, and buildings sunny sheen;
 Shut up her haven, mard her merchants trade,
 Robbed her people, that full rich had been,
 And in her neck a castle huge had made,
 The which did her command, without needing persuade.

XXVI.

That castle was the strength of all that state,
 Untill that state by strength was pulled down:
 And that same city, so now ruinate,
 Had been the key of all that kingdoms crown;
 Both goodly castle, and both goodly town,
 Till that th'offended heavens list to towre
 Upon their bliss, and baleful fortune frown.
 When those 'gainst states and kingdoms do conjure,
 Who then can think their headlong ruin to recure?

XXVII.

But he had brought it now in servile bond,
 And made it bear the yoke of inquisition,
 Striving long time in vain it to withstand;
 Yet glad at last to make most base submission,
 And life enjoy for any composition.
 So now he hath new laws and orders new
 Impos'd on it, with many a hard condition,
 And forced it, the honour that is due
 To God, to do unto his Idol most untrue.

XXVIII.

To him he hath, before this castle-green,
 Built a fair chappel, and an altar fram'd
 Of costly ivory, full rich beset,
 On which that cursed Idol far proclaim'd,
 He hath set up, and him his God hath nam'd,
 Offering to him in sinful sacrifice
 The flesh of men, to Gods own likeness fram'd,
 And pouring forth their blood in brutish wize,
 That any iron eyes to see it would agrize.

XXIX.

And for more horreur and more crueltie,
 Under that cursed Idols altar-stone;
 An hideous monster doth in darkness lie,
 Whose dreadful shape was never seen of none
 That lives on earth; but unto those alone
 The which unto him sacrificed be.
 Those he devours they say, both flesh and bone;
 What else they have, is all the tyrants fee;
 So that no whit of them remaining one may see;

XXX.

There eke he placed a strong garrison
 And set a Seneschal of dreaded might,
 That by his powre oppressed every one,
 And vanquished all ventrous Knights in fight;
 To whom he wont shew all the shame he might,
 After that them in battle he had won.
 To which when now they 'gan approach in fight,
 The Lady counsel'd him the place to shone,
 Whereas so many Knights had foully been fordone.

XXXI.

Her fearful speeches nought he did regard;
 But riding straight under the castle wall,
 Called aloud unto the watchful ward,
 Which there did wait, willing them forth to call
 Into the field their tyrants Seneschal,
 To whom when tidings thereof came, he straight
 Calls for his arms, and arming him withall,
 Eftsoons forth pricked proudly in his might,
 And 'gan with courage fierce address him to the fight.

XXXII.

They both encounter in the middle plain.
 And their sharp spears do both together smite
 Amid their shields, with so much might and main,
 That seem'd their souls they would have riven quight
 Out of their breasts with furious despight.
 Yet could the Seneschals no entrance find
 Into the Princes shield, where it empight :
 So pure the metal was and well refin'd,
 But shiver'd all about, and scatter'd in the wind.

XXXIII.

Not so the Prince's; but with restless force,
 Into his shield it ready passage found,
 Both through his haberjeon, and eke his corse :
 Which tumbling down upon the senseless ground,
 Gave leave unto his ghost from thraldom bound,
 To wander in the griesly shades of night.
 There did the Prince him leave in deadly swoond,
 And thence unto the castle marched right,
 To see if entrance there as yet obtain he might.

XXXIV.

But as he nigher drew, three Knights he spide,
 All arm'd to point, issuing forth apace,
 Which towards him with all their powre did ride,
 And meeting him right in the middle race,
 Did all their spears attonce on him enchace.
 As three great culverings for batt'ry bent,
 And level'd all against one certain place,
 Do all attonce their thunders rage forth-rent,
 That makes the walls to stagger with astonishment :

XXXV.

So all attonce they on the Prince did thunder ;
 Who from his saddle swerved nought aside,
 Ne to their force gave way, that was great wonder,
 But like a bulwark firmly did abide ;
 Rebutting him which in the midst did ride,
 With so huge rigour, that his mortal spear
 Past through his shield, and pierc'd through either side,
 That down he fell upon his mother dear,
 And poured forth his wretched life in deadly deare.

XXXVI.

Whom when his other fellows saw, they fled
 As fast as feet could carry them away;
 And after them the Prince as swiftly sped,
 To be aveng'd of their unknighly play.
 There whilst they entering, th'one did th'other stay,
 The hindmost in the gate he overhent,
 And as he pressed in, him there did slay:
 His carcass tumbling on the threshold, sent
 His groaning soul unto her place of punishment.

XXXVII.

The other which was entred, labour'd fast
 To spar the gate; but that same lump of clay,
 Whose grudging ghost was thereout fled and past,
 Right in the midst of the threshold lay,
 That it the postern did from closing stay:
 The whiles, the Prince had preased in between,
 And entrance won. Straight th'other fled away,
 And ran into the hall, where he did ween
 Himself to save: but he there slew him at the screen.

XXXVIII.

Then all the rest which in that castle were,
 Seeing that sad ensample them before,
 Durst not abide, but fled away for fear,
 And them conveyd out at a postern dore.
 Long fought the Prince, but when he found no more
 T'oppose against his powre, he forth issu'd
 Unto that Lady, where he her had lore,
 And her 'gan chear with what she there had view'd,
 And what she had not seen, within unto her shew'd.

XXXIX.

Who with right humble thanks him goodly greeting,
 For so great prowess, as he there had prov'd,
 Much greater than was ever in her weeting,
 With great admirance inwardly was mov'd,
 And honour'd him, with all that her behov'd.
 Thenceforth into that castle he her led,
 With her two sons, right dear of her belov'd,
 Where all that night themselves they cherished,
 And from her baleful mind all care he banished.

C A N T O XI.

*Prince Arthur overcomes the great
Gerioneo in fight :
Doth slay the monster, and restore
Belge unto her right.*

I.

It often falls in course of common life,
That right, long time is overborne of wrong,
Through avarice, or powre, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party strong ;
But Justice, though her doom she do prolong,
Yet at the last she will her own cause right.
As by sad *Belge* seems, whose wrongs though long
She suffered, yet at length she did requight,
And sent redress thereof by this brave Briton Knight.

II.

Whereof when news was to that tyrant brought,
How that the Lady *Belge* now had found
A champion, that had with his champion fought,
And laid his Seneschal low on the ground,
And eke himself did threaten to confound,
He 'gan to burn in rage, and frieze in fear,
Doubting sad end of principle unsound ;
Yet sith he heard but one, that did appear,
He did himself encourage, and take better chear.

III.

Nath'less himself he armed all in haste,
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
Ne stayed step, till that he came at last
Unto the castle, which they conquerd had.
These with huge terrour, to be more ydrad,
He sternly marcht before the castle gate ;
And with bold vaunts, and idle threatening bad
Deliver him his own ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrongfull state.

IV.

The Prince staid not his answer to devise;
 But opening straight the spar, forth to him came,
 Full nobly mounted in right warlike wize;
 And asked him, if that he were the same,
 Who all that wrong unto that woeful Dame
 So long had done, and from her native land
 Exiled her, that all the world spake shame.
 He boldly answerd him, he there did stand
 That would his doings justifie with his own hand.

V.

With that so furiously at him he flew,
 As if he would have over-run him straight;
 And with his huge great iron-ax 'gan hew
 So hideously upon his armour bright,
 As he to pieces would have chopt it quight:
 That the bold Prince was forced foot to give
 To his first rage, and yield to his despight;
 The whilst at him so dreadfully he drive,
 That seem'd a marble rock asunder could have rive.

VI.

Thereto a great advantage eke he has
 Through his three double hands thrice multiplide,
 Besides the double strength which in them was:
 For still when fit occasion did betide,
 He could his weapon shift from side to side,
 From hand to hand, and with such nimble sly
 Could wield about, that ere it were espide,
 The wicked stroke did wound his enemy,
 Behind, beside, before, as he it list apply.

VII.

Which uncouth use whenas the Prince perceiv'd,
 He 'gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
 Left by such sleight he were unwares deceiv'd;
 And ever ere he saw the stroke to land,
 He would it meet, and warily withstand.
 One time when he his weapon feign'd to shift,
 As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,
 He met him with a counter-stroke so swift,
 That quite smit off his arm, as he it up did lift,

VIII.

Therewith all fraught with fury and disdain
 He brayd aloud for very fell despight;
 And sudainly t'avenge himself again,
 'Gan into one assemble all the might
 Of all his hands, and heaved them on height,
 Thinking to pay him with that one for all:
 But the sad steel seiz'd not, where it was hight,
 Upon the child, but somewhat short did fall;
 And lighting on his horses head, him quite did mall.

IX.

Down straight to ground fell his astonisht steed,
 And eke to th'earth his burden with him bare:
 But he himself full lightly from him freed,
 And 'gan himself to fight on foot prepare.
 Whereof whenas the Giant was aware,
 He wox right blythe, as he had got thereby,
 And laught so loud, that all his teeth wide bare
 One might have seen enraung'd disorderly,
 Like to a rank of piles, that pitched are awry.

X.

Eftsoons again his ax he raught on high,
 Ere he were throughly buckled to his gear:
 And 'gan let drive at him so dreadfully,
 That had he chanced not his shield to rear,
 Ere that huge stroke arrived on him near,
 He had him surely cloven quite in twain.
 But th'adamantine shield, which he did bear,
 So well was tempred, that (for all his main)
 It would no passage yield unto his purpose vain.

XI.

Yet was the stroke so forcibly applide,
 That made him stagger with uncertain sway,
 As if he would have totter'd to one side.
 Wherewith full wroth, he fiercely 'gan assay,
 That court'ie with like kindness to repay;
 And smote at him with so importune might,
 That two more of his arms did fall away,
 Like fruitless branches, which the hatchets sleight
 Hath pruned from the native tree, and cropped quight.

XII.

With that all mad and furious he grew,
 Like a fell mastiff through enraging heat,
 And curst, and band, and blasphemies forth threw
 Against his Gods, and fire to them did threat,
 And hell unto himself with horreur great.
 Thenceforth he car'd no more, which way he strook,
 Nor where it light, but 'gan to chaufe and sweat,
 And gnasht his teeth, and his head at him shook,
 And steroly him beheld with grim and ghastly look.

XIII.

Nought fear'd the child his looks, ne yet his threats,
 But only wexed now the more aware,
 To save himself from those his furious heats,
 And watch advantage, how to work his care,
 The which good fortune to him offred fair.
 For as he in his rage him overstrook,
 He ere he could his weapon back repair,
 His side all bare and naked overtook,
 And with his mortal steel quite through the body strook.

XIV.

Through all three bodies he him strook attonce;
 That all the three attonce fell on the plain:
 Else should he thrice have needed for the nonce,
 Them to have stricken, and thrice to have slain.
 So now all three one senseless lump remain,
 Enwallow'd in his own black bloody gore;
 And biting th'earth for very deaths disdain;
 Who with a cloud of night him covering, bore
 Down to the house of dole, his days there to deplore.

XV.

Which when the Lady from the castle saw,
 Where she with her two sons did looking stand
 She towards him in haste herself did draw,
 To greet him the good fortune of his hand:
 And all the people both of town and land,
 Which there stood gazing from the cities wall
 Upon these warriors, greedy t'understand
 To whether should the victory befall:
 Now when they saw it false, they eke him greeted all.

XVI.

But *Belge*, with her sons prostrated low
 Before his feet, in all that peoples sight,
 'Mongst joys mixing some tears, 'mongst weal some
 Him thus bespake; O most redoubted Knight, [woe,
 The which hast me of all most wretched wight,
 That earst was dead, restor'd to life again,
 And these weak imps replanted by thy might;
 What guerdon can I give thee for thy pain,
 But ev'n that which thou savedst, thine still to remain?

XVII.

He took her up forby the lilly hand,
 And her recomforted the best he might,
 Saying, Dear Lady, deeds ought not be scand
 By th'authors manhood, nor the doers might,
 But by their truth and by the causes right:
 That same is it, which fought for you this day.
 What other meed then need me to requighr,
 But that which yieldeth vertues meed alway?
 That is the vertue self, which her reward doth pay.

XVIII.

She humbly thankt him for that wondrous grace,
 And further said; Ah Sir, but mote ye please,
 Sith ye thus far have tendred my poor case,
 As from my chiefeft foe me to release,
 That your victorious arm will not yet cease,
 Till ye have rooted all the relicks out
 Of that vile race, and stablished my peace.
 What is there else, said he, left of their rout?
 Declare it boldly, Dome, and do not stand in doubt.

XIX.

Then wote you, Sir, that in this church hereby
 There stands an idol of great note and name;
 The which this Giant reared first on high,
 And of his own vain fancies thought did frame:
 To whom for endless horror of his shame,
 He offered up for daily sacrifice
 My children and my people burnt in flame;
 With all the tortures that he could devise,
 The more t'aggrate his God with such his bloody guize.

XX.

And underneath this idol there doth lie
An hideous monster, that doth it defend,
And feeds on all the carcasses that die
In sacrifice unto that cursed Fiend :
Whose ugly shape none ever saw, nor kend,
That ever escap'd : for of a man they say
It has the voice, that speeches forth doth send,
Even blasphemous words, which she doth bray
Out of her poisonous entrails, fraught with dire decay.

XXI.

Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart 'gan yearn
For great desire that monster to assay,
And pray'd the place of her abode to learn.
Which being shew'd, he 'gan himself straightway
Thereto address, and his bright shield display.
So to the church he came, where it was told,
The monster underneath the altar lay ;
There he that idol saw of massy gold
Most richly made, but there no monster did behold. |

XXII.

Upon the image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance there he strook ;
And the third time, out of an hidden shade,
There forth issu'd, from under th' altars smook,
A dreadful Fiend, with foul deformed look,
That stretcht it self, as it had long lien still ;
And her long tail and feathers strongly shook,
That all the temple did with terroure fill ;
Yet him nought terrifide, that feared nothing ill.

XXIII.

An huge great beast it was, when it in length
Was stretcht forth, that nigh fill'd all the place,
And seem'd to be of infinite great strength ;
Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,
Born of the brooding of *Echidna* base,
Or other like infernal Furies kind :
For of a Maid she had the outward face,
To hide the horror, which did lurk behind,
The better to beguile, whom she so fond did find.

XXIV.

Thereto the body of a Dog she had,
 Full of fell ravin and fierce greediness;
 A Lions claws, with powre and rigour clad,
 To rend and tear whatso she can oppres;
 A Dragons tail, whose sting without redress
 Full deadly wounds, wherefo it is empight;
 An Eagles wings for scope and speediness,
 That nothing may escape her reaching might,
 Whereto she ever list to make her hardy flight;

XXV.

Much like in foulness and deformity
 Unto that monster, whom the *Theban* Knight
 The father of that fatal progeny,
 Made kill her self for very hearts despight,
 That he had read her riddle, which no wight
 Could ever loose, but suffred deadly dool.
 So also did this monster use like sleight
 To many a one, which came unto her school
 Whom she did put to death, deceived like a fool.

XXVI.

She coming forth, whenas she first beheld
 The armed Prince, with shield so blazing bright,
 Her ready to assail, was greatly queld,
 And much dismayd with that dismayful sight,
 That back she would have turn'd for great affright.
 But he 'gan her with courage fierce assay,
 That forc'd her turn again in her despight,
 To save her self, lest that he did her slay:
 And sure he had her slain, had she not turn'd her way.

XXVII.

Tho when she saw, that she was forc'd to fight,
 She flew at him, like to an hellish Fiend,
 And on his shield took hold with all her might,
 As if that it she would in pieces rend,
 Or reave out of the hand, that did it hend.
 Strongly he strove out of her greedy gripe
 To loose his shield, and long while did contend:
 But when he could not quit it, with one stripe
 Her Lions claws he from her feet away did wipe.

XXVIII.

With that aloud she 'gan to bray and yell,
And foul blasphemous speeches forth did cast,
And bitter curses, horrible to tell;
That even the temple wherein she was plapt,
Did quake to hear, and nigh afunder brast.
Tho with her huge long tail she at him strook,
That made him stagger, and stand half aghast
With trembling joints, as he for terror shook;
Who nought was terrifide, but greater courage took.

XXIX.

As when the mast of some well-timbred hulk
Is with the blast of some outrageous storm
Blown down, it shakes the bottom of the bulk,
And makes her ribs to crack, as they were torn,
Whilst still she stands astonisht and forlorn.
So was she stun'd with stroke of her huge tail.
But ere that it she back again had borne,
He with his sword it strook, that without fail
He jointed it, and mar'd the swinging of her flail.

XXX.

Then 'gan she cry much louder than afore,
That all the people (there without) it heard,
And *Belge* self was therewith stonied sore,
As if the only sound thereof she feard.
But then the Fiend herself more fiercely reard
Upon her wide great wings, and strongly flew
With all her body at his head and beard;
That had he not foreseen with heedful view,
And thrown his shield atween, she had him done to rew;

XXXI.

But as she prest on him with heavy sway,
Under her womb his fatal sword he thrust,
And for her entrails made an open way,
To issue forth; the which once being brust,
Like to a great mil-dam forth fiercely gusht,
And poured out of her infernal sink
Most ugly filth, and poison therewith rusht,
That him nigh choked with the deadly stink:
Such loathly matter were small lust to speak or think.

XXXII.

Then down to ground-fell that deformed mass;
 Breathing out clouds of sulphur foul and black,
 In which a puddle of contagion was,
 More loath'd than *Lerna*, or than *Stygian* lake,
 That any man would nigh awhaped make.
 Whom when he saw on ground, he was full glad,
 And straight went forth his gladness to partake
 With *Belge*, who watcht all this while full sad,
 Waiting what end would be of that same danger drad.

XXXIII.

Whom when he saw so joyously come forth,
 She 'gan rejoyce, and shew triumphant chear,
 Lauding and praising his renowned worth,
 By all the names that honourable were.
 Then in he brought her, and her shewed there
 The present of his pains, that monsters spoil,
 And eke that idol deem'd so costly dear;
 Whom he did all to pieces break and foil
 In filthy dirt, and left so in the loathly soil.

XXXIV.

Then all the people which beheld that day,
 'Gan shout aloud, that unto heaven it rung;
 And all the damzels of that town in ray,
 Came dancing forth, and joyous carols sung:
 So him they led through all their streets along,
 Crowned with girlonds of immortal bays;
 And all the vulgar did about them throng,
 To see the man whose everlasting praise,
 They all were bound to all posterities to raise.

XXXV.

There he with *Belge*, did awhile remain,
 Making great feast and joyous merriment,
 Until he had her settled in her reign,
 With safe assurance and establishment.
 Then to his first enterprize his mind he lent,
 Full loth to *Belge*, and to all the rest:
 Of whom yet taking leave, thenceforth he went
 And to his former journey him address,
 On which long way he rode, ne ever day did rest.

XXXVI.

But turn we now to noble *Aribegal* ;
 Who having left *Mercilla*, straightway went
 On his first quest, the which him forth did call,
 To weet, to work *Irena*'s franchisement,
 And eke *Grantorto*'s worthy pnnishment.
 So forth he fared as his manner was,
 With only *Talus* waiting diligent,
 Through many perils, and much way did pass,
 Till nigh unto the place at length approacht he has.

XXXVII.

There as he travel'd by the way, he met
 An aged wight, wayfaring all alone,
 Who through his years long since aside had set
 The use of arms, and battle quite forgone :
 To whom as he approacht he knew anone,
 That it was he which whilome did attend,
 On fair *Irene* in her affliction,
 When first to Fairy court he saw her wend,
 Unto his sovaine Queen her suit for to commend.

XXXVIII.

Whom by his name saluting, thus he 'gan ;
 Hail good Sir *Sergis*, truest Knight alive,
 Well try'd in all thy Ladies troubles than,
 When her that tyrant did of crown deprive ;
 What new occasion doth thee hither drive,
 Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found ?
 Or is she thrall, or doth she not survive ?
 To whom he thus ; She liveth sure and sound ;
 But by that tyrant is in wretched thraldom bound.

XXXIX.

For she presuming on th' appointed tide,
 In which ye promist, as ye were a Knight,
 To meet her at the salvage Islands side
 (And then and there for trial of her right
 With her unrighteous enemy to fight)
 Did thither come : where she (affraid of nought)
 By guileful treason and by subtil slight
 Surprised was, and to *Grantorto* brought,
 Who her imprison'd hath, and her life often sought.

XL.

And now he hath to her prefix'd a day,
 By which, if that no champion do appear,
 Which will her cause in battailous array
 Against him justifie, and prove her clear
 Of all those crimes that he 'gainst her doth rear;
 She death shall sure aby. Those tidings sad
 Did much abash Sir *Artbegal* to hear,
 And grieved sore, that through his fault she had
 Fallen into that tyrants hand and usage bad.

XLI.

Then thus replide; Now sure and by my life,
 Too much am I to blame for that fair Maid,
 That have her drawn to all this troublous strife,
 Through promise to afford her timely aid,
 Which by default I have not yet defraid,
 But witness unto me, ye heavens, that know
 How clear I am from blame of this upbraid:
 For ye into like thraldom me did throw,
 And kept from 'complishing the faith which I did owe.

XLII.

But now aread, Sir *Sergis*, how long space
 Hath he her lent a champion to provide:
 Ten days quoth he, he granted hath of grace,
 For that he weeneth well, before that tide
 None can have tidings to assist her side.
 For all the shores, which to the sea accost,
 He day and night doth ward both far and wide,
 That none can there arrive without an host:
 So her he deems already but a damned ghost.

XLIII.

Now turn again, Sir *Artbegal* then said:
 For if I live till those ten days have end,
 Assure your self, Sir Knight, she shall have aid,
 Though I this dearest life for her do spend;
 So backward he attone with him did wend.
 Tho as they rode together on their way,
 A rout of people they before them kend,
 Flocking together in confus'd array,
 As if that there were some tumultous affray.

XLIV.

To which as they approacht, the cause to know,
 They saw a Knight in dangerous distress
 Of a rude rout, him chasing to and fro,
 That fought with lawless powre him to oppress,
 And bring in bondage of their brutishness :
 And far away, amid their rakehell bands,
 They spide a Lady left all succourless
 Crying, and holding up her wretched hands
 To him for aid, who long in vain their rage withstands.

XLV.

Yet still he strives, ne any peril spares,
 To rescue her from their rude violence,
 And like a Lion wood amongst them fares,
 Dealing his dreadful blows with large dispence ;
 Gainst which the pallid death finds no defence.
 But all in vain their numbers are so great,
 That nought may boot to banish them from thence :
 For soon as he their outrage back doth bear,
 They turn afresh, and oft renew their former threat.

XLVI.

And now they do so sharply him assay,
 That they his shield in pieces batter'd have,
 And forced him to throw it quite away.
 From dangers dread his doubtful life to save ;
 Albe that it most safety to him gave,
 And much did magnifie his noble name.
 For from the day that he thus did it leave,
 Amongst all Knights he blotted was with blame,
 And counted but a recreant Knight with endless shame.

XLVII.

Whom when they thus distressed did behold,
 They drew unto his aid : but that rude rout
 Them also 'gan assail with outrage bold,
 And forced them, however strong and stout
 They were, as well approv'd in many a doubt,
 Back to recule ; until that iron man
 With his huge flail began to lay about ;
 From whose stern presence they diffused ran,
 Like scatt'ed chaff, the which the wind away doth fan.

XLVIII.

So when that Knight from peril clear was freed,
 He drawing near, began to greet them fair,
 And yield great thanks for their so goodly deed,
 In saving him from dangerous despair
 Of those, which fought his life for to empair.
 Of whom Sir *Arthegal* 'gan then enquire
 The whole occasion of his late misfare,
 And who he was, and what those villains were,
 The which with mortal malice him pursu'd so near.

XLIX.

To whom he thus; my name is *Burbon* hight,
 Well known, and far renowned heretofore,
 Until late mischief did upon me light,
 That all my former praise hath blemisht fore;
 And that fair Lady, which in that uprore
 Ye with those captives saw *Flourdelis* hight,
 Is mine own Love, though me she have forlore,
 Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might.
 Or with her own good will, I cannot read aright.

L

But sure to me her faith she first did plight,
 To be my Love, and take me for her Lord;
 Till that a tyrant, which *Grantorto* hight,
 With golden gifts, and many a guileful word
 Enticed her to him for to accord.
 (O! who may not with gifts and words be tempted?)
 Sith which she hath me ever since abhord,
 And to my foe hath guilefully consented:
 Ay me! that ever guile in women was invented.

LI.

And now he hath this troop of villains sent,
 By open force to fetch her quite away:
 Gainst whom, my self I long in vain have bent
 To rescue her, and daily means assay,
 Yet rescue her thence by no means I may:
 For they do me with multitude oppress,
 And with unequal might do overlay,
 That oft I driven am to great distress,
 And forced to forgo th'attempt remediless.

LII.

But why have ye, said *Artbegal*, forborne
 Your own good shield in dangerous dismay;
 That is the greatest shame and foulest scorn,
 Which unto any Knight behappen may,
 To lose the badge, that should his deeds display.
 To whom Sir *Burbon*, blushing half for shame,
 That shall I unto you, quoth he, bewray;
 Left ye therefore mote happily me blame,
 And deem it done of will, that through inforcement came.

LIII.

True is, that I at first was dubbed Knight
 By a good Knight, the Knight of the *Redcross*;
 Who when he gave me arms in field to fight,
 Gave me a shield, in which he did endoss
 His dear redeemers badge upon the boss:
 The same long while I bore, and therewithall
 Fought many battles without wound or loss;
 Therewith *Grandtorto* self I did appall,
 And made him oftentimes in field before me fall.

LIV.

But for that many did that shield envy,
 And cruel enemies encreased more;
 To stint all strife and troublous enmity,
 That bloody scutchin being batter'd fore,
 I laid aside, and have of late forbore,
 Hoping thereby to have my Love obtain'd:
 Yet can I not my Love have nathemore;
 For she by force is still from me detain'd,
 And with corrupted bribes is to untruth mistrain'd.

LV.

To whom thus *Artbegal*; Certes Sir Knight;
 Hard is the case the which ye do complain;
 Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may light,
 That it to such a streight mote ye constrain)
 As to abandon that which doth contain
 Your honour's stile: that is your warlike shield
 All peril ought be less, and less all pain
 Than loss of fame in disadventurous field;
 Dye rather than do ought that mote dishonour yield.

LVI.

Not so, quoth he ; for yet when time doth serve,
 My former shield I may resume again :
 To temporize is not from truth to swerve,
 Ne for advantage term to entertain,
 Whenas necessity doth it constrain.
 Fie on such forgery, said *Artbegall*,
 Under one hood to shadow faces twain.
 Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all :
 Of all things to dissemble foully may befall.

LVII.

Yet let me you of courtesy request,
 Said *Burbon*, to assist me now at need
 Against these peasants, which have me oppress,
 And forced me to so infamous deed,
 That yet my Love may from their hands be freed.
 Sir *Artbegal*, albe he earst did wyte
 His wav'ring mind, yet to his aid agreed,
 And buckling him estfoons unto the fight,
 Did set upon those troops with all his powre and might.

LVIII.

Who flocking round about them as a swarm
 Of flies upon a birchen bough doth cluster,
 Did them assault with terrible alarm,
 And over all the fields themselves did muster,
 With bills and glayves making a dreadful luster ;
 That forc'd at first those Knights back to retire :
 As when the wrathful *Boreas* doth bluster,
 Nought may abide the tempest of his ire,
 Both man and beast do fly, and succour do inquire.

LIX.

But whenas overblowen was that brunt,
 Those Knights began afresh them to assail,
 And all about the fields like Squirrels hunt ;
 But chiefly *Talus* with his iron flail,
 Gainst which no flight nor rescue mote avail,
 Made cruel havock of the baser crew,
 And chased them both over hill and dale .
 The rascall many soon they overthrew ;
 But the two Knights themselves their captains did subdew.

LX.

At last they came whereas that Lady bode,
 Whom now her keepers had forsaken quight,
 To save themselves, and scatt'ed were abroad;
 Her half dismaid they found in doubtful plight;
 As neither glad nor sorry for their sight;
 Yet wondrous fair she was, and richly clad
 In royal robes, and many jewels dight,
 But that those villains through their usage bad
 Them foully rent, and shamefully defaced had.

LXI.

But *Burbon* straight dismounting from his steed,
 Unto her ran with greedy great desire;
 And catching her fast by her ragged weed,
 Would have embraced her with heart entire.
 But she back-starting with disdainful ire,
 Bade him avaunt, ne would unto his lore
 Allured be, for prayer nor for meed:
 Whom when those Knights so froward and forlore
 Beheld, they her rebuked and upbraided fore.

LXII.

Said *Artibegal*; What foul disgrace is this,
 To so fair Lady, as ye seem in sight,
 To blot your beauty that unblemisht is,
 With so foul blame, as breach of faith once plight,
 Or change of Love for any worlds delight?
 Is ought on earth so precious or dear,
 As praise and honour? Or is ought so bright
 And beautiful, as glory's beams appear?
 Whose goodly light than *Phæbus* lamp doth shine more

LXIII.

[clear.]

Why then will ye, fond Dame, attempted be
 Unto a strangers love, so lightly plac'd,
 For gifts of gold, or any worldly glee,
 To leave the love that ye before embrac'd,
 And let your fame with falshood be defac'd?
 Fie on the pelf, for which good name is sold,
 And honour with indignity debas'd:
 Dearer is love than life, and fame than gold;
 But dearer than them both, your faith once plighted hold.

LXIV.

Much was the Lady in her gentle mind
 Abasht at his rebuke, that bit her near,
 Ne ought to answer thereunto did find;
 But hanging down her head with heavy chear,
 Stood long amaz'd, as she amated were,
 Which *Burbon* seeing, her again assaid,
 And clasping 'twixt his arms, her up did rear
 Upon his steed, whiles she no whit gain-said:
 So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apaid.

LXV.

Nath'less the iron man did still pursue
 That rascal many with unpitied spoil;
 Ne ceased not, till all their scattred crew
 Into the sea he drove quite from that soil,
 The which they troubled had with great turmoil.
 But *Arthegal*, seeing his cruel deed,
 Commanded him from slaughter to recoil,
 And to his voyage 'gan again proceed,
 For that the term approaching fast, required speed.

C A N T O XII.

*Arthegal doth Sir Bourbon ayd,
 And blames for changing shield:
 He with the great Grantorto fights,
 And slayeth him in field.*

I.

O Sacred hunger of ambitious minds,
 And impotent desire of men to reign!
 Whom neither dread of God, that Devils binds,
 Nor laws of men, that common-weals contain,
 Nor bands of nature, that wild beasts restrain,
 Can keep from outrage, and from doing wrong,
 Where they may hope a kingdom to obtain.
 No faith so firm, no trust can be so strong,
 No love so lasting then, that may endure long,

II.

Witness may *Burbon* be, whom all the bands,
Which may a Knight assure, had surely bound,
Until the love of Lordship and of lands
Made him become most faithless and unsound :
And witness be *Gerioneo* found,
Who for like cause fair *Belge* did oppress,
And right and wrong most cruelly confound :
And so be now *Grantorto*, who no less
Than all the rest burst out to all outrageousness.

III.

'Gainst whom Sir *Artbegal*, long having since
Taken in hand th'exploit, being thereto
Appointed by that mighty Fairy Prince,
Great *Gloriane*, that tyrant to fordo,
Through other great adventures hitherto
Had it forslackt. But now time drawing nigh,
To him assignd, her high behest to do,
To the sea shore he 'gan his way apply,
To weet, if shipping ready he mote there descry.

IV.

Though when they came to the sea coast, they found
A ship all ready (as good fortune fell)
To put to sea, with whom they did compound,
To pass them over, where them list to tell :
The wind and weather served them so well,
That in one day they with the coast did fall ;
Whereas they ready found, them to repell,
Great hosts of men in order martiall,
Which them forbade to land, and footing did forstall.

V.

But nathemore would they from land refrain :
But whenas nigh unto the shore they drew,
That foot of man might sound the bottom plain,
Talus into the sea did forth issue,
Though darts from shore, and stones they at him threw;
And wading through the waves with stedfast sway,
Maugre the might of all those troops in view,
Did win the shore, whence he them chac'd away,
And made to fly, like Doves, whom th'Eagle doth affray.

VI.

The whiles, Sir *Artbegal*, with that old Knight
 Did forth descend, there being none them near,
 And forward marched to a town in sight.
 By this came tidings to the tyrants ear,
 By those which earst did fly away for fear
 Of their arrival : wherewith troubled sore,
 He all his forces straight to him did rear,
 And forth issuing with his scouts afore,
 Meant them to have encountred, ere they left the shore.

VII.

But ere he marched far, he with them met,
 And fiercely charged them with all his force ;
 But *Talus* sternly did upon them set,
 And brusht, and battred them without remorse,
 That on the ground he left full many a corse ;
 Ne any able was him to withstand,
 But he them overthrew both man and horse,
 That they lay scattred over all the land,
 As thick as doth the seed after the sowers hand.

VIII.

Till *Artbegal* him seeing so to rage,
 Will'd him to stay, and sign of truce did make :
 To which all hearkning, did awhile assuage
 Their forces fury, and their terrour slake ;
 Till he an Herauld call'd, and to him spake,
 Willing him wend unto the tyrant straight,
 And tell him that not for such slaughters sake
 He thither came, but for to try the right
 Of fair *Irena's* cause with him in single fight.

IX.

And willed him for to reclaim with speed
 His scattred people ere they all were slain,
 And time and place convenient to areed,
 In which they two the combat might darrain.
 Which message when *Grantorto* heard, full fain
 And glad he was the slaughter so to stay,
 And pointed for the combat 'twixt them twain
 The morrow next, ne gave him longer day ;
 So sounded the retrain, and drew his folk away.

X.

That night Sir *Artbegal* did cause his tent
There to be pitched on the open plain ;
For he had given straight commandement,
That none should dare him once to entertain :
Which none durst break, though many would right fain
For fair *Irena* whom they loved dear.
But yet old *Sergis* did so well him pain,
That from close friends, that dar'd not to appear,
He all things did purvey, which for them needful were.

XI.

The morrow next, that was the dismal day,
Appointed for *Irenas* death before,
So soon as it did to the world display
His chearful face, and light to men restore,
The heavy Maid, to whom none tidings bore
Of *Artbegals* arrival her to free,
Lookt up with eyes full sad, and heart full sore ;
Weening her lifes last hour then near to be,
Sith no redemption nigh she did nor hear nor see.

XII.

Then up she rose, and on her self did dight
Most squalid garments, fit for such a day ;
And with dull count'nance, and with doleful spright,
She forth was brought in sorrowful dismay,
For to receive the doom of her decay.
But coming to the place, and finding there
Sir *Artbegal*, in battailous array
Waiting his foe, it did her dead heart chear,
And new life to her lent, in midst of deadly fear.

XIII.

Like as a tender Rose in open plain,
That with untimely drought nigh withred was,
And hung the head, soon as few drops of rain
Thereon distil and dew her dainty face,
'Gins to look up, and with fresh wonted grace
Dispreads the glory of her leav'es gay ;
Such was *Irenas* count'nance, such her case,
When *Artbegal* she saw in that array,
There waiting for the tyrant, till it was far day.

XIV.

Who came at length, with proud presumptuous gate
 Into the field, as if he fearless were,
 All armed in a coat of iron plate,
 Of great defence to ward the deadly fear :
 And on his head a steel cap he did wear
 Of colour rusty brown, but sure and strong ;
 And in his hand an huge polaxe did bear,
 Whose steel was iron studded, but not long
 With which he wont to fight, to justify his wrong.

XV.

Of stature huge, and hideous he was,
 Like to a Giant for his monstrous height,
 And did in strength most sorts of men surpass,
 Ne ever any found his match in might ;
 Thereto he had great skill in single fight ;
 His face was ugly, and his count'nance stern,
 That could have fraid one with the very sight,
 And gaped like a gulf, when he did gern,
 That whether man or monster one could scarce discern.

XVI.

Soon as he did within the lists appear,
 With dreadful look he *Artibegal* beheld,
 As if he would have daunted him with fear ;
 And grinning griesly, did against him weld
 His deadly weapon, which in hand he held.
 But th' Elfin swain, that oft had seen like sight,
 Was with his ghastly count'nance nothing queld,
 But 'gan him straight to buckle to the fight,
 And cast his shield about, to be in ready plight.

XVII.

The trumpets found, and they together go,
 With dreadful terrour, and with fell intent ;
 And their huge strokes full dang'rously bestow,
 To do most damage, whereas most they meant
 But with such force and fury violent,
 The tyrant thundred his thick blows so fast,
 That through the iron walls their way they rent,
 And even to the vital parts they past,
 Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft or brast.

XVIII.

Which cruel outrage whenas *Arthegall*
Did well avize, thenceforth with wary heed
He shund his strokes, wherever they did fall,
And way did give unto their graceless speed :
As when a skilful mariner doth read
A storm approaching that doth peril threat,
He will not bide the danger of such dread,
But strikes his sails, and veereth his main sheet,
And lends unto it leave the empty air to beat.

XIX.

So did the Fairy Knight himself abear,
And stooped oft, his head from shame to shield :
No shame to stoop, ones head more high to rear ;
And much to gain, a little for to yield :
So stoutest Knights doen oftentimes in field.
But still the tyrant sternly at him laid,
And did his iron axe so nimbly wield,
That many wounds into his flesh it made,
And with his burdenous blows him sore did overlade.

XX.

Yet whenas fit advantage he did spy,
The whiles the cursed Felon high did rear
His cruel hand, to smite him mortally,
Under his stroke he to him stepping near,
Right in the flank him strook with deadly drear,
That the gore blood thence gushing grievously,
Did underneath him like a pond appear,
And all his armour did with purple dye :
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

XXI.

Yet the huge stroke, which he before intended,
Kept on his course, as he did it direct,
And with such monstrous poise adown descended,
That seemed nought could him from death protect :
But he it well did ward with wise respect,
And 'twixt him and the blow his shield did cast,
Which thereon seizing, took no great effect ;
But biting deep therein, did stick so fast,
That by no means it back again he forth could wrast.

XXII.

Long while he tug'd and strove to get it out,
 And all his powre applyed thereunto,
 That he therewith the Knight drew all about :
 Nath'less for all that ever he could do,
 His axe he could not from his shield undo.
 Which *Arbegal* perceiving strook no more,
 But loosing soon his shield, did it forgo,
 And whiles he combred was therewith so fore,
 He 'gan at him let drive more fiercely than afore.

XXIII.

So well he him pursu'd, that at the last,
 He strook him with *Cbrysaor* on the head,
 That with the souse thereof full fore aghast,
 He stagger'd to and fro in doubtful stead.
 Again whiles he him saw so ill bested,
 He did him smite with all his might and main,
 That falling on his mother earth he fed :
 Whom when he saw prostrated on the plain,
 He lightly rest his head to ease him of his pain.

XXIV.

Which when the people round about him saw,
 They shouted all for joy of his success,
 Glad to be quit from that proud tyrants awe,
 Which with strong powre did them long time oppress;
 And running all with greedy joyfulness
 To fair *Irena*, at her feet did fall,
 And her adored with due humbleness,
 As their true Liege and Princess naturall ;
 And eke her champions glory sounded over all.

XXV.

Who straight her leading with meet majesty
 Unto the palace where their Kings did reign,
 Did her therein establish peaceably,
 And to her kingdoms seat restore again ;
 And all such persons as did late maintain
 That tyrants part, with close or open aid,
 He sorely punished with heavy pain ;
 That in short space whiles there with her he stayd,
 Not one was left that durst her once have disobeyd.

XXVI.

During which time that he did there remain,
His study was true justice how to deal,
And day and night employ'd his busie pain
How to reform that ragged commonweal :
And that same iron man which could reveal
All hidden crimes, through all that realm he sent,
To search out those that us'd to rob and steal,
Or did rebel 'gainst lawful government ;
On whom he did inflict most grievous punishment.

XXVII.

But ere he could reform it thoroughly,
He through occasion called was away
To Fairy-court, that of necessity
His course of justice he was forc'd to stay,
And *Talus* to revoke from the right way,
In which he was that realm for to redress.
But envy's cloud still dimmeth vertues ray.
So having freed *Irena* from distress,
He took his leave of her, there left in heaviness.

XXVIII.

Tho as he back returned from that land,
And there arriv'd again whence forth he set,
He had not passed far upon the strand,
Whenas two old ill favour'd Hags he met,
By the way side being together set,
Two griesly creatures ; and to that their faces
Most foul and filthy were their garments yet
Being all ragg'd and tatter'd, their disgraces
Did much the more augment, and made most ugly cases.

XXIX.

The one of them, that elder did appear,
With her dull eyes did seem to look askew,
That her mishape much helpt ; and her foul hair
Hung loose and loathsomely : thereto her hue
Was wan and lean, that all her teeth arew,
And all her bones might through her cheeks be read ;
Her lips were like raw leather, pale and blue :
And as she spake therewith she flavered ;
Yet spake she seldom, but thought more the less she said.

XXX.

Her hands were foul and dirty, never washt
 In all her life, with long nails over-raught,
 Like Puttocks claws : with th' one of which she scratcht
 Her curfed head, although it itched nought ;
 The other held a snake with venom fraught,
 On which she fed, and gnawed hungrily,
 As if that long she had not eaten ought ;
 That round about her jaws one might descry
 The bloody gore and poifon dropping loathfomly.

XXXI.

Her name was *Envy*, known well thereby ;
 Whose nature is to grieve and grudge at all
 That ever she fees done praise-worthily :
 Whose fight to her is greateft crofs may fall,
 And vexeth fo, that makes her eat her gall.
 For when she wanteth other things to eat,
 She feeds on her own maw unnatural,
 And of her own foul entrails makes her meat ;
 Meat fit for fuch a monfters monfterous diet.

XXXII.

And if she hapt of any good to hear,
 That had to any happily betid,
 Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and tear
 Her flefh for felnefs, which she inward hid :
 But if she heard of ill that any did,
 Or harm that any had, then would she make
 Great chear, like one unto a banquet bid ;
 And in anothers lofs great pleasure take,
 As she had got thereby, and gained a great ftake.

XXXIII.

The other nothing better was than she ;
 Agreeing in bad will and canked kind,
 But in bad manner they did difagree :
 For whatfo *Envy* good or bad did find,
 She did conceal, and murder her own mind ;
 But this whatever evil she conceiv'd,
 Did fpread abroad, and throw in th' open wind.
 Yet this in all her words might be perceiv'd, [reav'd.
 That all she fought, was mens good name to have be-

XXXIV.

For whatsoever good by any said,
 Or doen she heard, she would straightways invent
 How to deprave, or stand'rously upbraid,
 Or to misconstrue of a mans intent,
 And turn to ill the thing that well was meant.
 Therefore she used often to resort
 To common haunts, and companies frequent,
 To heark what any one did good report,
 To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked sort.

XXXV.

And if that any ill she heard of any,
 She would it eake, and make much worse by telling.
 And take great joy to publish it to many,
 That every matter worse was for her melling.
 Her name was hight *Detraction*, and her dwelling
 Was near to *Envy*, even her neighbour next;
 A wicked Hag, and *Envy* self excelling
 In mischief: for herself she only vext:
 But this same, both herself, and others eke perplex.

XXXVI.

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,
 Foaming with poison round about her gills,
 In which her cursed tongue (full sharp and short)
 Appear'd like *Aspis* sting, that closely kills,
 Or cruelly does wound whomso she wills:
 A distaff in her other hand she had,
 Upon the which she little spins, but spills,
 And feigns to weave false tales and leasings bad,
 To throw amongst the good, which others had disprad.

XXXVII.

These two now had themselves combin'd in one,
 And linkt together 'gainst Sir *Arthegal*,
 For whom they waited as his mortal fone,
 How they might make him into mischief fall,
 For freeing from their snares *Irena* thrall:
 Besides, unto themselves they gotten had
 A monster, which the *Blatant Beast* men call;
 A dreadful Fiend of Gods and men ydrad,
 Whom they by sleights allur'd, and to their purpose lad.

XXXVIII.

Such were these Hags, and so unhandsome drest :
 Whom when they nigh approaching had espide.
 Sir *Arthegal* return'd from his late quest,
 They both arose, and at him loudly cride,
 As it had been two shepherds Curs, had scride
 A ravenous Wolf amongst the scatter'd flocks.
 And *Envy* first, as she that first him eyde,
 Towards him runs, and with rude flaring locks
 About her ears, does beat her breast, and forehead knocks,

XXXIX.

Then from her mouth the gobbet she does take,
 The which whyleare she was so greedily
 Devouring; even that half-gnawen snake,
 And at him throws it most despightfully.
 The cursed Serpent, though she hungrily
 Earst chaw'd thereon, yet was not all so dead,
 But that some life remained secretly;
 And as he past afore withouten dread,
 Bit him behind, that long the mark was to be read.

XL.

Then th' other coming near, 'gan him revile,
 And foully rail, with all she could invent;
 Saying, that he had with unmanly guile,
 And foul abuson both his honour blent,
 And that bright sword, the sword of Justice lent,
 Had stained with reproachful cruelty,
 In guiltless blood of many an innocent:
 As for *Grandtorto*, him with treachery
 And trains having surpriz'd, he foully did to dye.

XLI.

There to the *Blatant Beast*, by them set on,
 At him began aloud to bark and bay,
 With bitter rage and fell contention,
 That all the woods and rocks nigh to that way,
 Began to quake and tremble with dismay;
 And all the air rebellowed again.
 So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray,
 And evermore those Hags themselves did pain,
 To sharpen him, and their own cursed tongues did strain.

XLII.

And still among, most bitter words they spake,
Most shameful, most unrighteous, most untrue,
That they the mildest man alive would make
Forget his patience, and yield vengeance due
To her, that so false slanders at him threw.
And more, to make them pierce and wound more deep;
She with the sting which in her vile tongue grew,
Did sharpen them, and in fresh poison steep:
Yet he past on, and seem'd of them to take no keep.

XLIII.

But *Talus* hearing her so lewdly rail,
And speak so ill of him, that well deserv'd,
Would her have chastiz'd with his iron flail;
If her Sir *Arbegal* had not preserv'd,
And him forbidden, who his heast observ'd:
So much the more at him still did she scold,
And stones did cast, yet he for nought would swerve
From his right course, but still the way did hold
To Fairy court, where what him fell shall else be told,

THE
SIXTH BOOK
OF THE
FAIRY QUEEN:
CONTAINING

The legend of Sir CALIDORE; or of courtesy.

I.

The ways through which my weary steps I guide,
In this delightful land of Faëry,
Are so exceeding spacious and wide,
And sprinkled with such sweet variety
Of all that pleasant is to ear or eye,
That I nigh raviſht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious travel do forget thereby;
And when I 'gin to feel decay of might,
It ſtrength to me ſupplies, and cheers my dulled ſpright.

II.

Such ſecret comfort and ſuch heavenly pleaſures,
Ye ſacred imps that on *Pernaſſo* dwell,
And there the keeping have of learnings treaſures,
Which do all worldly riches far excell,
Into the minds of mortal men do well,
And goodly fury into them infuſe;
Guide ye my footing, and conduct me well
In theſe ſtrange ways where never foot did uſe,
Ne none can find, but who was taught them by the Muſe.



III.

Reveal to me the sacred nourfery
 Of vertue, which with you doth there remain,
 Where it in filver bowre does hidden lye
 From view of men, and wicked worlds difdain.
 Since it at firft was by the Gods with pain
 Planted in earth, being deriv'd at firft
 From heavenly feeds of bounty foverain,
 And by them long with careful labour nurft,
 Till it to ripenefs grew, and forth to honour burft.

IV.

Amongft them all grows not a fairer flowre,
 Than is the bloofm of comely courtefy;
 Which though it on a lowly ftalk do bowre,
 Yet brancheth forth in brave nobility,
 And fpreads it felf through all civility:
 Of which, though prefent age do plenteous feem,
 Yet being matcht with plain antiquity,
 Ye will them all but feigned shows efteem,
 Which carry colours fair, that feeble eyes mifdeem.

V.

But in the trial of true courtefy,
 Its now fo far from that which then it was,
 That it indeed is nought but forgery,
 Fashion'd to pleafe the eyes of them that pafs,
 Which fee not perfect things but in a glafs:
 Yet is that glafs fo gay, that it can blind
 The wifeft fight to think gold that is brafs.
 But vertues feat is deep within the mind,
 And not in outward shows, but inward thoughts defin'd;

VI.

But where fhall I in all antiquity
 So fair a pattern find, where may be feen
 The goodly praife of Princely courtefy,
 As in your felf, O foveraine Lady Queen?
 In whole pure mind, as in a mirrour sheen,
 It shows, and with her brightnefs doth inflame
 The eyes of all, which thereon fixed been;
 But meriteth indeed a higher name:
 Yet fo from low to high uplifted is your name.

VII.

Then pardon me, most dreaded Sovereaine,
 That from your self I do this vertue bring,
 And to your self do it return again :
 So from the Océan all rivers spring,
 And tribute back repay as to their King.
 Right so from you all goodly vertues well
 Into the rest which round about you ring,
 Fair Lords and Ladies, which about you dwell,
 And do adorn your court, where courtesies excell.

C A N T O I.

*Calidore saves from Maleffort
 A Damzel used vild ;
 Doth vanquish Crudor, and doth make
 Briana wex more mild.*

I.

Of court, it seems, men courtesie do call,
 For that it there most useth to abound ;
 And well beseemeth, that in Princes hall
 That vertue should be plentifully found,
 Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
 And root of civil conversation.
 Right so in Fairy Court it did redound,
 Where courteous Knights and Ladies most did wonne
 Of all on earth, and made a matchles paragon,

II.

But 'mongst them all was none more courteous Knight,
 Than *Calidore*, beloved over all :
 In whom it seems, that gentleness of spright
 And manners mild were planted naturall ;
 To which he adding comely guize withall,
 And gracious speech, did steal mens hearts away.
 Nath'less thereto he was full stout and tall,
 And well approv'd in battailous assay,
 That him did much renown, and far his fame display.

III.

Ne was there Knight, ne was there Lady found
In Fairy Court, but him did dear embrace,
For his fair usage and conditions found,
The which in all mens liking gained place,
And with the greatest, purchast greatest grace:
Which he could wisely use, and well apply,
To please the best, and th'evil to embase.
For he loath'd leasing and base flattery.
And loved simple truth, and stedfast honesty.

IV.

And now he was in travel on his way,
Upon an hard adventure sore bestad,
Whenas by chance he met upon a day
With *Arthegal*, returning yet half sad
From his late conquest which he gotten had.
Who whenas each of other had a sight,
They knew themselves, and both their persons rad:
When *Calidore* thus first; Hail noblest Knight
Of all this day on ground that breathe living spright.

V.

Now tell, if please you, of the good success
Which ye have had in your late enterprise.
To whom Sir *Arthegal* 'gan to express
His whole exploit, and valorous emprise,
In order as it did to him arise.
Now happy man, said then Sir *Calidore*,
Which have so goodly, as ye can devise,
Atchiev'd so hard a quest, as few before;
That shall you most renowned make for evermore.

VI.

But where ye ended have, now I begin
To tread an endless trace withouten guide,
Or good direction, how to enter in,
Or how to issue forth in ways untride,
In perils strange, in labours long and wide;
In which although good fortune me befall,
Yet shall it not by none be testifide.
What is that quest, quoth then Sir *Arthegal*,
That you into such perils presently doth call?

VII.

The *Blatant Beast*, quoth he, I do pursue,
 And through the world incessantly do chase,
 Till I him overtake, or else subdue:
 Yet know I not or how, or in what place,
 To find him out, yet still I forward trace.
 What is, this *Blatant Beast*, then he reply'd?
 It is a monster bred of hellish race,
 Then answer'd he, which often hath annoy'd
 Good Knights and Ladies true, and many else destroy'd.

VIII.

Of *Cerberus* whylome he was begot,
 And fell *Chimera* in her darksome den,
 Through foul commixture of his filthy blot:
 Where he was fostred long in *Stygian* fen,
 Till he to perfect ripeness grew, and then
 Into this wicked world he forth was sent,
 To be the plague and scourge of wicked men:
 Whom with vile tongue and venomous intent
 He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.

IX.

Then since the salvage Island I did leave,
 Said *Artbegal*, I such a beast did see,
 The which did seem a thousand tongues to have,
 That all in spight and malice did agree,
 With which he bayd and loudly barkt at me,
 As if that he attonce would me devour.
 But I, that knew my self from peril free,
 Did nought regard his malice nor his powre:
 But he the more his wicked poison forth did poure.

X.

That surely is that beast, said *Calidore*,
 Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad
 To hear these tidings, which of none afore
 Through all my weary travel I have had:
 Yet now some hope your words unto me add.
 Now God you speed, quoth then Sir *Artbegall*,
 And keep your body from the danger drad:
 For ye have much ado to deal withall;
 So both took goodly leave, and parted severall.

XI.

Sir *Calidore* thence travelled not long,
 Whenas by chance a comely Squire he found,
 That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong,
 Both hand and foot unto a tree was bound :
 Who seeing him from far, with piteous sound
 Of his shrill cries him called to his aid.
 To whom approaching in that painful stound
 When he him saw, for no demands he staid,
 But first him loos'd, and afterwards thus to him said.

XII.

Unhappy Squire, what hard mishap thee brought
 Into this bay of peril and disgrace ?
 What cruel hand thy wretched thraldom wrought,
 And thee captived in this shameful place ?
 To whom he answer'd thus ; My hapless case
 Is not occasion'd through my mis-desert,
 But through misfortune, which did me abase
 Unto this shame, and my young hope subvert,
 Ere that I in her guileful trains was well expert.

XIII.

Not far from hence, upon yond rocky hill,
 Hard by a streight there stands a castle strong,
 Which doth observe a custom lewd and ill,
 And it hath long maintaind with mighty wrong :
 For may no Knight nor Lady pass along
 That way (and yet they needs must pass that way)
 By reason of the streight, and rocks among,
 But they that Ladies locks do shave away,
 And that Knights beard for toll, which they for passage pay.

XIV.

A shameful use as ever I did hear,
 Said *Calidore*, and to be overthrown.
 But by what means did they at first it rear,
 And for what cause ? tell if thou have it known.
 Said then the Squire : The Lady which doth own
 This castle, is by name *Briana* hight,
 Than which a prouder Lady liveth none :
 She long time hath dear lov'd a doughty Knight,
 And sought to win his love by all the means she might.

XV.

His name is *Crudor*, who through high disdain
 And proud despight of his self-pleasing mind,
 Refused hath to yeild her love again,
 Untill a mantle she for him do find,
 With beards of Knights, and locks of Ladies lin'd.
 Which to provide she hath this castle night
 And therein hath a Seneschall assign'd,
 Call'd *Maleffort*, a man of mickle might,
 Who executes her wicked will, with worse despight.

XVI.

He this same day, as I that way did come
 With a fair Darnzell, my beloved dear,
 In execution of her lawlesse doom.
 Did set upon us flying both for fear:
 For litle boots against him hand to rear.
 Me first he took, unable to withstand;
 And whiles he her pursued every where.
 Till his return unto this tree he bond:
 Ne wote I surely, whether her he yet have fond.

XVII.

Thus whiles they spake, they hear a ruefull shriek,
 Of one loud crying, which they straightway quest
 That it was she, the which for help did seek.
 Tho looking up unto the cry to lest,
 They saw that Carle from far, with hand unblest
 Haling that Maiden by the yellow hair,
 That all her garments from her snowy breast,
 And from her head her locks he nigh did tear,
 Ne would he spare for pity, nor refrain for fear.

XVIII.

Which hainous sight when *Calidore* beheld,
 Eftsoons he loos'd that Squire, and so him left,
 With hearts dismay, and inward colour queld,
 For to pursue that villain, which had rest
 That piteous spoil by so injurious theft.
 Whom overtaking, loud to him he cride;
 Leave saytor quickly that misgotten west,
 To him that hath it better justifie,
 And turn thee soon to him, of whom thou art deside.

XIX.

Who hearkning to that voice himself upreard,
And seeing him so fiercely towards make,
Against him stoutly ran, as nought afeard,
But rather more enrag'd for those words sake;
And with stern count'nance thus unto him spake;
Art thou the caitive that defiest me,
And for this Maid, whose party thou dost take,
Wilt give thy beard, though it but little be?
Yet shall it not her locks for ransom from me free.

XX.

With that he fiercely at him flew, and layd
On hideous strokes with most importune might,
That oft he made him stagger as unstayd,
And oft recuile to shun his sharp despight:
But *Calidore*, that was well skilld in fight,
Him long forbore, and still his spirit spar'd,
Lying in wait how he him damage might.
But when he felt him shrink, and come to ward,
He greater grew, and 'gan to drive at him more hard.

XXI.

Like as a water-stream, whose swelling course
Shall drive a mill, within strong banks is pent,
And long restrained of his ready course;
So soon as passage is unto him lent,
Breaks forth, and makes his way more violent.
Such was the fury of Sir *Calidore*,
When once he felt his foe-man to relent;
He fiercely him pursu'd, and pressed fore,
Who as he still decayd, so he encreased more.

XXII.

The heavy burden of whose dreadful might
Whenas the Carle no longer could sustain,
His heart 'gan faint, and straight he took his flight
Towards the castle, where if need constrain,
His hope of refuge used to remain.
Whom *Calidore* perceiving fast to fly,
He him pursu'd and chaced through the plain,
That he for dread of death 'gan loud to cry
Unto the ward, to open to him hastily.

XXIII

They from the wall him seeing so aghast,
 The gate soon open'd to receive him in;
 But *Calidore* did follow him so fast,
 That even in the porch he him did win,
 And cleft his head asunder to his chin.
 The carcass tumbling down within the door,
 Did choke the entrance with a lump of sin,
 That it could not be shut, whilst *Calidore*
 Did enter in, and slew the Porter on the floor.

XXIV.

With that the rest the which the castle kept,
 About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;
 But he them all from him full lightly swept,
 As doth a Stear, in heat of summers day,
 With his long tail the bryzes brush away.
 Thence passing forth, into the hall he came,
 Where of the Lady self in sad dismay
 He was ymet: who with uncomely shame
 Gan him salute, and foul upbraid with faulty blame.

XXV.

False traytor Knight, said she, no Knight at all,
 But scorn of arms, that hast with guilty hand
 Murdred my men, and slain my Seneschall;
 Now comest thou to rob my house unmand,
 And spoil myself, that cannot thee withstand?
 Yet doubt thou not, but that some better Knight
 Than thou, that shall thy treason understand,
 Will it avenge, and pay thee with thy right:
 And if none do, yet shame shall thee with shame requight.

XXVI.

Much was the Knight abashed at that word;
 Yet answered thus; Not unto me the shame,
 But to the shameful doer it afford.
 Blood is no blemish; for it is no blame
 To punish those that do deserve the same;
 But they that break bands of civility,
 And wicked customs make, those do defame
 Both noble arms and gentle courtesy.
 No greater shame to man than inhumanity.

XXVII.

Then do yourself, for dread of shame forgo
This evil manner, which ye here maintain,
And do instead thereof mild court'sie show
To all that pass. That shall you glory gain
More than his love, which thus ye seek t'obtain.
Wherewith all full of wrath she thus replide ;
Vile recreant, know that I do much disdain
Thy courteous lore, that dost my Love deride,
Who scorns thy idle scoff, and bids thee be beside.

XXVIII.

To take defiance at a Ladies word
Quoth he, I hold it no indignity ;
But were he here, that would it with his sword
Abet, perhaps he mote it dear aby.
Coward, quoth she, were not that thou wouldst fly,
Ere he do come, he should be soon in place.
If I do so, said he, then liberty
I leave to you, for aye me to disgrace,
With all those shames that earst ye spake me to deface.

XXIX.

With that a Dwarf she call'd to her in haste,
And taking from her hand a ring of gold
(A privy token which between them past)
Bade him to fly with all the speed he could
To *Cruder*, and desire him that he would
Vouchsafe to rescue her against a Knight,
Who through strong powre had now herself in hold,
Having late slain her Seneschall in fight,
And all her people mured with outrageous might.

XXX.

The Dwarf his way did haste, and went all night ;
But *Calidore* did with her there abide
The coming of that so much threatned Knight,
Where that discourteous Dame with scornful pride,
And foul entreaty him indignified,
That Iron heart it hardly could sustain :
Yet he that could his wrath full wisely guide,
Did well endure her womanish disdain,
And did himself from frail impatience refrain.

XXXI.

The morrow next, before the lamp of light
 Above the earth uprear'd his flaming head,
 The Dwarf which bore that message to her Knight,
 Brought answer back, that ere he tasted bread,
 He would her succour; and alive or dead
 Her foe deliver up into her hand:
 Therefore he will'd her do away all dread,
 And that of him she mote assured stand,
 He sent to her his basenet, as a faithful band.

XXXII.

Thereof full blith the Lady straight became,
 And 'gan t'augment her bitterness much more:
 Yet no whit more appalled for the same,
 Ne ought dismayed was Sir *Calidore*,
 But rather did more chearful seem therefore.
 And having soon his arms about him dight,
 Did issue forth to meet his foe afore;
 Where long he stayed not, whenas a Knight
 He spide come pricking on with all his powre and might.

XXXIII.

Well weend he straight, that he should be the same
 Which took in hand her quarrel to maintain;
 Ne stayd to ask if it were he by name,
 But coucht his spear, and ran at him amain.
 They been ymet in midst of the plain,
 With so fell fury and despiteous force,
 That neither could the others stroke sustain,
 But rudely roll'd to ground both man and horse,
 Neither of other taking pity nor remorse.

XXXIV.

But *Calidore* uprose again full light,
 Whiles yet his foe lay fast in senseless sound;
 Yet would he not him hurt although he might:
 For shame he ween'd a sleeping wight to wound.
 But when *Briana* saw that dreary stound,
 There where she stood upon the castle wall,
 She deem'd him sure to have been dead on ground;
 And made such piteous mourning therewithall,
 That from the battlements she ready seem'd to fall.

XXXV.

Nath'less at length himself he did uprear
 In lustless wise; as if against his will, "
 Ere he had slept his fill, he waken'd were,
 And 'gan to stretch his limbs; which feeling ill
 Of his late fall, awhile he rested still:
 But when he saw his foe before in view,
 He shook off luskishness, and courage chill
 Kindling afresh, 'gan battle to renew,
 To prove if better foot than horseback would ensue.

XXXVI.

There then began a fearful cruel fray
 Betwixt them two for mastery of might.
 For both were wondrous practick in that play,
 And passing well expert in single fight,
 And both inflam'd with furious despight:
 Which as it still increast, so still increast
 Their cruel strokes and terrible affright;
 Ne once for ruth their rigour they releast,
 Ne once to breathe awhile their angers tempest ceast.

XXXVII.

Thus long they trat'd and traverst to and fro,
 And tride all ways, how each mote entrance make
 Into the life of his malignant foe;
 They hew'd their helms, and plates asunder brake,
 As they had potshards been; for nought mote slake
 Their greedy vengeance but goary blood;
 That at the last like to a purple lake
 Of bloody gore congeal'd about them stood,
 Which from their riven sides forth gushed like a flood.

XXXVIII.

At length it chanc'd, that both their hands on high
 Attonce did heave, with all their powre and might,
 Thinking the utmost of their force to try,
 And prove the final fortune of the fight:
 But *Calidore*, that was more quick of fight,
 And nimbler handed than his enemy,
 Prevented him before his stroke could light,
 And on the helmet smote him formerly,
 That made him stoop to ground with meek humility.

XXXIX.

And ere he could recover foot again,
 He following that fair advantage fast,
 His stroke redoubled with such might and main,
 That him upon the ground he groveling cast;
 And leaping to him light, would have unlac'd
 His helm, to make unto his vengeance way.
 Who seeing in what danger he was plac'd,
 Cry'd out, Ah mercy Sir, do me not slay,
 But save my life, which lot before your foot doth lay.

XL.

With that his mortal hand awhile he staid,
 And having somewhat calm'd his wrathful heat
 With goodly patience, thus he to him said;
 And is the boast of that proud Ladies threat,
 That menaced me from the field to beat,
 Now brought to this? By this now may ye learn,
 Strangers no more so rudely to entreat,
 But put away proud look, and usage stern,
 The which shall nought to you but foul dishonour earn.

XLI.

For nothing is more blameful to a Knight,
 That courtie doth as well as arms profess,
 How ever strong and fortunate in fight,
 Than the reproach of pride and cruelness.
 In vain he seeketh others to suppress,
 Who hath not learn'd himself first to subdue:
 All flesh is frail, and full of fickleness,
 Subject to fortunes chance, still changing new;
 What haps to day to me, to morrow may to you.

XLII.

Who will not mercy unto others shew,
 How can he mercy ever hope to have?
 To pay each with his own, is right and due.
 Yet since ye mercy now do need to crave,
 I will it grant, your hopeless life to save,
 With these conditions, which I will propound:
 First that ye better shall yourself behave
 Unto all errant Knights, whereso on ground;
 Next that ye Ladies aid in every stead and stound.

XLIII.

The wretched man, that all this while did dwell
In dread of death, his heasts did gladly hear,
And promist to perform his precept well,
And whatsoever else he would requere.
So suffering him to rise, he made him swear
By his own sword, and by the cross thereon,
To take *Briana* for his loving Fere,
Withouten dowre or composition :
But to release his former foul condition.

XLIV.

All which accepting, and with faithful oath
Binding himself most firmly to obey,
He up arose, how ever lief or loth,
And swore to him true fealty for aye.
Then forth he calld from sorrowful dismay
The sad *Briana*, which all this beheld :
Who coming forth yet full of late affray,
Sir *Calidore* up-cheard, and to her tell'd
All this accord, to which he *Crudor* had compeld.

XLV.

Whereof she now more glad, than sorry earst,
All overcome with infinite affect,
For his exceeding courtesie, that pierst
Her stubborn heart with inward deep effect,
Before his feet her self she did project,
And him adoring as her lifes dear Lord,
With all due thanks, and dutiful respect,
Herself acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
By which he had to her both life and Love restor'd.

XLVI.

So all returning to the castle glad,
Most joyfully she them did entertain ;
Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,
To shew her thankful mind and meaning fain,
By all the means she mote it best explain :
And after all, unto Sir *Calidore*
She freely gave that castle for his pain,
And her self bound to him for evermore ;
So wondrously now chang'd from that she was afore.

XLVII.

But *Calidore* himself would not retain
 Nor land nor fee for hire of his good deed;
 But gave them straight unto that Squire again,
 Whom from her Seneschall he lately freed,
 And to his Damzel, as their rightful meed,
 For recompence of all their former wrong:
 There he remaind with them right well agreed,
 Till of his wounds he waxed whole and strong,
 And then to his first quest he passed forth along.

C A N T O II.

*Calidore sees young Tristram slay
 A proud discourteous Knight:
 He makes him Squire, and of him learns
 His state and present plight.*

I.

What vertue is so fitting for a Knight,
 Or for a Lady whom a Knight should love,
 As courtesie, to bear themselves aright
 To all of each degree as doth behove?
 For whether they be placed high above,
 Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
 Their good, that none them rightly may reprove
 Of rudeness, for not yielding what they owe:
 Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow.

II.

Thereto great help Dame Nature self doth lend:
 For some so goodly gracious are by kind,
 That every action doth them much commend,
 And in the eyes of men great liking find;
 Which others, that have greater skill in mind,
 Though they enforce themselves, cannot attain.
 For every thing to which one is inclin'd,
 Doth best become, and greatest grace doth gain:
 Yet praise likewise deserve good thewes, enforc'd with pain.

III.

That well in courteous *Calidore* appears ;
 Whose every deed, and word that he did say,
 Was like enchantment, that through both the eyes,
 And both the ears did steal the heart away.
 He now again is on his former way,
 To follow his first quest, whenas he spide
 A tall young man from thence not far away,
 Fighting on foot, as well he him descride,
 Against an armed Knight, that did on horseback ride.

IV.

And them beside a Lady fair he saw,
 Standing alone on foot in foul array :
 To whom himself he hastily did draw,
 To weet the cause of so uncomely fray,
 And to depart them, if so be he may.
 But ere he came in place, that youth had kill'd
 That armed Knight, that low on ground he lay ;
 Which when he saw, his heart was inly chill'd
 With great amazement, and his thought with wonder fill'd.

V.

Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to be
 A goodly youth of amiable grace,
 Yet but a slender slip, that scarce did see
 Yet seventeen years, but tall and fair of face.
 That sure he deem'd him born of noble race.
 All in a Woodmans jacket he was clad
 Of *Lincoln* green, belaid with silver lace ;
 And on his head a hood with aglets sprad,
 And by his side his hunters horn he hanging had.

VI.

Buskins he wore of costliest cordwain,
 Pinkt upon gold, and paled part per part,
 As then the guize was for each gentle swain ;
 In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
 Whose fellow he before had sent apart ;
 And in his left he held a sharp Bore-spear,
 With which he wont to launce the salvage heart
 Of many a Lion, and of many a Bear
 That first unto his hand in chase did happen near.

VII.

Whom *Calidore* awhile well having view'd,
 At length bespake ; What means this, gentle swain ?
 Why hath thy hand too bold it self embrew'd
 In blood of Knight, the which by thee is slain ?
 By thee no Knight ; which arms impugneth plain.
 Certes, said he, loth were I to have broken
 The law of arms ; yet break it should again,
 Rather than let my self of wight be stroken,
 So long as these two arms were able to be wroken.

VIII.

For not I him, as this his Lady here
 May witness well, did offer first to wrong,
 Ne surely thus unarm'd I likely were ;
 But he me first, through pride and puissance strong
 Affaild, not knowing what to arms doth long.
 Perdie great blame, then said Sir *Calidore*,
 For armed Knight a wight unarm'd to wrong.
 But then aread, thou gentle child, wherefore
 Betwixt you two began this strife and stern uprore.

IX.

That shall I sooth, said he, to you declare.
 I, whose unriper years are yet unfit
 For thing of weight, or work of greater care,
 Do spend my days, and bend my careless wit
 To salvage chace, where I thereon may hit
 In all this forest, and wild woody rain :
 Where, as this day I was enranging it,
 I chaunc'd to meet this Knight who there lies slain,
 Together with this Lady, passing on the plain.

X.

The Knight, as ye did see, on horseback was,
 And this his Lady (that him ill became)
 On her fair feet by his horse side did pass
 Through thick and thin, unfit for any Dame.
 Yet not content, more to increase his shame,
 Whenso she lagged, as she needs mote so,
 He with his spear (that was to him great blame)
 Would thump her forward, and inforce to go,
 Weeping to him in vain, and making piteous woe.

XI.

Which when I saw, as they me passed by,
 Much was I moved in indignant mind,
 And 'gan to blame him for such cruelty
 Towards a Lady, whom with usage kind
 He rather should have taken up behind.
 Wherewith he wroth, and full of proud disdain,
 Took in foul scorn that I such fault did find,
 And me in lieu thereof revil'd again,
 Threatning to chastize me, as doth t'a child pertain.

XII.

Which I no less disdain, back return'd
 His scornful taunts unto his teeth again,
 That he straightway with haughty choler burn'd,
 And with his spear strook me one stroke or twain;
 Which I enforc'd to bear, though to my pain,
 Cast to requite; and with a slender dart,
 Fellow of this I bear, thrown not in vain,
 Strook him, as seemeth, underneath the heart,
 That through the wound his spirit shortly did depart.

XIII.

Much did Sir *Calidore* admire his speech
 Tempred so well; but more admir'd the stroke
 That through the mails had made so strong a breach
 Into his heart, and had so sternly wroke
 His wrath on him that first occasion broke.
 Yet rested not, but further 'gan inquire
 Of that same Lady, whether what he spoke,
 Were soothly so, and that th'unrighteous ire
 Of her own Knight, had given him his own due hire.

XIV.

Of all which, whenas she could nought deny,
 But clear'd that stripling of th'imputed blame;
 Said then Sir *Calidore*, neither will I
 Him charge with guilt, but rather do quit claim:
 For what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame;
 And what he did, he did himself to save: [shame.
 Against both which, that Knight wrought Knightless.
 For Knights and all men this by nature have,
 Towards all womenkind them kindly to behave.

XV.

But sith that he is gone irrevocable,
 Please it you Lady, to us to aread,
 What cause could make him so dishonourable,
 To drive you so on foot unfit to tread
 And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead ?
 Certes, Sir Knight, said she, full loth I were
 To raise a living blame against the dead :
 But sith it me concerns my self to clear,
 I will the truth discover, as it chanc'd whylere.

XVI.

This day, as he and I together rode
 Upon our way to which we weren bent,
 We chanc'd to come foreby a covert glade
 Within a wood, whereas a Lady gent
 Sate with a Knight in joyous jolliment
 Of their frank loves, free from all jealous spies :
 Fair was the Lady sure, that mote content
 An heart not carried with too curious eyes,
 And unto him did shew all lovely courtesies.

XVII.

Whom when my Knight did see so lovely fair,
 He inly 'gan her Lover to envy,
 And wish that he part of his spoil might share.
 Whereto whenas my presence he did spy
 To be a let, he bade me by and by
 For to alight : but whenas I was loth,
 My Loves own part to leave so suddenly,
 He with strong hand down from his steed me throw'th,
 And with presumptuous powre against that Knight straight

XVIII.

[go'th.

Unarm'd all was the Knight ; as then more meet
 For Ladies service, and for loves delight,
 Than fearing any foe-man there to meet :
 Whereof he taking odds, straight bids him dight
 Himself to yield his Love, or else to fight.
 Whereat the other starting up dismay'd,
 Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might ;
 To leave his Love he should be ill apaid,
 In which he had good right gainst all that it gain-said.

XIX.

Yet since he was not presently in plight
Her to defend, or his to justify,
He him requested, as he was a Knight,
To lend him day his better right to try,
Or stay till he his arms (which were thereby)
Might lightly fetch. But he was fierce and hot;
Ne time would give, nor any terms aby,
But at him flew, and with his spear him smote;
From which to think to save himself, it booteth not.

XX.

Mean while his Lady, which this outrage saw,
Whilst they together for the quarry strove,
Into the covert did herself withdraw,
And closely hid herself within the grove.
My Knight, hers soon (as seems) to danger drove,
And left fore wounded: but when her he mist,
He woxe half mad, and in that rage 'gan rove
And range through all the wood, wherefo he wist
She hidden was, and fought her so long as him list.

XXI.

But whenas her he by no means could find,
After long search and chauff, he turned back
Unto the place where me he left behind:
There 'gan he me to curse and ban, for lack
Of that fair booty, and with bitter wrack
To wreak on me the guilt of his own wrong.
Of all which, I yet glad to bear the pack,
Strove to appease him, and persuaded long:
But still his passion grew more violent and strong.

XXII.

Then as it were t'avenge his wrath on me,
When forward we should fare, he flat refus'd
To take me up (as this young man did see)
Upon his steed, for no just cause accus'd,
But forc'd to trot on foot, and foul misus'd;
Punching me with the butt-end of his spear,
In vain complaining to be so abus'd.
For he regarded neither plaint nor tear,
But more enforc'd my pain, the more my plaints to hear.

XXIII.

So passed we, till this young man us met ;
 And being mov'd with pity of my plight,
 Spake as was meet, for ease of my regret :
 Whereof befell what now is in your sight.
 Now sure, then said Sir *Calidore*, and right
 Me seems, that him befell by his own fault :
 Whoever thinks through confidence of might,
 Or through support of count'nance proud and haught
 To wrong the weaker, oft falls in his own assault.

XXIV.

Then turning back unto that gentle boy,
 Which had himself so stoutly well acquit ;
 Seeing his face so lovely stern and coy,
 And hearing th' answers of his pregnant wit,
 He prais'd it much, and much admired it ;
 That sure he weend him born of noble blood,
 With whom those graces did so goodly fit :
 And when he long had him beholding stood,
 He burst into these words, as to him seemed good.

XXV.

Fair gentle swain, and yet as stout as fair,
 That in these woods amongst the Nymphs dost wonne,
 Which daily may to thy sweet looks repair,
 As they are wont unto *Latonas* son,
 After his chase on woody *Cynibus* done ;
 Well may I certes such an one thee read,
 As by thy worth thou worthily hast won,
 Or surely born of some heroick sed,
 That in thy face appears, and gracious goodlyhead.

XXVI.

But should it not displease thee it to tell
 (Unless thou in these woods thy self conceal,
 For love amongst the woody Gods to dwell ;)
 I would thy self require thee to reveal,
 For dear affection and unfeigned zeal
 Which to thy noble personage I bear,
 And wish thee grow in worship and great weal.
 For since the day that arms I first did rear,
 I never saw in any, greater hope appear.

XXVII.

To whom then thus the noble youth ; May be
Sir Knight, that by discovering my estate,
Harm may arise unweeting unto me ;
Nath'less, sith ye so courteous seemed late,
To you I will not fear it to relate.
Then wote ye that I am a Briton born,
Son of a King, how ever thorough fate
Or fortune I my country have forlorn,
And lost the crown, which should my head by right adorn.

XXVIII.

And *Tristram* is my name, the only heir
Of good King *Meliogras*, which did reign
In *Cornwale*, till that he through lifes despair
Untimely dy'd, before I did attain
Ripe years of reason, my right to maintain.
After whose death, his Brother seeing me
An infant, weak a kingdom to sustain,
Upon him took the royal high degree,
And sent me, where him list, instructed for to be.

XXIX.

The Widow-Queen my mother, which then hight
Fair *Emiline*, conceiving then great fear
Of my frail safety, resting in the might
Of him, that did the kingly scepter bear,
Whose jealous dread induring not a peer,
Is wont to cut off all that doubt may breed,
Thought best away me to remove somewhere
Into some foreign land, whereas no need
Of dreaded danger might his doubtful humour feed.

XXX.

So taking counsel of a wise man read,
She was by him adviz'd, to send me quite
Out of the country wherein I was bred,
The which the fertile *Liones* is hight,
Into the land of *Fairy*, where no wight
Should weet of me, nor work me any wrong.
To whose wise read she hearkning sent me straight
Into this land, where I have wond thus long,
Since I was ten years old, now grown to stature strong.

XXXI.

All which my days I have not lewdly spent,
 Nor spilt the blossom of my tender years
 In idles ; but as was convenient,
 Have trained been with many noble Feres,
 In gentle thews, and such like seemly leres.
 Mongst which, my most delight hath always been
 To hunt the salvage chace amongst my peres,
 Of all that rangeth in the forest green ;
 Of which none is to me unknown that ev'r was seen.

XXXII.

Ne is there Hawk which mantleth her on perch,
 Whether high towring, or accoasting low,
 But I the measure of her flight do search,
 And all her prey and all her diet know.
 Such be our joys, which in these forests grow,
 Only the use of arms, which most I joy,
 And fitteth most for noble swain to know,
 I have not tasted yet, yet past a boy,
 And being now high time these strong joints to employ.

XXXIII.

Therefore good Sir, sith now occasion fit
 Doth fall, whose like hereafter seldom may ;
 Let me this crave, unworthy though of it,
 That ye will make me Squire without delay,
 That from henceforth in battailous array
 I may bear arms, and learn to use them right ;
 The rather since that fortune hath this day
 Given to me the spoil of this dead Knight,
 These goodly gilden arms, which I have won in fight.

XXXIV.

All which, when well Sir *Calidore* had heard,
 Him much more now, than earst he 'gan admire,
 For the rare hope which in his years appear'd,
 And thus replide ; Fair child, the high desire
 To love of arms, which in you doth aspire,
 I may not certes without blame deny ;
 But rather wish, that some more noble hire
 (Though none more noble than is chevalry)
 I had you to reward with greater dignity.

XXXV.

There him he caus'd to kneel, and made to swear
Faith to his Knight, and truth to Ladies all ;
And never to be recreant, for fear
Of peril, or of ought that might befall :
So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call.
Full glad and joyous then young *Trifram* grew,
Like as a flowre, whose silken leavcs small,
Long shut up in the bud from heavens view, [hue.
At length breaks forth, and brode displayes his smiling

XXXVI.

Thus when they long had treated to and fro,
And *Calidore* betook him to depart,
Child *Trifram* prayd, that he with him might go
On his adventure ; vowing not to start,
But wait on him in every place and part.
Whereat Sir *Calidore* did much delight,
And greatly joy'd at his so noble heart,
In hope he sure would prove a doughty Knight :
Yet for the time this answer he to him beight.

XXXVII.

Glad would I surely be, thou courteous Squire,
To have thy presence in my present quest,
That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,
And flame forth honour in thy noble breast :
But I am bound by vow, which I profest
To my dread Sovereaine when I it assayd
That in atchievement of her high behest,
I should no creature join unto mine aid,
Forthy I may not grant that ye so greatly prayd.

XXXVIII.

But since this Lady is all desolate,
And needeth safeguard now upon her way,
Ye may do well in this her needful state
To succour her from danger of dismay ;
That thankful guerdon may to you repay.
The noble Imp, of such new service fain,
It gladly did accept, as he did say.
So taking courteous leave, they parted twain,
And *Calidore* forth passed to his former pain.

XXXIX.

But *Tristram*, then despoiling that dead Knight
 Of all those goodly implements of praise,
 Long fed his greedy eyes with the fair sight
 Of the bright metal, shining like Sun rays;
 Handling and turning them a thousand ways.
 And after having them upon him dight,
 He took that Lady, and her up did raise
 Upon the steed of her own late dead Knight:
 So with her marched forth, as she did him behight.

XL.

There to their fortune, leave we them awhile,
 And turn we back to good Sir *Calidore*;
 Who ere he thence had traveld many a mile,
 Came to the place, whereas ye heard afore,
 This Knight, whom *Tristram* slew, had wounded fore
 Another Knight in his despiteous pride;
 There he that Knight found lying on the flore,
 With many wounds full perilous and wide,
 That all his garments, and the grafs in vermeil dide.

XLI.

And there beside him fate upon the ground
 His woeful Lady, piteously complaining
 With loud laments that most unlucky stound,
 And her sad self with careful hand constraining
 To wipe his wounds, and ease their bitter paining.
 Which sorry sight when *Calidore* did view
 With heavy eyne, from tears uneath refraining,
 His mighty heart their mournful case 'gan rue,
 And for their better comfort to them nigher drew.

XLII.

Then speaking to the Lady, thus he said:
 Ye doleful Dame, let not your grief empeach,
 To tell, what cruel hand hath thus arraid
 This Knight unarm'd, with so unknightly breach
 Of arms, that if I yet him nigh may reach,
 I may avenge him of so foul despyght.
 The Lady, hearing his so courteous speech,
 'Gan rear her eyes as to the chearful light,
 And from her sorry heart few heavy words forth sigh't.

XLIII.

In which she shew'd how that discourteous Knight
 (Whom *Tristram* slew) them in that shadow found,
 Joying together in unblam'd delight,
 And him unarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
 Charg'd with his spear, and mortally did wound
 Withouten cause, but only her to reave
 From him, to whom she was for ever bound :
 Yet when she fled into that covert greave,
 He her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did leave.

XLIV.

When *Calidore* this rueful story had
 Well understood, he 'gan of her demand,
 What manner wight he was, and how yclad,
 Which had this out-rage wrought with wicked hand.
 She then, like as she best could understand,
 Him thus describ'd, to be of stature large,
 Clad all in gilden arms, with azure band
 Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe
 A Lady on rough waves, row'd in a summer barge

XLV.

Then 'gan Sir *Calidore* to guess straightway,
 By many signs which she described had,
 That this was he whom *Tristram* earst did slay,
 And to her said ; Dame be no longer sad :
 For he that hath your Knight so ill bestad,
 Is now himself in much more wretched plight ;
 These eyes him saw upon the cold earth sprad,
 The meed of his desert for that despight,
 Which to your self he wrought, and to your loved Knight.

XLVI.

Therefore, fair Lady, lay aside this grief,
 Which ye have gather'd to your gentle heart
 For that displeasure ; and think what relief
 Were best devise for this your Lovers smart,
 And how ye may him hence, and to what part
 Convey to be recur'd. She thank't him dear,
 Both for that news he did to her impart,
 And for the courteous care which he did bear
 Both to her Love, and to herself in that sad drear.

XLVII.

Yet could she not devise by any wit,
 How thence she might convey him to some place.
 For him to trouble she it thought unfit,
 That was a stranger to her wretched case;
 And him to bear, she thought it thing too base.
 Which whenas he perceiv'd, he thus bespake;
 Fair Lady, let it not you seem disgrace,
 To bear this burden on your dainty back;
 Myself will bear a part, coportion of your pack.

XLVIII.

So off he did his shield, and downward layd
 Upon the ground, like to an hollow bier;
 And pouring balm, which he had long purvayd
 Into his wounds, him up thereon did rear,
 And twixt them both with parted pains did bear,
 Twixt life and death, not knowing what was done.
 Thence they him carried to a castle near,
 In which a worthy ancient Knight did wonne:
 Where what ensu'd, shall in next canto be begun.

C A N T O III.

Calidore brings Priscilla home,

Pursues the Blatant beast:

Saves Serena, whilst Calopine

By Turpine is oppress.

I.

True is, that whilome that good Poet said,
 The gentle mind by gentle deeds is known.
 For man by nothing is so well bewrayd,
 As by his manners; in which plain is shown
 Of what degree and what rate he is grown.
 For seldom seen, a trotting Stallion get
 An ambling Colt, that is his proper own:
 So seldom seen that one in baseness set
 Doth noble courage shew with courteous manners met.

II.

But evermore contrary hath been try'd.

That gentle blood will gentle manners breed ;
As well may be in *Calidore* descry'd,
By late ensample of that courteous deed,
Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,
Whom on his back he bore, till he him brought
Unto the castle where they had decreed.

There of the Knight, the which that castle ought,
To make abode that night he greatly was besought.

III.

He was to weet a man of full ripe years,
That in his youth had been of mickle might.
And borne great sway in arms amongst his peers :
But now weak age had dimd his candle-light.
Yet was he courteous still to every wight,
And loved all that did to arms incline,
And was the Father of that wounded Knight,
Whom *Calidore* thus carried on his chine,
And *Aldus* was his name, and his Son's *Aladine*.

IV.

Who when he saw his Son so ill bedight,
With bleeding wounds, brought home upon a bier,
By a fair Lady, and a stranger Knight,
Was inly touched with compassion dear,
And dear affection of so doleful drear,
That he these words burst forth ; Ah sorry boy,
Is this the hope that to my hoary hair
Thou brings ! aye me ! is this the timely joy,
Which I expected long, now turn'd to sad annoy.

V.

Such is the weakness of all mortal hope ;
So tickle is the state of earthly things,
That ere they come unto their aimed scope,
They fall too short of our frail reckonings,
And bring us bale and bitter sorrowings,
Instead of comfort, which we should embrace.
This is the state of Keasars and of Kings.
Let none therefore, that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case.

VI.

So well and wisely did that good old Knight
 Temper his grief, and turned it to chear,
 To chear his guests, whom he had stayd that night,
 And make their welcome to them well appear :
 That to Sir *Calidore* was easy gear ;
 But that fair Lady would be chear'd for nought,
 But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her Lover dear,
 And inly did afflict her pensive thought,
 With thinking to what case her name should now be brought.

VII.

For she was Daughter to a noble Lord,
 Which dwelt thereby, who fought her to affy,
 To a great Peer : but she did disaccord,
 Ne could her liking to his love apply,
 But lov'd this fresh young Knight, who dwelt her nigh.
 The lusty *Aladine* though meaner born,
 And of less livel'ood and Hability ;
 Yet full of valour, the which did adorn
 His meanness much, and make her th'others riches scorn.

VIII.

So having both found fit occasion,
 They met together in that luckless glade ;
 Where that proud Knight in his presumption
 The gentle *Aladine* did earst invade,
 Being unarm'd, and set in secret shade.
 Whereof she now bethinking, 'gan t'advize,
 How great a hazard she at earst had made
 Of her good fame ; and further 'gan devize,
 How she the blame might salve with coloured disguise.

IX.

But *Calidore* with all good courtesy
 Feign'd her to frolick, and to put away
 The pensive fit of her melancholy ;
 And that old Knight by all means did assay,
 To make them both as merry as he may.
 So they the evening past, till time of rest ;
 When *Calidore* in seemly good array
 Unto his bowre was brought, and there undrest,
 Did sleep all night through weary travel of his quest.

X.

But fair *Priscilla* (so that Lady hight)
 Would to no bed, nor take no kindly sleep,
 But by her wounded Love did watch all night,
 And all the night for bitter anguish weep,
 And with her tears his wounds did wash and steep.
 So well she washt them, and so well she watcht him,
 That of the deadly swoond, in which full deep
 He drenched was, she at the length dispatcht him,
 And drove away the stound, which mortally attacht him.

XI.

The morrow next when day 'gan to up-look,
 He also 'gan up-look with dreary eye,
 Like one that out of deadly dream awook :
 Where when he saw his fair *Priscilla* by,
 He deeply sigh'd, and groaned inwardly,
 To think of this ill state, in which she stood,
 To which she for his sake had weetingly
 Now brought her self, and blam'd her noble blood :
 For first, next after life, he tendered her good.

XII.

Which she perceiving, did with plenteous tears
 His case more than her own compassionate,
 Forgetful of her own, to mind his fears :
 So both conspiring, 'gan to intimate
 Each others grief with zeal affectionate,
 And 'twixt them twain with equal care to cast,
 How to save whole her hazarded estate ;
 For which the only help now left them last
 Seem'd to be *Calidore*: all other helps were past.

XIII.

Him they did deem, as sure to them he seem'd,
 A courteous Knight, and full of faithful trust :
 Therefore to him their cause they best esteem'd
 Whole to commit, and to his dealing just.
 Early, so soon as *Titans* beams forth brust
 Through the thick clouds, in which they steeped lay
 All night in darkness, dull'd with iron rust,
Calidore rising up as fresh as day,
 'Gan freshly him address unto his former way.

XIV.

But first him seemed fit, that wounded Knight
 To visit, after this nights per'lous pass,
 And to salute him, if he were in plight,
 And eke that Lady his fair lovely Lads.
 There he him found much better than he was,
 And moved speech to him of things of course,
 The anguish of his pain to over-pass:
 Mongst which he namely did to him discourse,
 Of former days mishap, his sorrows wicked source.

XV.

Of which occasion *Aldine* taking hold,
 'Gan break to him the fortunes of his Love,
 And all his disadventures to unfold;
 That *Calidore* it dearly deep did move.
 In th'end his kindly courtesie to prove,
 He him by all the bands of love besought,
 And as it mote a faithful friend behove,
 To safe-conduct his Love, and not for ought
 To leave, till to her Fathers house he had her brought.

XVI.

Sir *Calidore* his faith thereto did plight,
 It to perform: so after little stay,
 That she herself had to the journey dight,
 He passed forth with her in fair array,
 Fearless, who ought did think, or ought did say,
 Sith his own thought he knew most clear from wite.
 So as they past together on their way,
 He 'gan devise this counter cast of sight
 To give fair colour to that Ladies cause in sight.

XVII.

Straight to the carcass of that Knight he went,
 The cause of all this evil, who was slain
 The day before by just avengement
 Of noble *Tristram*, where it did remain:
 There he the neck thereof did cut in twain,
 And took with him the head, the sign of shame,
 So forth he passed thorough that day's pain,
 Till to that Ladies Fathers house he came,
 Most penfive man, through fear, what of his child became.

XVIII.

There he arriving boldly, did present
The fearful Lady to her Father dear,
Most perfect pure, and guiltless innocent
Of blame, as he did on his knighthood swear,
Since first he saw her, and did free from fear
Of a discourteous Knight, who her had rest,
And by outrageous force away did bear :
Witness thereof he shew'd his head there left,
And wretched life forlorn for vengeance of his theft.

XIX.

Most joyful man her Sire was her to see,
And hear th' adventure of her late mischance ;
And thousand thanks to *Calidore* for see
Of his large pains in her deliverance
Did yield ; Ne less the Lady did advance.
Thus having her restored trustily,
As he had vow'd, some small continuance
He there did make, and then most carefully
Unto his first exploit he did himself apply.

XX.

So as he was pursuing of his quest,
He chanc'd to come whereas a jolly Knight,
In covert shade himself did safely rest,
To solace with his Lady in delight :
His warlike arms he had from him undight ;
For that himself he thought from danger free ;
And far from envious eyes that mote him spight,
And eke the Lady was full fair to see,
And courteous withall, becoming her degree.

XXI.

To whom Sir *Calidore* approaching nigh,
Ere they were well aware of living wight,
Them much abasht, but more himself thereby,
That he so rudely did upon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loves delight.
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,
Himself thereof he laboured to acquite,
And pardon crav'd for his so rash default,
That he 'gainst courtesy so foully did default.

XXII.

With which his gentle words and goodly wit,
 He soon allay'd that Knights conceiv'd displeasure,
 That he besought him down by him to sit,
 That they mote treat of things abroad at leisure;
 And of adventures, which had in his measure
 Of so long ways to him befallen late.
 So down he fate, and with delightful pleasure
 His long adventures 'gan to him relate,
 Which he endured had through dangerous debate.

XXIII.

Of which whilst they discoursed both together,
 The fair *Serena* (so his Lady hight)
 Allur'd with mildness of the gentle weather,
 And pleasance of the place, the which was dight
 With divers flowres distinct with rare delight;
 Wandred about the fields, as liking led
 Her wavering lust after her wandring sight,
 To make a girlond to adorn her head,
 Without suspect of ill or dangers hidden dread.

XXIV.

All sudainly out of the forest near
 The *Blatant Beast*, forth rushing unaware,
 Caught her thus loosely wandring here and there,
 And in his wide great mouth away her bare.
 Crying aloud, to shew her sad misfare
 Unto the Knights, and calling oft for ayd;
 Who with the hottrour of her hapless care
 Hastily starting up, like men dismay'd,
 Ran after fast, to rescue the distressed Maid.

XXV.

The beast with their pursuit incited more,
 Into the wood was bearing her apace
 For to have spoiled her, when *Calidore*
 Who was more light of foot and swift in chace,
 Him over-took in middest of his race.
 And fiercely charging him with all his might,
 Forc'd to forgo his prey there in the place,
 And to betake himself to fearful flight;
 For he durst not abide with *Calidore* to fight.

XXVI.

Who natheless, when he the Lady saw
There left on ground, though in full evil plight,
Yet knowing that her Knight now near did draw,
Stayd not to succour her in that affright,
But follow'd fast the monster in his flight:
Through woods and hills he follow'd him so fast,
That he n'ould let him breathe nor gather spright,
But forc'd him gape and gasp, with dread aghast,
As if his lungs and lites were high asunder brast.

XXVII.

And now by this, Sir *Calepine* (so hight)
Came to the place, where he his Lady found
In dolorous dismay and deadly plight,
All in gore blood there tumbled on the ground,
Having both sides through grip'd with griesly wound.
His weapons soon from him he threw away;
And stooping down to her in drery sfound,
Up rear'd her from the ground, whereon she lay,
And in his tender arms her forced up to stay.

XXVIII.

So well he did his busie pains apply,
That the faint sprite he did revoke again,
To her frail mansion of mortality.
Then up he took her 'twixt his armes twain,
And setting on his steed, her did sustain
With careful hands soft footing her beside,
Till to some place of rest they mote attain,
Where she in safe assurance mote abide,
Till she recured were of those her woundes wide.

XXIX.

Now whenas *Phæbus* with his fiery wain
Unto his Inn began to draw apace;
Tho waxing weary of that toilsome pain,
In travelling on foot so long a space,
Not wont on foot with heavy arms to trace,
Down in a dale forby a rivers side,
He chanc'd to spy a fair and stately place,
To which he meant his weary steps to guide,
In hope there for his Love some succour to provide.

XXX.

But coming to the rivers side, he found
 That hardly passable on foot it was:
 Therefore there still he stood as in a stound,
 Ne wist which way he through the ford mote pass,
 Thus whilst he was in this distressed case,
 Devising what to do, he nigh espide
 An armed Knight approaching to the place,
 With a fair Lady linked by his side,
 The which themselves prepar'd thorough the ford to ride,

XXXI.

Whom *Calepine* saluting (as became)
 Besought of courtesie in that his need
 (For safe conducting of his sickly Dame,
 Through that same per'lous ford with better heed)
 To take him up behind upon his steed:
 To whom that other did this taunt return;
 Perdy thou peasant Knight mightst rightly read
 Me then to be full base and evil born,
 If I would bear behind a burden of such scorn.

XXXII.

But as thou hast thy steed forlorn with shame,
 So fare on foot till thou another gain,
 And let thy Lady likewise do the same,
 Or bear her on thy back with pleasing pain,
 And prove thy manhood on the billows vain.
 With which rude speech his Lady much displeas'd,
 Did him reprove, yet could him not restrain,
 And would on her own palfrey him have eas'd,
 For pity of his Dame, whom she saw so diseas'd.

XXXIII.

Sir *Calepine* her thank; yet inly wroth
 Against her Knight, her gentleness refus'd,
 And carelessly into the river go'th,
 As in despight to be so foul abus'd
 Of a rude churl, whom often he accus'd
 Of foul discourtesy, unfit for Knight;
 And strongly wading through the waves unus'd,
 With spear in th' one hand, stayd himself upright,
 With th' other stayd his Lady up with steddy might.

XXXIV.

And all the while, that same discourteous Knight
Stood on the further bank beholding him.
At whose calamity, for more despight,
He laught, and mockt to see him like to swim.
But whenas *Calepine* came to the brim,
And saw his carriage past that peril well,
Looking at that same Carle with count'nance grim,
His heart with vengeance inwardly did swell,
And forth at last did break in speeches sharp and fell.

XXXV.

Unknightly Knight, the blemish of that name,
And blot of all that arms upon them take,
Which is the badge of honour and of fame,
Lo I defie thee, and here challenge make,
That thou for ever do those arms forsake ;
And be for ever held a recreant Knight,
Unless thou dare for thy dear Ladies sake,
And for thine own defence on foot alight,
To justify thy fault 'gainst me in equal fight.

XXXVI.

The dastard, that did hear himself defide,
Seem'd not to weigh his throatful words at all,
But laught them out, as if his greater pride
Did scorn the challenge of so base a thrall :
Or had no courage, or else had no gall.
So much the more was *Calepine* offended,
That him to no revenge he forth could call,
But both his challenge and himself contemned,
Ne cared as a coward so to be condemned.

XXXVII.

But he nought weighing what he said or did,
Turned his steed about another way,
And with his Lady to the castle rid,
Where was his wonne ; ne did the other stay,
But after went directly as he may,
For his sick charge some harbour there to seek ;
Where he arriving with the fall of day,
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meek,
And mild entreaty lodging did for her beseeke,

XXXVIII.

But the rude Porter, that no manners had,
 Did shut the gate against him in his face,
 And entrance boldly unto him forbad.
 Natheles the Knight, now in so needy case,
 'Gan him entreat ev'n with submission base,
 And humbly prayd to let them in that night :
 Who to him answer'd, that there was no place
 Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,
 Unless that with his Lord he formerly did fight.

XXXIX.

Full loth am I, quoth he, as now at east,
 When day is spent, and rest us needeth most,
 And that this Lady, both whose sides are pierst
 With wounds, is ready to forgo the gholt :
 Ne would I gladly combat with mine host,
 That should to me such courtesy afford,
 Unless that I were thereunto entorst.
 But yet aread to me, how hight thy Lord,
 That doth thus strongly ward the castle of the ford.

XL.

His name quoth he, if that thou list to learn,
 Is hight Sir *Turpine*, one of mickle might,
 And manhood rare, but terrible and stern
 In all assays to every errant Knight,
 Because of one, that wrought him foul despight.
 Ill seems said he, if he so valiant be,
 That he should be so stern to stranger wight :
 For seldom yet did living creature see,
 That courtesy and manhood ever disagree.

XLI.

But go thy ways to him, and from me say,
 That here is at his gate an errant Knight,
 That house-room craves, yet would be loth t'affay
 The proof of battle, now in doubtful night,
 Or courtesy with rudeness to require :
 Yet if he needs will fight, crave leave till morn,
 And tell (withall) the lamentable plight,
 In which this Lady languisheth forlorn,
 That pity craves, as he of woman was yborn.

XLII.

The Groom went straightway in, and to his Lord
 Declar'd the message, which that Knight did move :
 Who sitting with his Lady then at bord,
 Not only did not his demand approve,
 But both himself revil'd, and eke his Love ;
 Albe his Lady, that *Blondina* hight,
 Him of ungentle usage did reprove
 And earnestly entreated that they might
 Find favour to be lodged there for that same night.

XLIII.

Yet would he not persuaded be for ought,
 Ne from his curriish will awhit reclaim.
 Which answer when the Groom, returning brought
 To *Calepine*, his heart did inly flame
 With wrathful fury for so foul a shame,
 That he could not thereof avenged be :
 But most for pity of his dearest Dame,
 Whom now in deadly danger he did see ;
 Yet had no means to comfort, nor procure her glee.

XLIV.

But all in vain ; for why, no remedy
 He saw the present mischief to redress,
 But th'utmost end perforce for to aby,
 Which that nights fortune would for him address.
 So down he took his Lady in distress,
 And layd her underneath a bush to sleep,
 Cover'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchedness,
 Whiles he himself all night did nought but weep,
 And wary watch about her for her safeguard keep.

XLV.

The morrow next, so soon as joyous day
 Did shew itself in sunny beams bedight,
Serena full of dolorous dismay,
 'Twixt darkness dread, and hope of living light,
 Uprear'd her head to see that chearful sight.
 Then *Calepine*, however inly wroth,
 And greedy to avenge that vile despight ;
 Yet for the feeble Ladies sake, full loth
 To make there longer stay, forth on his journey go'th.

XLVI.

He go'th on foot all armed by her side,
 Upstaying still her self upon her steed,
 Being unable else alone to ride;
 So fore her sides, so much her wounds did bleed:
 Till that at length, in his extreamest need,
 He chanc'd far off an armed Knight to spy,
 Pursuing him apace with greedy speed;
 Whom well he wist to be some enemy,
 That meant to make advantage of his misery.

XLVII.

Wherefore he stayd, till that he nearer drew,
 To weet what issue would thereof betide.
 Tho whenas he approached nigh in view,
 By certain signs he plainly him descride
 To be the man, that with such scornful pride
 Had him abus'd, and shamed yesterday.
 Therefore misdoubting, lest he should misguide
 His former malice to some new assay,
 He cast to keep himself so safely as he may.

XLVIII.

By this the other came in place likewise;
 And couching close his spear and all his powre,
 As bent to some malicious enterprife,
 He bade him stand, t'abide the bitter stoure
 Of his sore vengeance, or to make avour
 Of the lewd words and deeds which he had done;
 With that ran at him, as he would devour
 His life attonce; who nought could do, but shun
 The peril of his pride, or else be over-run.

XLIX.

Yet he him still pursu'd from place to place,
 With full intent him cruelly to kill;
 And like a wild Goat round about did chace,
 Flying the fury of his bloody will.
 But his best succour and refuge was still
 Behind his Ladies back; who to him cride,
 And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,
 As ever he to Lady was affide,
 To spare her Knight, and rest with reason pacifide.

L.

But he the more thereby enraged was,
 And with more eager felneis him pursu'd:
 So that at length, after long weary chace,
 Having by chance a close advantage view'd,
 He over-raught him, having long eschew'd
 His violence in vain; and with his spear
 Strook through his shoulder, that the blood ensu'd
 In great abundance, as a Well it were,
 That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did appear.

LI.

Yet ceas'd he not for all that cruel wound,
 But chac'd him still, for all his Ladies cry;
 Not satisfide till on the fatal ground
 He saw his life pour'd forth despiteously:
 The which was certes in great jeopardy,
 Had not a wondrous chance his rescue wrought,
 And saved from his cruel villany.
 Such chances oft exceed all human thought:
 That in another canto shall to end be brought.

C A N T O IV.

*Calepine by a salvage man
 From Turpine rescu'd is;
 And whilst an Infant from a Bear
 He saves, his Love doth miss.*

I.

Like as a ship with dreadful storm long tost,
 Having spent all her masts and her ground-hold,
 Now far from harbour likely to be lost.
 At last some fisher-bark doth near behold,
 That giveth comfort to her courage cold:
 Such was the state of this most courteous Knight,
 Being oppress'd by that Foytour bold,
 That he remained in most per'lous plight,
 And his sad Lady left in pitiful affright.

II.

Till that by fortune passing all foresight,
 A salvage man, which in those woods did wonne,
 Drawn with that Ladies loud and piteous shrighr,
 Toward the same incessantly did rone,
 To understand what there was to be done.
 There he this most discourteous craven found,
 As fiercely yet, as when he first begun,
 Chasing the gentle *Calepine* around,
 Ne sparing him the more for all his grievous wound.

III.

The salvage man; that never till this hour
 Did taste of pity, neither gentlefs knew,
 Seeing his sharp assault and cruel stour
 Was much emmoved at his perils view;
 That even his ruder heart began to rue,
 And feel compassion of his evil plight,
 Against his foe, that did him so pursue:
 From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
 And him avenge of that so villainous despight.

IV.

Yet arms or weapon had he none to fight;
 Ne knew the use of warlike instruments,
 Save such as sudden rage him lent to smite;
 But naked without needful vestiments,
 To clad his corpe with meet habiliments,
 He cared not for dint of sword nor spear,
 No more than for the strokes of straws or bents:
 For from his mothers womb, which him did bear,
 He was invulnerable made by magick lear.

V.

He stayd not to advise which way were best
 His foe to assail, or how himself to guard;
 But with fierce fury and with force infest
 Upon him ran: who being well prepar'd:
 His first assault full warily did ward,
 And with the push of his sharp-pointed spear
 Full on the breast him strook, so strong and hard,
 That forc'd him back recoil, and reel arear;
 Yet in his body made no wound nor blood appear.

VI.

With that, the wild man more enraged grew,
Like to a Tyger that hath mist his prey,
And with mad mood again upon him flew,
Regarding neither spear that mote him slay,
Nor his fierce steed, that mote him much dismay.
The salvage nation doth all dread despise :
Tho on his shield he griple hold did lay,
And held the same so hard, that by no wise
He could him force to loose, or leave his enterprise.

VII.

Long did he wrest and wring it to and fro,
And every way did try, but all in vain ;
For he would not his greedy gripe forego,
But hall'd and pulld with all his might and main,
That from his steed him nigh he drew again.
Who having now no use of his long spear,
So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to strain,
Both spear and shield, as things that needles were,
He quite forsook, and fled himself away for fear.

VIII.

But after him the wild man ran apace,
And him pursued with importune speed :
(For he was swift as any Buck in chace)
And had he not in his extreamest need,
Been helped through the swiftnes of his steed,
He had him overtaken in his flight.
Who ever as he saw him nigh succeed,
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And shrieked out ; a thing uncomely for a Knight.

IX.

But when the Salvage saw his labour vain,
In following of him that fled so fast,
He weary woxe, and back return'd again
With speed unto the place, whereas he last
Had left that couple, near their utmost cast.
There he that Knight full sorely bleeding found,
And eke the Lady fearfully aghast,
Both for the peril of the present stound,
And also for the sharpnes of her rankling wound.

X.

For though she were right glad, so rid to be
 From that vile Lofell, which her late offended;
 Yet now no less encombrance she did see,
 And peril by this Salvage-man pretended;
 Gainst whom she saw no means to be defended,
 By reason that her Knight was wounded fore.
 Therefore herself she wholly recommended
 To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft implore,
 To send her succour, being of all hope forlore.

XI.

But the wild man, contrary to her fear,
 Came to her, creeping like a fawning hound,
 And by rude tokens made to her appear
 His deep compassion of her doleful stound,
 Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground;
 For other language had he none nor speech,
 But a soft murmur, and confused sound
 Of senseless words, which nature did him teach,
 T' expresse his passions, which his reason did empeach.

XII.

And coming likewise to the wounded Knight,
 When he beheld the streams of purple blood
 Yet flowing fresh; as moved with the sight,
 He made great moan, after his salvage mood:
 And running straight into the thickest wood,
 A certain herb from thence unto him brought,
 Whose vertue he by use well understood:
 The juice whereof into his wound he wrought,
 And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it staunched

XIII.

[thought.]

Then taking up that recreants shield and spear,
 Which earst he left, he signs unto them made,
 With him to wend unto his winning near:
 To which he easily did them persuade.
 Far in the forest by a hollow glade,
 Cover'd with mossy shrubs, which spreading broad
 Did underneath them make a gloomy shade;
 Where foot of living creature never trode, [abode.
 Ne scarce wild beasts durst come, there was this wights

XIV.

Thither he brought these unacquainted guests ;
To whom fair semblance, as he could, he shew'd
By signs, by looks, and all his other gestures.
But the bare ground, with hoary moss bestrow'd,
Must be their bed, their pillow was unsow'd,
And the fruits of the forest was their feast :
For their bad Steward neither plough'd nor sow'd,
Ne fed on flesh, ne ever of wild beast
Did taste the blood, obeying natures first behest.

XV.

Yet howsoever base and mean it were,
They took it well, and thanked God for all ;
Which had them freed from that deadly fear,
And sav'd from being to that caltive thrall.
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
Compelled were themselves awhile to rest,
Glad of that easement, though it were but small ;
That having there their wounds awhile redrest,
They mote the abler be to pass unto the rest.

XVI.

During which time, that wild man did apply
His best endeavour, and his daily pain,
In seeking all the woods both far and nigh
For herbs to dress their wounds ; still seeming fain,
When ought he did, that did their liking gain.
So as ere long he had that Knightes wound
Recured well, and made him whole again :
But that same Ladies hurt no herb he found,
Which could redress, for it was inwardly unsound.

XVII.

Now whenas *Calipine* was woxen strong,
Upon a day he cast abroad to wend,
To take the air, and hear the Thrushes song,
Unarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor friend,
And without sword his person to defend.
There him befell, unlooked for before,
An hard adventure with unhappy end,
A cruel Bear, the which an Infant bore
Betwixt his bloody-jaws, besprinkled all with gore.

XVIII.

The little babe did loudly shriek and squall,
 And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill,
 As if his cry did mean for help to call
 To *Calepine*, whose ears those shrieches shrill
 Piercing his heart with pitys point did thrill;
 That after him, he ran with zealous haste,
 To rescue th' infant, ere he did him kill:
 Whom though he saw now somewhat over-past,
 Yet by the cry he follow'd, and pursued fast.

XIX.

Well then him chane'd his heavy arms to want,
 Whose burden mote empeach his needful speed,
 And hinder him from liberty to pant:
 For having long time, as his daily weed,
 Them wont to wear, and wend on foot for need;
 Now wanting them he felt himself so light,
 That like an Hawk, which feeling herself freed
 From bells and jesses, which did let her flight,
 Him seem'd his feet did fly, and in their speed delight.

XX.

So well he sped him, that the weary Bear
 Ere long he over-took, and forc'd to stay;
 And without weapon him assailing near,
 Compel'd him soon the spoil adown to lay.
 Wherewith the beast enrag'd to lose his prey,
 Upon him turned, and with greedy force
 And fury, to be crossed in his way,
 Gaping full wide, did think without remorse
 To be aveng'd on him, and to devour his corse.

XXI.

But the bold Knight no whit thereat dismay'd:
 But catching up in hand a ragged stone,
 Which lay thereby (so fortune him did aid)
 Upon him ran, and thrust it all attone
 Into his gaping throte, that made him groane
 And gasp for breath, that he nigh choked was,
 Being unable to digest that bone;
 Ne could it upward come, nor downward pass:
 Ne could he brook the coldness of the stony mass.

XXII.

Whom whenas he thus combred did behold,
Striving in vain that nigh his bowels braft,
He with him clos'd : and laying mighty hold
Upon his throat, did gripe his gorge so fast,
That wanting breath, him down to ground he cast ;
And then oppressing him with urgent pain,
Ere long enforc'd to breathe his utmost blast,
Nashing his cruel teeth at him in vain, [strain.
And threatning his sharp claws, now wanting powre to

XXIII.

Then took he up betwixt his armēs twain
The little babe, sweet relicks of his prey ;
Whom pitying to hear so fore complain,
From his soft eyes the tears he wip'd away,
And from his face the filth that did it ray :
And every little limb he searcht around,
And every part, that under sweath-bands lay,
Left that the beasts sharp teeth had any wound
Made in his tender flesh ; but whole them all he found.

XXIV.

So having all his bands again up-tide,
He with him thought back to return again :
But when he lookt about on every side,
To weet which way were best to entertain,
To bring him to the place where he would fain,
He could no path nor tract of foot descry,
Ne by inquiry learn, nor guesse by aim.
For nought but woods and forests far and nigh,
That all about did close the compass of his eye.

XXV.

Much was he then encombred, ne could tell
Which way to take : now West he went awhile,
Then North ; then neither, but as fortune fell.
So up and down he wandred many a mile,
With weary travel and uncertain toil,
Yet nought the nearer to his journeys end ;
And evermore his lovely little spoil
Crying for food did greatly him offend.
So all that day in wandring vainly he did spend.

XXVI.

At last, about the setting of the Sun,
 Himself out of the forest he did wind,
 And by good fortune the plain champion won :
 Where looking all about, where he mote find
 Some place of succour to content his mind,
 At length he heard under the forests side
 A voice, that seemed of some woman-kind,
 Which to herself lamenting loudly cride,
 And oft complain'd of fate, and fortune oft deside.

XXVII.

To whom approaching, whenas she perceiv'd
 A stranger wight in place, her plaint she stayd,
 As if she doubted to have been deceiv'd,
 Or loth to let her sorrows be bewray'd.
 Whom whenas *Calepine* saw so dismay'd,
 He to her drew, and with fair blandishment
 Her chearing up, thus gently to her said ;
 What be you woeful Dame, which thus lament ?
 And for what cause declare, so mote ye not repent.

XXVIII.

To whom she thus ; What need me Sir to tell
 That which yourself have earst aread so right ?
 A woeful Dame ye have me termed well ;
 So much more woeful, as my woeful plight
 Cannot redressed be by living wight.
 Nath'less, quoth he, if need do not you bind,
 Do it disclose, to ease your grieved spright :
 Oft-times it haps, that sorrows of the mind
 Find remedy unsought, which seeking cannot find.

XXIX.

Then thus began the lamentable Dame ;
 Sith then ye needs will know the grief I hoard,
 I am th' unfortunate *Matilde* by name,
 The wife of bold Sir *Bruin*, who is Lord
 Of all this land, late conquer'd by his sword
 From a great Giant, called *Cormorant* ;
 Whom he did overthrow by yonder ford,
 And in three battles did so deadly daunt,
 That he dare not return for all his daily vaunt.

XXX.

So is my Lord now seiz'd of all the land,
 And in his fee, with peaceable estate,
 And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
 Ne any dares with him for it debate.
 But to these happy fortunes, cruel Fate
 Hath join'd one evil, which doth over-throw
 All these our joys, and all our bliss abate;
 And like in time to further ill to grow,
 And all this land with endless loss to overflow.

XXXI.

For th' heavens, envying our prosperity,
 Have not vouchsaf't to grant unto us twain
 The gladful blessing of posterity,
 Which we might see after our selves remain
 In th' heritage of our unhappy pain:
 So that for want of heirs it to defend,
 All is in time like to return again
 To that foul Fiend, who daily doth attend.
 To leap into the same after our lives end.

XXXII.

But most my Lord is grieved here-withall,
 And makes exceeding moan, when he does think
 That all this land unto his foe shall fall,
 For which he long in vain did sweat and swink,
 That now the same he greatly doth forthink.
 Yet was it said, there should to him a Son
Be gotten, not begotten, which should drink
 And dry up all the water, which doth rone
 In the next brook, by whom that Fiend should be fordone.

XXXIII.

Well hop'd he then, when this was propheside,
 That from his side some noble child should rise,
 The which, through fame should far be magnifide,
 And this proud Giant should with brave emprise
 Quite overthrow, who now 'gins to despise
 The good Sir *Bruin*, growing far in years;
 Who thinks from me his sorrow all doth rise.
 Lo, this my cause of grief to you appears;
 For which I thus do mourn, and pour forth ceaseless tears.

XXXIV.

Which when he heard, he nly touched was
 With tender ruth for her unworthy grief:
 And when he had devized of her case,
 He 'gan in mind conceive a fit relief
 For all her pain, if please her make the prief.
 And having cheared her, thus said; fair Dame,
 In evils, counfel is the comfort chief:
 Which though I be not wise enough to frame,
 Yet as I well it mean, vouchsafe it without blame.

XXXV.

If that the cause of this your languishment
 Be lack of children, to supply your place;
 Lo how good fortune doth to you present
 This little babe of sweet and lovely face,
 And spotless sprite, in which ye may enchace
 Whatever forms ye list thereto apply,
 Being now soft and fit them to embrace;
 Whether ye list him train in chevalry,
 Or nourle up in lore of learn'd philosophy.

XXXVI.

And certes it hath often-times been seen,
 That of the like whose linage was unknown,
 More brave and noble Knights have raised been
 (As their victorious deeds have often shown,
 Being with fame through many nations blown)
 Than those, which have been dandled in the lap.
 Therefore some thought, that those brave Imps were
 Here by the Gods, and fed with heavenly sap, [sown
 That made them grow so high t'all honourable hap.

XXXVII.

The Lady, hearkning to his sensefull speech,
 Found nothing that he said, unmeet nor geason,
 Having oft seen it tride, as he did teach.
 Therefore inclining to his goodly reason,
 Agreeing well both with the place and season,
 She gladly did of that same babe accept,
 As of her own by livery and seisin;
 And having over it a little wept,
 She bore it thence, and ever as her own it kept.

XXXVIII.

Right glad was *Calepine* to be so rid
Of his young charge, whereof he skilled nought :
Ne she less glad ; for she so wisely did,
And with her husband under hand so wrought,
That when that infant unto him she brought,
She made him think it surely was his own,
And it in goodly thews so well upbrought,
That it became a famous Knight well known,
And did right noble deeds, the which elsewhere are shown.

XXXIX.

But *Calepine*, now being left alone
Under the green-woods side in sorry plight,
Withouten arms, or steed to ride upon,
Or house to hide his head from heavens spight,
Albe that Dame, (by all the means she might)
Him oft desired home with her to wend ;
And offered him (his court'fy to requite)
Both horse and arms, and whatso else to lend ;
Yet he them all refus'd, though thank't her as a friend.

XL.

And for exceeding grief which inly grew,
That he his Love so luckless now had lost,
On the cold ground, maugre himself he threw
For fell despight, to be so sorely crost ;
And there all night himself in anguish tost ;
Vowing that never he in bed again
His limbs would rest, ne lig in ease embost,
Till that his Ladies sight he mote attain,
Or understand, that she in safety did remain.

CANTO V.

*The Salvage serves Serena well,
Till ſhe Prince Arthur find;
Who her together with his Squire
With th' Hermit leaves behind.*

I.

O What an eaſy thing is to deſcry
The gentle blood, however it be wrapt
In ſad miſfortunes ſould deformity,
And wretched ſorrows, which have often hapt ?
For howſoever it may grow miſhapt
(Like this wild man, being undiſciplin'd)
That to all vertue it may ſeem unapt,
Yet will it ſhew ſome ſparks of gentle mind,
And at the laſt break forth in his own proper kind.

II.

That plainly may in this wild man be read,
Who though he were ſtill in this deſert wood
Mongſt ſalvage beaſts, both rudely born and bred,
Ne ever ſaw fair guiſe, ne learned good,
Yet ſhew'd ſome token of his gentle blood,
By gentle uſage of that wretched Dame.
For certes he was born of noble blood,
However by hard hap he hither came:
As ye may know, when time ſhall be to tell the ſame.

III.

Who whenas now long time he lacked had
The good Sir *Calepine*, that far was ſtray'd,
Did wex exceeding ſorrowful and ſad,
As he of ſome miſfortune were afraid:
And leaving there this Lady all diſmay'd,
Went forth ſtraightway into the foreſt wide,
To ſeek if he perchance aſleep were laid,
Or whatſo elſe were unto him betide:
He ſought him far and near, yet him no where he ſpide.

IV.

Tho back returning to that sorry Dame,
He shewed semblant of exceeding moan,
By speaking signs, as he them best could frame;
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
Now beating his hard head upon a stone,
That ruth it was to see him so lament,
By which she well perceiving what was done,
Gan tear her hair, and all her garments rent,
And beat her breast, and pittously herself torment.

V.

Upon the ground herself she fiercely threw,
Regardless of her wounds yet bleeding rise,
That with their blood did all the floor imbrew,
As if her breast, new launc'd with murderous knife,
Would straight dislodge the wretched weary life.
There she long groveling, and deep groaning lay,
As if her vital powers were at strife
With stronger death, and feared their decay:
Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous assay.

VI.

Whom when the Salvage saw so sore distress,
He reared her up from the bloody ground,
And sought by all the means that he could best
Her to recoure out of that stony swoond,
And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound.
Yet n'ould she be recomforted for ought,
Ne cease her sorrow and impatient stound,
But day and night did vex her careful thought,
And ever more and more her own affliction wrought.

VII.

At length whenas no hope of his return
She saw now left, she cast to leave the place,
And wend abroad, though feeble and forlorn,
To seek some comfort in that sorry case.
His steed, now strong through rest so long a space,
Well as she could, she got, and did bedight:
And being thereon mounted, forth did pace,
Withouten guide her to conduct aright,
Or guard her to defend from bold oppressors might.

VIII.

Whom when her Host saw ready to depart,
 He would not suffer her alone to fare,
 But 'gan himself address to take her part.
 Those warlike arms, which *Calepine* whylear
 Had left behind, he 'gan estfoons prepare,
 And put them all about himself unfit,
 His shield, his helmet, and his cuirass bare;
 But without sword upon his thigh to fit:
 Sir *Calepine* himself away had hidden it.

IX.

So forth they travel'd, an uneven pair,
 That mote to all men seem an uncouth fight;
 A salvage man matcht with a Lady fair,
 That rather seem'd the conquest of his might,
 Gotten by spoil, than purchas'd aright.
 But he did her attend most carefully,
 And faithfully did serve both day and night,
 Withouten thought of shame or villany,
 Ne ever shewed sign of foul disloyalty.

X.

Upon a day as on their way they went,
 It chaunc'd some furniture about her steed
 To be disorder'd by some accident:
 Which to redress, she did th' assistance need
 Of this her Groom: which he by signs did read;
 And straight his combrous arms aside did lay
 Upon the ground, withouten doubt or dread,
 And in his homely wize began t' assay
 T'amend what was amiss, and put in right array.

XI.

'Bout which whilst he was busied thus hard,
 Lo where a Knight together with his Squire,
 All arm'd to point, came riding thitherward,
 Which seemed by their portance and attire,
 To be two errant Knights, that did enquire
 After adventures, where they mote them get.
 Those were to weet (if that ye it require)
 Prince *Arthbur* and young *Timias*, which met
 By strange occasion, that here needs forth be set.

XII.

After that *Timias* had again recour'd
 The favour of *Belphebe*, (as ye heard)
 And of her grace did stand again assur'd,
 To happy blifs he was full high uprear'd,
 Neither of envy, nor of change afear'd,
 Though many foes did him malign therefore,
 And with unjust detraction him did beard;
 Yet he himself so well and wisely bore,
 That in her soveraine liking he dwelt evermore.

XIII.

But of them all which did his ruin seek,
 Three mighty en'mies did him most despight;
 Three mighty ones, and cruel minded eke,
 That him not only fought by open might
 To overthrow, but to supplant by flight.
 The first of them by name was call'd *Despetto*,
 Exceeding all the rest in powre and height;
 The second not so strong, but wise, *Decetto*;
 The third, nor strong nor wise, but spightfullest, *Defetto*.

XIV.

Oft-times their sundry powres they did employ,
 And several deceits, but all in vain:
 For neither they by force could him destroy,
 Ne yet entrap in treasons subtil train.
 Therefore conspiring all together plain,
 They did their counsels now in one compound;
 Where singled forces fail, conjoin'd may gain.
 The *Blatant Beast* the fittest means they found,
 To work his utter shame, and throughly him confound.

XV.

Upon a day, as they the time did wait,
 When he did range the wood for salvage game,
 They sent that *Blatant Beast* to be a bait,
 To draw him from his dear beloved Dame,
 Unwares into the danger of defame.
 For well they wist that Squire to be so bold,
 That no one beast in forest wild or tame,
 Met him in chace, but he it challenge would,
 And pluck the prey oft times out of their greedy hold.

XVI.

The hardy boy, as they devised had,
 Seeing the ugly monster passing by,
 Upon him set, of peril nought adrad,
 Ne skilful of the uncouth jeopardy ;
 And charged him so fierce and furiously,
 That (his great force unable to endure)
 He forced was to turn from him and fly :
 Yet ere he fled, he with his tooth impure
 Him heedless bit, the whiles he was thereof secure.

XVII.

Securely he did after him pursue,
 Thinking by speed to overtake his flight ; [drew,
 Who through thick wood and brakes and briers him
 To weary him the more, and waste his spight ;
 So that he now has almost spent his spright.
 Till that at length unto a woody glade
 He came, whose covert stopt his further sight :
 There his three foes, shrowded in guileful shade,
 Out of their ambush broke, and 'gan him to invade.

XVIII.

Sharply they all attonce did him assail,
 Burning with inward rancour and despight,
 And heaped strokes did round about him hail
 With so huge force, that seemed nothing might
 Bear off their blows from piercing thorough quite.
 Yet he them all so warily did ward,
 That none of them in his soft flesh did bite,
 And all the while his back for best safeguard,
 He leant against a tree, that backward onset bar'd.

XIX.

Like a wild Bull, that being at a bay,
 Is baited of a Mastiff and a Hound,
 And a Cur-dog ; that do him sharp assay
 On ev'ry side, and beat about him round ;
 But most that Cur, barking with bitter sound,
 And creeping still behind, doth him incomber,
 That in his chauff he digs the trampled ground,
 And threats his horns, and bellows like the thunder ;
 So did that Squire his foes disperse, and drive asunder.

XX.

Him well behoved so ; for his three foes
 Sought to encompass him on every side,
 And dangerously did round about enclose ;
 But most of all *Desetto* him annoy'd,
 Creeping behind, him still to have destroyd :
 So did *Decetto* eke him circumvent :
 But stout *Despetto*, in his greater pride,
 Did front him face to face against him bent ;
 Yet he them all withstood, and often made relent.

XXI.

Till that at length nigh tyr'd with former chace,
 And weary now with careful keeping ward,
 He 'gan to shrink, and somewhat to give place,
 Full like ere long to have escaped hard ;
 Whenas unawares he in the forest heard
 A trampling steed, that with his neighing fast
 Did warn his rider be upon his guard ;
 With noise whereof the Squire, now nigh aghast,
 Revived was, and sad despair away did cast.

XXII.

Estfoons he spide a Knight approaching nigh,
 Who seeing one in so great danger set
 'Mongst many foes, himself did faster hie,
 To rescue him, and his weak part abet,
 For pity so to see him overfet.
 Whom soon as his three enemies did view,
 They fled and fast into the wood did get :
 Him booted not to think them to pursue,
 The covert was so thick, that did no passage shew.

XXIII.

Then turning to that swain, him well he knew
 To be his *Timias*, his own true Squire :
 Whereof exceeding glad he to him drew,
 And him embracing 'twixt his arms entire,
 Him thus bespake ; My lief, my lifes desire,
 Why have ye me alone thus long yleft ?
 Tell me what worlds despight, or heavens ire
 Hath you thus long away from me bereft ? [weft ?
 Where have ye all this while been wandring, where been

XXIV.

With that he sigh'd deep for inward tyne :
 To whom the Squire nought answered again ;
 But shedding few soft tears from tender eyne,
 His dear affect with silence did restrain,
 And shut up all his plaint in privy pain.
 There they awhile some gracious speeches spent,
 As to them seemed fit, time t'entertain.
 After all which, up to their steeds they went,
 And forth together rode a comely couplement.

XXV.

So now they be arrived both in fight
 Of this wild man, whom they full busy found
 About the sad *Serena* things to dight,
 With those brave armours lying on the ground,
 That seem'd the spoil of some right well renown'd.
 Which when the Squire beheld, he to them stept,
 Thinking to take them from that hilding hound :
 But he it seeing lightly to him lept,
 And sternly with strong hand it from his handling kept.

XXVI.

Gnashing his grinded teeth with grieved look,
 And sparkling fire out of his furious eyn,
 Him with his fist unwares on th'head he strook,
 That made him down unto the earth encline ;
 Whence soon upstarting, much he 'gan repine.
 And laying hand upon his wrathful blade,
 Thought therewithall forthwith to have him slain ;
 Who it perceiving, hand upon him laid,
 And greedily him griping, his avengement staid.

XXVII.

With that, aloud the fair *Serena* cry'd
 Unto the Knight them to dispart in twain :
 Who to them stepping did them soon divide,
 And did from further violence restrain,
 Albe the wild man hardly would refrain.
 Then 'gan the Prince of her for to demand,
 What and from whence she was, and by what train
 She fell into that salvage villains hand,
 And whether free with him she now were, or in band.

XXVIII.

To whom she thus; I am as now ye see,
 The wretchedst Dame that lives this day on ground;
 Who both in mind, the which most grieveth me,
 And body, have receiv'd a mortal wound,
 That hath me driven to this dreary stound.
 I was erewhile, the Love of *Galepine*:
 Who whether he alive be to be found,
 Or by some deadly chance be done to pine,
 Since I him lately lost, uneath is to define.

XXIX.

In salvage forest I him lost of late,
 Where I had surely long ere this been dead,
 Or else remained in most wretched state,
 Had not this wild man in that woeful stead
 Kept and deliver'd me from deadly dread.
 In such a salvage wight, of brutish kind,
 Amongst wild beasts in desert forests bred,
 It is most strange and wonderful to find
 So mild humanity, and perfect gentle mind.

XXX.

Let me therefore this favour for him find,
 That ye will not your wrath upon him wreak,
 Sith he cannot express his simple mind,
 Ne yours conceive, ne but by tokens speak:
 Small praise to prove your powre on wight so weak.
 With such fair words she did their heat assuage,
 And the strong course of their displeasure break,
 That they to pity turn'd their former rage,
 And each sought to supply the office of her Page.

XXXI.

So having all things well about her dight,
 She on her way cast forward to proceed;
 And they her forth conducted, where they might
 Find harbour fit to comfort her great need,
 For now her wounds corruption 'gan to breed;
 And eke this Squire, who likewise wounded was
 Of that same monster late, for lack of heed,
 Now 'gan to faint, and further could not pass
 Through feebleness, which all his limbs oppressed has.

XXXII.

So forth they rode together all in troop,
 To seek some place, the which mote yield some ease
 To these sick twain, that now began to droop :
 And all the way the Prince sought to appease
 The bitter anguish of their sharp disease,
 By all the courteous means he could invent ;
 Somewhile with merry purpose fit to please,
 And otherwhile with good encouragement,
 To make them to endure the pains did them torment.

XXXIII.

'Mongst which *Serena* did to him relate
 The foul discour'ties and unknightly parts,
 Which *Turpine* had unto her shewed late,
 Without compassion of her cruel smarts :
 Although *Blandina* did with all her arts
 Him otherwise persuade, all that she might ;
 Yet he of malice, without her desarts,
 Not only her excluded late at night,
 But also trait'rously did wound her weary Knight.

XXXIV.

Wherewith the Prince sore moved, there avowd,
 That soon as he returned back again,
 He would avenge th'abuses of that proud
 And shameful Knight, of whom she did complain.
 This wize did they each other entertain,
 To pass the tedious travel of the way ;
 Till towards night they came into a plain,
 By which a little hermitage there lay,
 Far from all neighbourhood, the which annoy it may.

XXXV.

And nigh thereto a little chappel stood,
 Which being all with ivy overspread,
 Deckt all the roof ; and shadowing the rood,
 Seem'd like a grove fair branched over head :
 Therein the Hermit, which his life here led
 In streight observance of religious vow,
 Was wont his hours and holy things to bed ;
 And therein he likewise was praying now,
 Whenas these Knights arriv'd, they wist not where nor how?

XXXVI.

They stayd not there, but straightway in did pass.
 Whom when the Hermit present saw in place,
 From his devotion straight he troubled was;
 Which breaking off, he toward them did pace,
 With stayed steps, and grave-beseeming grace:
 For well it seem'd, that whylome he had been
 Some goodly person and of gentle race;
 That could his good to all, and well did ween,
 How each to entertain with court'ie well beseen.

XXXVII.

And soothly it was said by common fame,
 So long as age unabled him thereto,
 That he had been a man of mickle name,
 Renowned much in arms and derring do:
 But being aged now and weary too
 Of wars delight, and worlds contentious toil,
 The name of Knighthood he did disavow,
 And hanging up his arms and warlike spoil,
 From all this worlds incombrance did himself affoil.

XXXVIII.

He thence them led into his hermitage,
 Letting their steeds to graze upon the green:
 Small was his house, and like a little cage,
 For his own turn, yet inly neat and clean,
 Deckt with green boughs, and flowers gay beseen.
 Therein he them full fair did entertain
 Not with such forged shows, as fitter been
 For courting fools, that courtesies would fain,
 But with intire affection and appearance plain.

XXXIX.

Yet was their fare but homely, such as he
 Did use, his feeble body to sustain;
 The which full gladly they did take in glee,
 Such as it was, ne did of want complain,
 But being well suffiz'd, them rested fain.
 But fair *Serene* all night could take no rest,
 Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grievous pain
 Of their late wounds, the which the *Blasant Beast*
 Had given them, whose grief through sufferance fore
[increast.

XL.

So all that night they past in great diseafe,
 Till that the morning, bringing early light
 To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,
 And some assuagement of their painful plight.
 Then up they rose, and 'gan themselves to dight
 Unto their journey; but that Squire and Dame
 So faint and feeble were that they ne might
 Endure to travel, nor one foot to frame: [lame.
 Their hearts were sick, their sides were sore, their feet were

XLI.

Therefore the Prince, whom great affairs in mind
 Would not permit to make their longer stay,
 Was forced there to leave them both behind,
 In that good Hermits charge, whom he did pray
 To tend them well. So forth he went his way,
 And with him eke the Salvage (that whylere
 Seeing his royal usage and array,
 Was greatly grown in love of that brave peer)
 Would needs depart, as shall declared be elsewhere.

C A N T O VI.

*The Hermit heals both Squire and Dame
 Of their sore maladies:
 He Turpine doth defeat, and shame
 For his late villanies.*

I.

NO wound, which warlike hand of enemy
 Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light,
 As doth the poisonous sting which infamy
 Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
 For by no art, nor any Leaches might
 It ever can recured be again;
 Ne all the skill, which that immortal spright
 Of *Podalyrius* did in it retain,
 Can remedy such hurts: such hurts are hellish pain. . .

II.

Such were the wounds, the which that *Blatant Beast*,
 Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame ;
 And being such, were now much more increast
 For want of taking heed unto the same,
 That now corrupt and cureless they became :
 How be that careful Hermit did his best,
 With many kinds of med'cines meet, to tame
 The poisonous humour, which did most infect
 Their rankling wounds, and every day them duly drest.

III.

For he right well in Leaches craft was seen,
 And through the long experience of his days,
 Which had in many fortunes tossed been,
 And past through many perilous assays,
 He knew the diverse went of mortal ways,
 And in the minds of men had great insight ;
 Which with sage counsel, when they went astray,
 He could inform, and them reduce aright,
 And all the passions heal, which wound the weaker spright,

IV.

For whylome he had been a doughty Knight,
 As any one that lived in his days,
 And proved oft in many perilous fight ;
 In which he grace and glory won always.
 And in all battles bore away the bays.
 But being now attacht with timely age,
 And weary of this worlds unquiet ways,
 He took himself unto this hermitage,
 In which he liv'd alone, like careless bird in cage.

V.

One day as he was searching of their wounds,
 He found that they had festred privily,
 And rankling inward with unruly stounds,
 The inner parts now 'gan to putrify ;
 That quite they seem'd past help of surgery ;
 And rather needed to be disciplind
 With wholesome read of sad sobriety,
 To rule the stubborn rage of passion blind :
 Give salves to every sore, but counsel to the mind.

VI.

So taking them apart into his cell,
 He to that point fit speeches 'gan to frame,
 As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
 And eke could do, as well as say the same ;
 And thus he to them said, fair Daughter Dame,
 And you fair Son, which here thus long now lye
 In piteous languor, since ye hither came,
 In vain of me ye hope for remedy,
 And I likewise in vain do salves to you apply.

VII.

For in yourself your only help doth lye,
 To heal your selves, and must proceed alone
 From your own will, to cure your maledy.
 Who can him cure, that will be cur'd of none ?
 If therefore health ye seek, observe this one ;
 First learn your outward senses to refrain
 From things that stir up frail affection ;
 Your eyes, your ears, your tongue, your talk restrain,
 From that they most affect, and in due terms contain.

VIII.

For from those outward senses ill affected,
 The seed of all this evil first doth spring,
 Which at the first before it had infected,
 Mote easie be supprest with little thing :
 But being growen strong, it forth doth bring
 Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient pain
 In th' inner parts, and lastly scattering
 Contagious poison close through every vein,
 It never rests, till it have wrought his final bane.

IX.

For that beasts teeth, which wounded you to-fore,
 Are so exceeding venomous and keen,
 Made all of rusty Iron, rankling sore,
 That where they bite, it booteth not to ween
 With salve, or antidote, or other mean
 It ever to amend : ne marvail ought ;
 For that same beast was bred of hellish strene,
 And long in darksome *Stygian* den up-brought,
 Begot of foul *Echidna*, as in books is taught.

X.

Echidna is a monster direful dread,
 Whom Gods do hate, and heavens abhor to see;
 So hideous is her shape, so huge her head,
 That even the hellish Fiends affrighted be
 At sight thereof, and from her presence flee:
 Yet did her face and former parts profess
 A fair young Maiden, full of comely glee:
 But all her hinder parts did plain exprefs
 A monstrous Dragon, full of fearful ugliness.

XI.

To her the Gods, for her so dreadful face,
 (In fearful darkness, furthest from the sky,
 And from the earth) appointed have her place
 Amongst rocks and caves, where she enrol'd doth lye
 In hideous horror and obscurity,
 Wasting the strength of her immortal age.
 There did *Typhaon* with her company;
 Cruel *Typhaon*, whose tempestuous rage
 Makes th'heavens tremble oft, and him with vows assuage.

XII.

Of that commixtion they did then beget.
 This hellish Dog, that hight the *Blatant Beast*;
 A wicked monster, that his tongue doth whet
 Against all, both good and bad, both most and least,
 And pours his poisonous gall forth, to infest
 The noblest wights with notable defame:
 Ne ever Knight, that bore so lofty creast,
 Ne ever Lady of so honest name,
 But he them spotted with reproach, or secret shame.

XIII.

In vain therefore it were, with medicine
 To go about to salve such kind of sore,
 That rather needs wise read and discipline,
 Than outward salves, that may augment it more.
 Aye me! said then *Serena*, sighing sore,
 What hope of help doth then for us remain,
 If that no salves may us to health restore?
 But sith we need good counsel, said the swain,
 Aread good Sire, some counsel, that may us sustain.

XIV.

The best said he, that I can you advise,
 Is to avoid th' occasion of the ill :
 For when the cause whence evil doth arise,
 Removed is, th' effect surceaseth still.
 Abstain from pleasure, and restrain your will,
 Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight,
 Use scanted diet, and forbear your fill,
 Shun secrecy, and talk in open sight :
 So shall you soon repair your present evil plight.

XV.

Thus having said, his sickly patients
 Did gladly hearken to his grave behest,
 And kept so well his wise commandements,
 That in short space their malady was ceast ;
 And eke the biting of that harmful beast
 Was throughly heal'd. Tho, when they did perceive
 Their wounds recur'd ; and forces reincreast,
 Of that good Hermit both they took their leave,
 And went both on their way, ne each would other leave.

XVI.

But each the other vow'd t' accompany :
 The Lady, for that she was much in dred,
 Now left alone in great extremity ;
 The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
 Would not her leave alone in her great need.
 So both together travel'd, till they met
 With a fair Maiden clad in mourning weed,
 Upon a mangy Jade unmeetly set,
 And a lewd Fool her leading thorough dry and wet.

XVII.

But by what means that shame to her befell,
 And how thereof herself she did acquite,
 I must awhile forbear to you to tell ;
 Till that as comes by course, I do recite
 What fortune to the Briton Prince did light,
 Pursuing that proud Knight, the which whylear,
 Wrought to Sir *Calidore* so foul despight ;
 And eke his Lady, though she sickly were,
 So lewdly had abus'd, as ye did lately hear.

XVIII.

The Prince, according to the former token,
 Which fair *Serene* to him deliver'd had,
 Pursu'd him straight, in mind to been ywroken
 Of all the vile demean, and usage bad,
 With which he had those two so ill bestad :
 Ne wight with him on that adventure went,
 But that wild man ; whom though he oft forbad,
 Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,
 Would he restrained be from his attendement.

XIX.

Arriving there, as did by chance befall,
 He found the gate wide ope, and in he rode,
 Ne stayd, till that he came into the hall :
 Where soft dismounting like a weary lode,
 Upon the ground with feeble feet he trode,
 As he unable were for very need
 To move one foot, but there must make abode ;
 The whiles the salvage man did take his steed,
 And in some stable near did set him up to feed.

XX.

Ere long to him a homely Groom there came,
 That id rude wife him asked what he was,
 That durst so boldly, without let or shame,
 Into his Lords forbidden hall to pass.
 To whom, the Prince (him faining to embase)
 Mild answer made ; he was an errant Knight,
 The which was fall'a into this feeble case,
 Through many wounds, which lately he in fight,
 Received had, and prayd to pity his ill plight.

XXI.

But he the more outrageous and bold,
 Sternly did bid him quickly thence avaint,
 Or dear aby ; for why, his Lord of old
 Did hate all errant Knights which there did haunt,
 Ne lodging would to any of them grant :
 And therefore lightly bade him pack away,
 Net sparing him with bitter words to taunt ;
 And there-withall, rude hand on him did lay,
 To thrust him out of door, doing his worst assay.

XXII.

Which when the Salvage coming now in place
Beheld, eftsoons he all enraged grew;
And running straight upon that villain base,
Like a fell Lyon at him fiercely flew,
And with his teeth and nails, in present view
Him rudely rent, and all to pieces tore:
So miserably him all helpless flew,
That with the noise, whilst he did loudly rore,
The people of the house rose forth in great uprore.

XXIII.

Who when on ground they saw their fellow slain,
And that same Knight and Salvage standing by,
Upon them two they fell with might and main,
And on them laid so huge and horribly,
As if they would have slain them presently.
But the bold Prince defended him so well,
And their assault withstood so mightily,
That maugre all their might, he did repell
And beat them back, whilst many underneath him fell.

XXIV.

Yet he them still so sharply did pursue,
That few of them he left alive, which fled,
Those evil tidings to their Lord to shew.
Who hearing how his people badly sped,
Came forth in haste: where, whenas with the dead
He saw the ground all strow'd, and that same Knight
And Salvage with their blood fresh-steeming red,
He wox nigh mad with wrath and fell despight,
And with reproachful words him thus bespake on height,

XXV.

Art thou he, traytor, that with treason vile
Hast slain my men in this unmanly manner,
And now triumphest in the piteous spoil
Of these poor folk, whose souls with black dishonour
And foul defame do deck thy bloody banner?
The meed whereof shall shortly be thy shame,
And wretched end, which still attendeth on her.
With that, himself to battle he did frame;
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

XXVI.

With dreadful force they all did him assail,
And round about with boistrous strokes oppress,
That on his shield did rattle like to hail
In a great tempest; that in such distress,
He wist not to which side him to address.
And evermore that craven coward Knight
Was at his back with heartless heediness,
Waiting if he unwares him murder might :
For cowardize doth still in villany delight.

XXVII.

Whereof whenas the Prince was well aware,
He to him turn'd with furious intent,
And him against his powre 'gan to prepare ;
Like a fierce Bull, that being busy bent
To fight with many foes about him ment,
Feeling some Cur behind his heels to bite,
Turns him about with fell avengement :
So likewise turn'd the Prince upon the Knight,
And layd at him amain with all his will and might.

XXVIII.

Who when he once his dreadful strokes had tasted,
Durst not the fury of his force abide,
But turn'd aback, and to retire him hasted
Through the thick preace, there thinking him to hide.
But when the Prince had once him plainly eyde,
He foot by foot him followed alway,
Ne would him suffer once to shrink aside ;
But joining close, huge load at him did lay :
Who flying still did ward, and warding fly away.

XXIX.

But when his foe he still so eager saw,
Unto his heels himself he did betake,
Hoping unto some refuge to withdraw :
Ne would the Prince him ever foot forsake,
Whereso he went, but after him did make.
He fled from room to room, from place to place,
Whilst every joint for dread of death did quake,
Still looking after him that did him chace :
That made him evermore increase his speedy pace.

XXX.

At last he up into the chamber came,
 Whereas his Love was sitting all alone,
 Waiting what tidings of her folk became.
 There did the Prince him overtake anone,
 Crying in vain to her, him to bemoane;
 And with his sword him on the head did smite,
 That to the ground he fell in senseless swone:
 Yet whether thwart or flatly did it lite,
 The tempered steel did not into his brain-pan bite.

XXXI.

Which when the Lady saw, with great affright
 She starting up, began to shriek aloud;
 And with her garment covering him from sight,
 Seem'd under her protection him to shroud;
 And falling lowly at his feet, her bow'd
 Upon her knee, intreating him for grace,
 And often him besought, and pray'd and vow'd;
 That with the ruth of her so wretched case,
 He stayd his second stroke, and did his hand abase.

XXXII.

Her weed she then withdrawing, did him discover:
 Who now come to himself, yet would not rise,
 But still did lie as dead, and quake and quiver,
 That even the Prince his baseness did despise;
 And eke his Dame him seeing in such guise,
 Gan him recomfort, and from ground to rear.
 Who rising up at last in ghastly wise,
 Like troubled Ghost did dreadfully appear,
 As one that had no life him left through former fear.

XXXIII.

Whom when the Prince so deadly saw dismayd,
 He for such baseness shamefully him shent,
 And with sharp words did bitterly upbrayd;
 Vile coward dog, now do I much repent,
 That ever I this life unto thee lent,
 Whereof thou caitive so unworthy art;
 That both thy Love, for lack of hardiment,
 And eke thy self, for want of manly heart,
 And eke all Knights hast shamed with this knightless part.

XXXIV.

Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame,
 And crime to crime, by this thy coward fear.
 For first it was to thee reproachful blame,
 T' erect this wicked custom which I hear,
 Gainst errant Knights and Ladies thou dost rear;
 Whom when thou mayst, thou dost of arms despoil,
 Or of their upper garment which they wear :
 Yet dost thou not with manhood, but with guile,
 Maintain this evil use, thy foes thereby to foil.

XXXV.

And lastly, in approvance of thy wrong,
 To shew such faintness and foul cowardice,
 Is greatest shame: for oft it falls, that strong
 And valiant Knights do rashly enterprize,
 Either for fame, or else for exercise,
 A wrongful quarrel to maintain by fight;
 Yet have, through prowess and their brave emprise,
 Gotten great worship in this world's fight.
 For greater force there needs to maintain wrong than right.

XXXVI.

Yet sith thy life unto this Lady fair
 I given have, live in reproach and scorn;
 Ne ever arms, ne ever knighthood dare
 Hence to profess: for shame is to adorn
 With so brave badges one so basely born,
 But only breathe, sith that I did forgive.
 So having from his craven body torn
 Those goodly arms, he them away did give,
 And only suffred him this wretched life to live.

XXXVII.

There whilst he thus was setting things above,
 Atween that Lady mild and recreant Knight,
 To whom his life he granted for her Love,
 He 'gan bethink him in what per'lous plight
 He had behind him left that Salvage wight,
 Amongst so many foes, whom sure he thought
 By this quite slain in so unequal fight:
 Therefore descending back in haste, he sought
 If yet he were alive, or to destruction brought.

XXXVIII.

There he him found environed about
 With slaughtred bodies, which his hand had slain;
 And laying yet afresh with courage stout
 Upon the rest that did alive remain;
 Whom he likewise right sorely did constrain,
 Like scattred sheep, to seek for safety,
 After he gotten had with busy pain
 Some of their weapons, which thereby did lye,
 With which he layd about, and made them fast to flye.

XXXIX.

Whom when the Prince so felly saw to rage.
 Approaching to him near, his hand he stayd,
 And sought by making signs, him to assuage:
 Who him perceiving, straight to him obeyd,
 As to his Lord, and down his weapons layd,
 As if he long had to his heasts been train'd.
 Thence he him brought away, and up conveyd
 Into the chamber where the Dame remain'd
 With her unworthy Knight, who ill him entertain'd.

XL.

Whom when the Salvage saw from danger free,
 Sitting beside his Lady there at ease,
 He well remembered that the same was he,
 Which lately sought his Lord for to displease:
 Tho all in rage, he on him straight did seize,
 As if he would in pieces him have rent;
 And were not that the Prince did him appeaze,
 He had not left one limb of him unrent:
 But straight he held his hand, at his commandement.

XLI.

Thus having all things well in peace ordain'd,
 The Prince himself there all that night did rest;
 Where him *Blandina* fairly entertain'd,
 With all the courteous glee and goodly feast,
 The which for him she could imagine best.
 For well she knew the ways to win good will
 Of every wight, that were not too infest;
 And how to please the mind of good and ill, [skill.
 Through temp'ring of her words and looks by wondrous

XLII.

Yet were her words and looks but false and feign'd,
To some hid end to make more easy way,
Or to allure such fondlings, -whom she train'd
Into her trap unto their own decay :
Thereto when needed, she could weep and pray :
And when her list'd, she could fawn and flatter ;
Now smiling smoothly, like to summers day,
Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her matter ;
Yet were her words but wind, and all her tears but water.

XLIII.

Whether such grace were given her by kind,
As women wont their guileful wits to guide ;
Or learn'd the art to please, I do not find.
This well I wote, that she so well applide
Her pleasing tongue, that soon she pacifide
The wrathful Prince, and wrought her husbands peace :
Who natheless, not therewith satisfide,
His rancorous despight did not release,
Ne secretly from thought of fell revenge surcease.

XLIV.

For all that night, the whiles the Prince did rest
In careless couch, not weeting what was meant,
He watcht in close await with weapons prest,
Willing to work his villainous intent
On him that had so shamefully him shent :
Yet durst he not for very cowardise
Effect the same, whilst all the night was spent.
The morrow next, the Prince did early rise,
And passed forth to follow his first enterpise.

C A N T O VII.

*Turpine is bafful: his two Knights
Do gain their treasons meed:
Fair Mirabellas punishment
For loves disdain decreed.*

I.

Like as a gentle heart it self bewrays,
In doing gentle deeds with frank delight:
Even so the baser mind it self displays,
In cancred malice and revengeful spight.
For to maligne, t'envy, t'use shifting slight,
Be arguments of a vile dunghill mind:
Which what it dare not do by open might,
To work by wicked treason ways doth find,
By such discourteous deeds discovering his base kind.

II.

That well appears in this discourteous Knight,
The coward *Turpine*, whereof now I treat;
Who notwithstanding that in former fight
He of the Prince his life received late,
Yet in his mind malicious and ingrate
He 'gan devize, to be aveng'd anew
For all that shame, which kindled inward hate.
Therefore so soon as he was out of view,
Himself in haste he arm'd, and did him fast pursue.

III.

Well did he tract his steps as he did ride,
Yet would not near approach in dangers eye,
But kept aloof; for dread to be descride,
Until fit time and place he mote espy,
Where he mote work him scath and villany.
At last, he met two Knights to him unknown,
The which were armed both agreeably,
And both combin'd, whatever chance were blown,
Betwixt them to divide, and each to make his own.

IV.

To whom false *Turpine* coming courteously,
 To cloke the mischief which he inly meant,
 'Gan to complain of great discourtesy,
 Which a strange Knight, that near afore him went,
 Had done to him, and his dear Lady shent :
 Which if they would afford him aid at need,
 For to avenge in time convenient,
 They should accomplish both a knightly deed,
 And for their pains obtain of him a goodly meed.

V.

The Knights believ'd that all he said was true ;
 And being fresh, and full of youthly spright,
 Were glad to hear of that adventure new,
 In which they mote make trial of their might,
 Which never yet they had approv'd in fight :
 And eke desirous of the offred meed :
 Said then the one of them ; Where is that wight,
 The which hath done to thee this wrongful deed,
 That we may it avenge, and punish him with speed.

VI.

He rides, said *Turpine*, there not far afore,
 With a wild man soft footing by his side,
 That if ye list to haste a little more,
 Ye may him overtake in timely tide :
 Eftsoons they pricked forth with forward pride ;
 And ere that little while they ridden had,
 The gentle Prince not far away they spide,
 Riding a softly pace with portance sad,
 Devizing of his Love, more than of danger drad.

VII.

Then one of them aloud unto him cride,
 Bidding him turn again, false traytor Knight,
 Foul woman-wronger ; for he him deside.
 With that, they both attonce with equal spight
 Did bend their spears, and both with equal might
 Against him ran, but th'one did miss his mark :
 And being carried with his force forth-right,
 Glaunst swiftly by ; like to that heavenly spark,
 Which gliding through the air, lights all the heavens dark.

VIII.

But th'other, aiming better, did him smite
 Full in the shield, with so impetuous powre,
 That all his launce in pieces shiver'd quite,
 And (scatter'd all about) fell on the floure.
 But the stout Prince, with much more steddý floure
 Full on his bever did him strike so sore,
 That the cold steel, through-piercing, did devour
 His vital breath, and to the ground him bore,
 Where still he bathed lay in his own bloody gore.

IX.

As when a cast of Faulcons make their flight
 At an Hernshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
 The whiles they strike at him with heedless might,
 The wary fowl his bill doth backward wring;
 On which the first, whose force her first doth bring,
 Her self quite through the body doth engore,
 And falleth down to ground like senseless thing;
 But th'other, not so swift as she before,
 Fails of her souse, and passing by, doth hurt no more.

X.

By this, the other which was passed by,
 Himself recovering, was return'd to fight;
 Where, when he saw his fellow lifeless lie,
 He much was daunted, with so dismal sight;
 Yet nought abating of his former spight,
 Let drive at him with so malicious mind,
 As if he would have passed through him quight:
 But the steel-head no stedfast hold could find,
 But glauncing by, deceiv'd him of that he design'd.

XI.

Not so the Prince: for his well learned spear
 Took surer hold, and from his horses back
 Above a launces length him forth did bear,
 And 'gainst the cold hard earth so sore him strake,
 That all his bones in pieces nigh he brake.
 Where seeing him so lie, he left his steed,
 And to him leaping, vengeance thought to take
 Of him, for all his former follies meed,
 With flaming sword in hand his terroure more to breed.

XII.

The fearful swain, beholding death so nigh,
 Cry'd out aloud for mercy him to save;
 In lieu whereof, he would to him descrie
 Great treason to him meant, his life to reave.
 The Prince soon hearkned, and his life forgave.
 Then thus, said he; There is a stranger Knight,
 The which for promise of great meed, us drave
 To this attempt, to wreak his hid despight,
 For that himself thereto did want sufficient might.

XIII.

The Prince much mused at such villany,
 And said; Now sure ye well have earn'd your meed:
 For th'one is dead, and the other soon shall dye,
 Unless to me thou hither bring with speed
 The wretch that hir'd you to this wicked deed.
 He glad of life, and willing eke to wreak
 The guilt on him, which did this mischief breed,
 Swore by his sword, that neither day nor week
 He would surcease, but him, wherso he were would seek.

XIV.

So up he rose, and forth straightway he went
 Back to the place where *Turpine* late he lore;
 There he him found in great astonishment,
 To see him so bedight with bloody gore,
 And grievously wounds that him appalled sore.
 Yet thus at length he said; How now, Sir Knight?
 What meaneth this which here I see before?
 How fortuneth this foul uncomely plight;
 So different from that which earst ye seem'd in sight?

XV.

Perdy, said he, in evil hour it fell,
 That ever I for meed did undertake
 So hard a task, as life for hire to sell;
 The which I earst adventur'd for your sake.
 Witness the wounds, and this wide bloody lake,
 Which ye may see yet all about me steem.
 Therefore now yield, as ye did promise make,
 My due reward; the which right well I deem
 I earned have, that life so dearly did redeem.

XVI.

But where then is, quoth he, half wrathfully,
 Where is the booty which therefore I bought;
 That cursed caitive, my strong enemy,
 That recreant Knight, whose hated life I fought?
 And where is eke your friend, which half it ought?
 He lies, said he, upon the cold bare ground,
 Slain of that errant Knight, with whom he fought;
 Whom afterwards, my self with many a wound
 Did slay again, as ye may see there in the fount.

XVII.

Thereof false *Turpine* was full glad and fain,
 And needs with him straight to the place would ride,
 Where he himself might see his foeman slain;
 For else his fear could not be satisfide.
 So as they rode, he saw the way all dide
 With streams of blood; which tracking by the trail,
 Ere long they came, whereas in evil tide,
 That other swain, like ashes deadly pale,
 Lay in the lap of death, rueing his wretched bale.

XVIII.

Much did the Craven seem to moan his case,
 That for his sake his dear life had forgone;
 And him bewailing with affection base,
 Did counterfeit kind pity, where was none;
 For where's no courage, there's no ruth nor moan.
 Thence passing forth, not far away he found,
 Whereas the Prince himself lay all alone,
 Loosly display'd upon the grassie ground,
 Possessed of sweet sleep, that lull'd him soft in swound.

XIX.

Weary of travel in his former fight,
 He there in shade himself had laid to rest,
 Having his arms and warlike things undight,
 Fearless of foes that mote his peace molest;
 The whiles his salvage Page, that wout be prest,
 Was wandred in the wood another way,
 To do some thing that seemed to him best,
 The whiles his Lord in silver slumber lay,
 Like to the evening star, adorn'd with dewy ray.

XX.

Whom whenas *Turpine* saw so loosely laid,
 He weened well that he indeed was dead,
 Like as that other Knight to him had said :
 But when he nigh approacht, he mote aread
 Plain signs in him of life and livelyhead.
 Whereat much griev'd against that stranger Knight,
 That him too light of credence did mislead,
 He would have back retired from that sight,
 That was to him on earth the deadliest desight.

XXI.

But that same Knight would not once let him start,
 But plainly 'gan to him declare the case
 Of all his mitchief, and late luckless smart:
 How both he and his fellow there in place
 Were vanquished, and put to foul disgrace,
 And how that he in lieu of life him lent,
 Had vow'd unto the victor, him to trace
 And follow through the world, wherefo he went,
 Till that he him deliver'd to his punishment.

XXII.

He therewith much abashed and affrayd,
 Began to tremble every limb and vein;
 And softly whisp'ring him, entirely prayd,
 T'advise him better, than by such a train
 I him to betray unto a stranger swain,
 Yet rather counsel'd him contrariwise,
 Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustain,
 To join with him, and vengeance to devise,
 Whilst time did offer means him sleeping to surprife.

XXIII.

Nath'less, for all his speech, the gentle Knight
 Would not be tempted to such villany,
 Regarding more his faith, which he did plight;
 All were it to his mortal enemy,
 Than to entrap him by false treachery :
 Great shame in Lieges blood to be embru'd.
 Thus whilst they were debating diversly,
 The Salvage forth out of the wood issu'd
 Back to the place, whereas his Lord he sleeping view'd.

XXIV.

There when he saw those two so near him stand,
 He doubted much what mote their meaning be :
 And throwing down his load out of his hand
 (To weet, great store of forest fruit, which he
 Had for his food late gather'd from the tree)
 Himself unto his weapon he betook,
 That was an oaken plant, which lately he
 Rent by the root ; which he so sternly shook,
 That like an hazel wand it quivered and quook.

XXV.

Whereat the Prince awaking, when he spide
 The traytour *Turpine* with that other Knight,
 He started up ; and snatching near his side
 His trusty sword, the servant of his might,
 Like a fell Lion leaped to him light,
 And his left hand upon his collar laid.
 Therewith the coward deaded with affright,
 Fell flat to ground, ne word unto him sayd,
 But holding up his hands, with silence mercy prayd.

XXVI.

But he so full of indignation was,
 That to his prayer nought he would incline,
 But as he lay upon the humbled grasse,
 His foot he set on his vile neck, in sign
 Of servile yoke, that nobler hearts repine.
 Then letting him arise like abject thrall,
 He 'gan to him object his hainous crime,
 And to revile, and rate, and recreant call,
 And lastly to despoil of Knightly banneral.

XXVII.

And after all for greater infamy,
 He by the heels him hung upon a tree,
 And baffuld so, that all which passed by,
 The picture of his punishment might see,
 And by the like ensample warned be,
 However they through treason do trespass.
 But turn we now back to that Lady free,
 Whom late we left riding upon an Ass,
 Led by a Carle and Fool, which by her side did pass.

XXVIII.

She was a Lady of great dignity,
 And lifted up to honourable place,
 Famous through all the land of Faëry,
 Though of mean parentage and kindred base,
 Yet deckt with wondrous gifts of natures grace,
 That all men did her person much admire,
 And praise the feature of her goodly face,
 The beams whereof did kindle lovely fire
 In sh'hearts of many a Knight, and many a gentle Squire.

XXIX.

But she thereof grew proud and insolent,
 That none she worthy thought to be her Feer,
 But scorn'd them all that love unto her meant:
 Yet was she lov'd of many a worthy peer;
 Unworthy she to be belov'd so dear,
 That could not weigh of worthiness aright.
 For beauty is more glorious, bright and clear,
 The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
 And noblest she, that served is of noblest Knight.

XXX.

But this coy Damzel thought contrariwise,
 That such proud looks would make her praised more;
 And that the more she did all Love despise,
 The more would wretched Lovers her adore.
 What cared she who sighed for her sore,
 Or who did wail or watch the weary night?
 Let them that list, their luckless lot deplore;
 She was born free, not bound to any wight,
 And so would ever live, and love her own delight.

XXXI.

Through such her stubborn stiffness, and hard heart,
 Many a wretch, for want of remedy,
 Did languish long in life-consuming smart,
 And at the last, through dreary colour die:
 Whilst she (the Lady of her liberty)
 Did boast, her beauty had such soverain might,
 That with the only twinkle of her eye,
 She could or save, or spill, whom she would hight.
 What could the Gods do more, but do it more aright?

XXXII.

But lo, the Gods, that mortal follies view,
 Did worthily revenge this maidens pride;
 And nought regarding her so goodly hue,
 Did laugh at her that many did deride,
 Whilst she did weep, of no man mercifide.
 For on a day, when *Cupid* kept his court,
 As he is wont at each Saint Valenteide,
 Unto the which all Lovers do resort,
 That of their loves success they there may make report;

XXXIII.

It fortun'd then, that when the rolls were read,
 In which the names of all Loves folk were fil'd,
 That many there were missing, which were dead,
 Or kept in bands, or from their Loves exil'd,
 Or by some other violence despoil'd.
 Which whenas *Cupid* heard, he waxed wroth,
 And doubting to be wronged, or beguil'd,
 He bade his eyes to be unblindfold both,
 That he might see his men, and muster them by oath.

XXXIV.

Then found he many missing of his crew,
 Which wont do suit and service to his might,
 Of whom what was becomen, no man knew.
 Therefore a Jury was impannel'd straight,
 T'enquire of them, whether by force or sleight,
 Or their own guilt, they were away convey'd.
 To whom foul *Infamy* and fell *Despight*
 Gave evidence, that they were all betrayd,
 And murdred cruelly by a rebellious Maid.

XXXV.

Fair *Mirabella* was her name, whereby
 Of all those crimes she there indited was:
 All which when *Cupid* heard, he by and by
 In great displeasure, will'd a *Capias*
 Should issue forth, t'attach that scornful Lads.
 The warrant straight was made, and therewithall.
 A Bayliff errant forth in post did pass,
 Whom they by name their *Portamour* did call;
 He which doth summon Lovers to Loves judgment hall.

XXXVI.

The Damzel was attacht, and shortly brought
 Upto the bar, whereas she was arraign'd :
 But she thereto nould plead nor answer ought
 Even for stubborn pride, which her restrain'd.
 So judgment past, as is by law ordain'd
 In cases like ; which when at last she saw,
 Her stubborn heart, which love before disdain'd,
 'Gan stoop, and falling down with humble awe,
 Cry'd mercy, to abate th' extremity of law.

XXXVII.

The son of *Venus*, who is mild by kind
 But where he is provokt with peevishness,
 Unto her prayers piteously inclin'd,
 And did the rigour of his doom repress ;
 Yet not so freely but that nathelss
 He unto her a penance did impose :
 Which was that through this worlds wide wilderness
 She wander should in company of those,
 Till she had sav'd so many Loves as she did lose.

XXXVIII.

So now she had been wandring two whole years
 Throughout the world, in this uncomely case,
 Wasting her goodly hue in heavy tears,
 And her good days in dolorous disgrace :
 Yet had she not, in all these two years space,
 Saved but two ; yet in two years before,
 Through her despiteous pride, whilst love lackt place,
 She had destroyed two and twenty more. [fore ?
 Aye me ! how could her love make half amends there-

XXXIX.

And now she was upon the weary way,
 Whenas the gentle Squire, with fair *Serene*,
 Met her in such misseeming foul array ;
 The whiles, that mighty man did her demean
 With all the evil terms and cruel mean
 That he could make ; And eke that angry Fool,
 Which follow'd her, with curst hands unclean
 Whipping her horse, did with his smarting tool
 Oft whip her dainty self, and much augment her dool.

XL.

Ne ought it mote avail her to entreat
 The one or th' other, better her to use :
 For both so wilful were and obstinate,
 That all her piteous plaint they did refuse,
 And rather did the more her beat and bruise.
 But most, the former villain, which did lead
 Her tireling Jade, was bent her to abuse ;
 Who though she were with weariness nigh dead,
 Yet would not let her light, nor rest a little stead.

XLI.

For he was stern and terrible by nature,
 And eke of person huge and hideous,
 Exceeding much the measure of mans stature,
 And rather like a Giant monstrous.
 For sooth he was descended of the house
 Of those old Giants, which did wars darraign
 Against the heaven in order battailous,
 And Sib to great *Orgolio*, which was slain
 By *Arthur*, whenas *Unas* Knight he did maintain.

XLII.

His looks were dreadful, and his fiery eyes
 (Like two great beacons) glared bright and wide,
 Glauncing askew, as if his enemies
 He scorned in his over-weening pride ;
 And stalking stately, like a Crane, did stride
 At every step upon the tip-toes high :
 And all the way he went on every side
 He gaz'd about, and stared horribly,
 As if he with his looks would all men terrify.

XLIII.

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
 As no whit dreading any living wight ;
 But in a jacket quilted richly rare,
 Upon checklaton, he was strangely dight,
 And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
 Like to the *Moors* of *Malabar* he wore ;
 With which his locks, as black as pitchy night,
 Were bound about, and voided from before,
 And in his hand a mighty iron club he bore.

XLIV.

This was *Disdain*, who led that Ladies horse [plains.
 Throughthick and thin, through mountains and through
 Compelling her, where she would not, by force,
 Haling her palfrey by the hempen reins.
 But that same Fool, which most increast her pains,
 Was *Scorn*, who having in his hand a whip,
 Her therewith yirks, and still when she complains,
 The more he laughs, and does her closely quip,
 To see her fore lament, and bite her tender lip.

XLV.

Whose cruel handling when that Squire beheld,
 And saw those villains her so vilely use,
 His gentle heart with indignation swell'd,
 And could no longer bear so great abuse,
 As such a Lady so to beat and bruise;
 But to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,
 The forc'd him th'halter from his hand to loose,
 And maugre all his might, back to relent:
 Else had he surely there been slain, or foully shent.

XLVI.

The villain, wroth for greeting him so sore,
 Gather'd himself together soon again;
 And with his iron batton which he bore,
 Let drive at him so dreadfully amain,
 That for his safety he did him constrain
 To give him ground, and shift to every side.
 Rather than once his burden to sustain:
 For bootless thing him seemed to abide
 So mighty blows, or prove the puissance of his pride.

XLVII.

Like as a Mastiff, having at a bay
 A salvage Bull, whose cruel horns do threat
 Desperate danger, if he them assay,
 Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
 To spy where he may some advantage get;
 The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly rore:
 So did the Squire the whiles the Carle did fret,
 And fume in his disdainful mind the more,
 And oftentimes by *Turmagant* and *Mabound* swore.

XLVIII.

Nath'less, so sharply still he him pursu'd,
 That at advantage him at last he took,
 When his foot slipt (that slip he dearly ru'd)
 And with his iron club to ground him strook;
 Where still he lay, ne out of swoon awook,
 Till heavy hand the Carle upon him laid,
 And bound him fast: Tho when he up did look,
 And saw himself captiv'd, he was dismayd,
 Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any aid.

XLIX.

Then up he made him rise, and forward fare,
 Led in a rope, which both his hands did bind;
 Ne ought that Fool for pity did him spare;
 But with his whip him following behind,
 Him often scourg'd, and forc'd his feet to find:
 And otherwhiles, with bitter mocks and mows
 He would him scorn, that to his gentle mind
 Was much more grievous than the others blows:
 Words sharply wound, but greatest grief of scorning grows.

L.

The fair *Serena* when she saw him fall
 Under that villains club, then surely thought
 That slain he was, or made a wretched thrall,
 And fled away with all the speed she mought,
 To seek for safety, which long time she sought;
 And past through many perils by the way,
 Ere she again to *Calepine* was brought:
 The which discourse as now I must delay,
 Till *Mirabellas* fortunes I do further say.

C A N T O VIII.

*Prince Arthur overcomes Disdain,
Quits Mirabell from dread:
Serena, found of Salvages,
By Calepine is freed.*

I.

Ye gentle Ladies, in whose soveraine powre
Love hath the glory of his kingdom left,
And th' hearts of men, as your eternal dowre,
In iron chains, of liberty bereft,
Deliver'd hath into your hands by gift;
Be well aware, how ye the same do use,
That pride do not to tyranny you list;
Left if men you of cruelty accuse,
He from you take that chiefdom which ye do abuse.

II.

And as ye soft and tender are by kind,
Adorn'd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye soft and tender eke in mind;
But cruelty and hardnes from you chace,
That all your other praises will deface,
And from you turn the love of men, to hate.
Ensamble take of *Mirabellas* case,
Who from the high degree of happy state,
Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late.

III.

Who after thralldom of the gentle Squire,
Which she beheld with lamentable eye,
Was touched with compassion entire,
And much lamented his calamity,
That for her sake fell into misery:
Which bootéd nought for prayers, nor for threat,
To hope for to release or mollify;
For aye the more that she did them intreat,
The more they him misus'd, and cruelly did beat.

IV.

So as they forward on their way did pass,
 Him still reviling and afflicting sore,
 They met Prince *Arthur* with Sir *Emias*,
 (That was that courteous Knight, whom he before
 Having subdu'd, yet did to life restore)
 To whom as they approacht, they 'gan augment
 Their cruelty, and him to punish more,
 Scourging and haling him more vehement :
 As if it them should grieve to see his punishment.

V.

The Squire himself, whenas he saw his Lord,
 The witness of his wretchedness, in place,
 Was much asham'd, that with an hempen cord
 He like a Dog was led in captive case ;
 And did his head for bashfulness abase,
 As loth to see, or to be seen at all :
 Shame would be hid. But whenas *Emias*
 Beheld two such, of two such villains thrall,
 His manly mind was much emmowed therewithall,

VI.

And to the Prince thus said ; See you, Sir Knight,
 The greatest shame that ever eye yet saw ?
 Yond Lady and her Squire with foul despight
 Abus'd, against all reason and all law,
 Without regard of pity or of awe.
 See how they do that Squire beat and revile ;
 See how they do the Lady hale and draw.
 But if ye please to lend me leave awhile,
 I will them soon acquit, and both of blame assoil.

VII.

The Prince assented : and then he straightway
 Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,
 With which approaching, thus he 'gan to say ;
 Abide ye caitive treachetours untrue,
 That have with treason thrall'd unto you
 These two, unworthy of your wretched bands ;
 And now your crime with cruelty pursue.
 Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands ;
 Or else abide the death, that hard before you stands.

VIII.

The villain staid not answer to invent,
 But with his iron club preparing way,
 His minds sad message back unto him sent ;
 The which descended with such dreadful sway,
 That seemed nought the course thereof could stay :
 No more than lightning from the lofty sky.
 Ne list the Knight the powre thereof assay,
 Whose doom was death ; but lightly slipping by,
 Unwares defrauded his intended destiny.

IX.

And to requite him with the like again,
 With his sharp sword he fiercely at him flew,
 And strook so strongly, that the Carle with pain
 Saved himself, but that he there him flew :
 Yet sav'd not so, but that the blood it drew,
 And gave his foe good hope of victory.
 Who therewith sleight, upon him set anew,
 And with the second stroke, thought certainly
 To have supplide the first, and paid the usury.

X.

But Fortune answer'd not unto his call ;
 For as his hand was heaved up on height,
 The villain met him in the middle fall,
 And with his club beat back his brondiron bright
 So forcibly, that with his own hands might
 Rebeaten back upon himself again,
 He driven was to ground in self despight ;
 From whence ere he recovery could gain,
 He in his neck did set his foot with fell disdain.

XI.

With that, the Fool, which did that end await,
 Came running in ; and whilst on ground he lay,
 Laid heavy hands on him, and held so streight,
 That down he kept him with his scornful sway,
 So as he could not wield him any way.
 The whiles that other villain went about
 Him to have bound, and thrall'd without delay ;
 The whiles, the Fool did him revile and flout, [stout.
 Threatning to yoke them two, and tame their courage

XII.

As when a sturdy Plough-man with his Hind
 By strength have overthrow a stubborn Stear,
 They down him hold, and fast with cords do bind
 Till they him force the buxom yoke to bear :
 So did these two this Knight oft tug and tear.
 Which when the Prince beheld, there standing by,
 He left his lofty steed to aid him near ;
 And buckling soon himself, 'gan fiercely fly
 Upon that Carle, to save his friend from jeopardy.

XIII.

The villain, leaving him unto his Mate
 To be captiv'd, and handled as he list,
 Himself addrest unto this new debate,
 And with his club him all about so blist,
 That he which way to turn him scarcely wist :
 Sometimes aloft he laid, sometimes alow ;
 Now here, now there, and oft him near he mist ;
 So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
 Whether more wary were to give or ward the blow.

XIV.

But yet the Prince so well'enured was
 With such huge strokes, approved oft in fight,
 That way to them he gave forth-right to pass ;
 Ne would endure the danger of their might,
 But wait advantage, when they down did light.
 At last, the caitive after long discourse,
 When all his strokes he saw avoided quite,
 Resolv'd in one t' assemble all his force,
 And make an end of him without ruth or remorse.

XV.

His dreadful hand he heaved up aloft ;
 And with his dreadful instruments of ire,
 Thought sure have pounded him to powder soft,
 Or deep embowel'd in the earth entire :
 But fortune did not with his will conspire.
 For ere his stroke attained his intent,
 The noble child preventing his desire,
 Under his club with wary boldness went,
 And smote him on the knee, that never yet was bent.

XVI.

It never yet was bent, ne bent it now,
Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,
That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow :
But all that leg which did his body bear,
It crackt throughout, yet did no blood appear ;
So as it was unable to support
So huge a burden on such broken gear,
But fell to ground, like to a lump of dirt ;
Whence he assaid to rise, but could not for his hurt.

XVII.

Estfoons the Prince to him full nimble stept ;
And lest he should recover foot again,
His head meant from his shoulders to have swept.
Which when the Lady saw, she cride amain ;
Stay, stay, Sir Knight, for love of God abstain,
From that unwares ye weetles do intend ;
Slay not that Carle though worthy to be slain :
For more on him doth than himself depend ;
My life will by his death have lamentable end.

XVIII.

He stayd his hand according her desire,
Yet nathemore him suffred to arise ;
But still suppressing, 'gan of her inquire,
What meaning mote those uncouth words comprise,
That in that villains health her safety lies :
That were no might in man, nor heart in Knights,
Which durst her dreaded rescue enterprise,
Yet heavens themselves, that favour feeble rights,
Would for itself redress, and punish such despights.

XIX.

Then bursting forth in tears, which gushed fast
Like many water-streams, awhile she staid :
Till the sharp passion being over-past,
Her tongue to her restor'd, then thus she said ;
Nor heavens, nor men, can me most wretched Maid
Deliver from the doom of my desert ;
The which the God of Love hath on me laid,
And damned to endure this direful smart,
For penance of my proud and hard rebellious heart.

XX.

In prime of youthly years, when first the flowre
 Of beauty 'gan to bud, and bloosm delight,
 And Nature me endu'd with plenteous dowre
 Of all her gifts that pleas'd each living sight,
 I was belov'd of many a gentle Knight,
 And su'd and fought with all the service due :
 Full many a one for me deep groand, and sigh't,
 And to the door of death for sorrow drew,
 Complaining out on me, that would not on them rew.

XXI.

But let them love that list, or live or die :
 Me list not die for any Lovers dool :
 Ne list me leave my loved liberty,
 To pity him that list to play the fool :
 To love myself I learned had in school.
 Thus I triumphed long in Lovers pain,
 And sitting careless on the scorners stool,
 Did laugh at those that did lament and plain :
 But all is now repayd with interest again.

XXII.

For lo, the winged God, that woundeth hearts,
 Caus'd me be called to account therefore :
 And for revengement of those wrongful smarts,
 Which I to others did inflict afore,
 Addeem'd me to endure this penance sore ;
 That in this wise, and this unmeet array,
 With these two lewd companions, and no more,
Disdain and *Scorn*, I through the world should stray,
 Till I have sav'd so many as I erst did slay.

XXIII.

Certes, said then the Prince, the God is just,
 That taketh vengeance of his peoples spoil :
 For were no law in Love, but all that lust
 Might them oppress, and painfully turmoil,
 His kingdom would continue but awhile.
 But tell me Lady, wherefore do you bear
 This bottle thus before you with such toil,
 And eke this wallet at your back arear,
 That for these Carles to carry much more comely were?

XXIV.

Here in this bottle, said the sorry Maid,
I put the tears of my contrition,
Till to the brim I have it full defraid :
And in this bag which I behind me don,
I put repentance for things past and gon.
Yet is the bottle leak, and bag so torn,
That all which I put in, falls out anon ;
And is behind me trodden down of *Scorn*,
Who mocketh all my pain, and laughs the more I mourn.

XXV.

The Infant hearkned wisely to her tale,
And wondred much at *Cupids* judgment wise,
That could so meekly make proud hearts availe,
And wreak himself on them that him despise.
Then suffred he *Disdain* up to arise,
Who was not able up himself to rear,
By means his leg, through his late luckless prise,
Was crakt in twain ; but by his foolish Feer
Was holpen up, who him supported standing near.

XXVI.

But being up, he lookt again aloft,
As if he never had received fall ;
And with stern eye-brows stared at him oft,
As if he would have daunted him withall :
And standing on his tip-toes to seem tall,
Down on his golden feet he often gaz'd,
As if such pride the other could apall ;
Who was so far from being ought amaz'd
That he his looks despised, and his boast disprais'd.

XXVII.

Then turned back unto that captive thrall,
Who all this while stood there beside them bound,
Unwilling to be known, or seen at all,
He from those bands ween'd him to have unwound.
But when approaching near, he plainly found,
It was his own true Groom, the gentle Squire,
He thereat wext exceedingly astound,
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire ;
Ne could, with seeing, satisfie his great desire,

XXVIII.

Mean while, the salvage man, when he beheld
 That huge great Fool oppressing th'other Knight,
 Whom with his weight unwieldly down he held,
 He flew upon him, like a greedy Kight,
 Unto some carrion offer'd to his sight :
 And down him plucking, with his nails and teeth
 'Gan him to hale and tear, and scratch and bite ;
 And from him taking his own whip, therewith
 So sore him scourgeth, that the bloud down followeth.

XXIX.

And sure, I ween, had not the Ladies cry
 Procur'd the Prince his cruel hand to stay,
 He would with whipping him have done to die :
 But being checkt, he did abstain straightway,
 And let him rise. Then thus the Prince 'gan say ;
 Now Lady, sith your fortunes thus dispose,
 That if ye list have liberty, ye may,
 Unto your self I freely leave to choose,
 Whether I shall you leave, or from these villains loose.

XXX.

Ah ! nay, Sir Knight, said she, it may not be,
 But that I needs must by all means fulfill
 This penance, which enjoined is to me,
 Lest unto me betide a greater ill ;
 Yet no less thanks to you for your good will.
 So humbly taking leave, she turn'd aside :
 But *Arthur*, with the rest, went onward still
 On his first quest : in which did him betide
 A great adventure, which did him from them divide.

XXXI.

But first, it falleth me by course to tell
 Of fair *Serena* : who as earst you heard,
 When first the gentle Squire at variance fell
 With those two Carles, fled fast away, afeard
 Of villany to be to her inferd :
 So fresh the image of her former dread,
 Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
 That every foot did tremble, which did tread ;
 And every body two, and two she four did read.

XXXII.

Through hills and dales, through bushes, and through brakes
 Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought
 Herself now past the peril of her fears.
 Then looking round about, and seeing nought,
 Which doubt of danger to her offer mought,
 She from her palfrey lighted on the plain;
 And sitting down, her self awhile bethought
 Of her long travel, and turmoiling pain;
 And often did of love, and oft of luck complain.

XXXIII.

And evermore, she blamed *Calepine*,
 The good Sir *Calepine*, her own true Knight,
 As th'only author of her woeful time:
 For being of his love to her so light,
 As her to leave in such a piteous plight.
 Yet never Turtle truer to his Make,
 Than he was tride unto his Lady bright:
 Who all this while endured for her sake,
 Great peril of his life, and restless pains did take:

XXXIV.

Tho whenas all her complaints she had dislaid,
 And well disburden'd her engrieved breast,
 Upon the grass herself adown she laid;
 Where being tir'd with travel, and oppress'd
 With sorrow, she betook herself to rest.
 There whilst in *Morpheus* bosom safe she lay,
 Fearless of ought that mote her peace molest,
 False Fortune did her safety betray,
 Unto a strange mischance, that menac'd her decay.

XXXV.

In these wild desarts, where she now abode,
 There dwelt a salvage nation, which did live
 Of stealth and spoil, and making nightly road
 Into their neighbours borders: ne did give
 Themselves to any trade (as for to drive
 The painful plough, or cattle for to breed,
 Or by adventrous merchandize to thrive)
 But on the labours of poor men to feed,
 And serve their own necessities with others need.

XXXVI.

Thereto they us'd one most accursed order,
 To eat the flesh of men, whom they mote find,
 And strangers to devour, which on their border
 Were brought by errour, or by wreckful wind,
 A monstrous cruelty 'gainst course of kind.
 They towards evening wandring every way,
 To seek for booty, came (by Fortune blind)
 Whereas this Lady, like a Sheep astray,
 Now drowned in the depth of sleep all fearless lay.

XXXVII.

Soon as they spide her, Lord what gladful glee
 They made amongst themselves ! but when her face
 Like the fair ivory shining they did see,
 Each 'gan his fellow solace and embrace,
 For joy of such good hap by heavenly grace.
 Then 'gan they to devise what course to take :
 Whether to slay her there upon the place,
 Or suffer her out of her sleep to wake,
 And then her eat attonce ; or many meals to make.

XXXVIII.

The best advizement was of bad, to let her
 Sleep out her fill, without encomberment :
 For sleep (they said) would make her battil better.
 Then when she wak'd, they all gave one consent,
 That sith by grace of God she there was sent,
 Unto their God they would her sacrifice ;
 Whose share, her guiltless blood they would present :
 But of her dainty flesh they did devise
 To make a common feast, and feed with gormandize.

XXXIX.

So round about her they themselves did place
 Upon the grass, and diversly dispose,
 As each thought best to spend the lingring space.
 Some with their eyes the daintiest morsels chose ;
 Some praise her paps, some praise her lips and nose ;
 Some whet their knives, and strip their elbows bare ;
 The Priest himself a girlond doth compose
 Of finest flowres, and with full busie care
 His bloody vessels wash, and holy fire prepare.

XL.

The Damzel wakes : then all at once upstart,
And round about her flock, like many flies,
Whooping, and hollowing on every part,
As if they would have rent the brazen skies.
Which when she sees with ghastly grievous eyes,
Her heart does quake, and deadly pallid hue
Benumbs her cheeks : Then out aloud she cries,
Where none is nigh to hear, that will her rue,
And rends her golden locks, and snowy breasts embroe.

XLI.

But all boots not : they hands upon her lay ;
And first they spoil her of her jewels dear,
And afterwards of all her rich array ;
The which amongst them they in pieces tear,
And of the prey each one a part doth bear.
Now being naked to their sordid eyes
The goodly treasures of nature appear :
Which as they view with lustful fantasies,
Each wisheth to himself, and to the rest envies.

XLII.

Her ivory neck, her alabaster breast,
Her paps, which like white silken pillows were,
For Love in soft delight thereon to rest ;
Her tender sides, her belly white and clear,
Which like an altar did it self uprear,
To offer sacrifice divine thereon ;
Her goodly thighs, whose glory did appear
Like a triumphal arch, and thereupon
The spoils of Princes hang'd, which were in battle won :

XLIII.

Those dainty parts, the dearlings of delight,
Which mote not be prophan'd of common eyes,
Those villains view'd with loose lascivious sight,
And closely tempted with their crafty spies ;
And some of them 'gan 'mongst themselves devise,
Thereof by force to take their beastly pleasure.
But them the Priest rebuking did advise
To dare not to pollute so sacred treasure,
Vow'd to the Gods : religion held even thieves in measure.

XLIV.

So being stayd, they her from thence directed
 Unto a little grove not far aside,
 In which an altar shortly they erected,
 To slay her on. And now the eventide
 His broad black wings had through the heavens wide
 By this dispread, that was the time ordain'd
 For such a dismal deed, their guilt to hide :
 Of few green turfs an altar soon they fain'd,
 And deckt it all with flowers, which they nigh hand obtain'd.

XLV.

Tho whenas all things ready were aright,
 The Damzel was before the altar set,
 Being already dead with fearful fright.
 To whom the Priest with naked arms full net
 Approaching nigh, and murderous knife well whet,
 'Gan mutter close a certain secret charm,
 With other devilish ceremonies met :
 Which done, he 'gan aloft t'advance his arm,
 Whereat they shouted all, and made a loud alarm.

XLVI.

Then 'gan the bag-pipes and the horns to shrill
 And shriek aloud, that with the peoples voice
 Confused, did the air with terroure fill,
 And made the wood to tremble at the noise :
 The whiles she waild, the more they did rejoyce.
 Now mote ye understand that to this grove
 Sir *Calepine* by chance, more than by choice,
 The self-same evening fortune hither drove,
 As he to seek *Serena* through the woods did rove.

XLVII.

Long had he sought her, and through many a soil
 Had travel'd still on foot in heavy arms,
 Ne ought was tired with his endless toil,
 Ne ought was feared of his certain harms :
 And now all weeteless of the wretched storms,
 In which his Love was lost, he slept full fast,
 Till being waked with these loud alarms,
 He lightly started up like one aghast,
 And catching up his arms, straight to the noise forth past.

XLVIII.

There by th'uncertain glimpse of starry night,
 And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
 He mote perceive a little dawning sight
 Of all, which there was doing in that quire :
 'Mongst whom, a woman spoild of all attire
 He spide lamenting her unlucky strife,
 And groaning sore from grieved heart entire ;
 Eftsoons he saw one with a naked knife
 Ready to launce her breast, and let out loved life.

XLIX.

With that he thrusts into the thickest throng,
 And ev'n as his right hand adown descends,
 He him preventing, lays on earth along,
 And sacrificeth to th'infernal Fiends.
 Then to the rest his wrathful hand he bends :
 Of whom he makes such havock and such hew,
 That swarms of damned souls to hell he sends :
 The rest, that scape his sword and death eschew,
 Fly like a flock of Doves before a Faulcons view.

L.

From them returning to that Lady back,
 Whom by the altar he doth sitting find,
 Yet fearing death, and next to death, the lack
 Of clothes to cover what she ought by kind,
 He first her hands begineth to unbind ;
 And then to question of her present woe ;
 And afterwards to chear with speeches kind.
 But she, for nought that he could say or do,
 One word durst speak, or answer him awhit thereto.

LI.

So inward shame of her uncomely case
 She did conceive, through care of womanhood,
 That though the night did cover her disgrace,
 Yet she in so unwomanly a mood,
 Would not bewray the state in which she stood.
 So all that night to him unknown she past.
 But day that doth discover bad and good.
 Ensuing, made her known to him at last :
 The end whereof I'll keep until another cast.

C A N T O IX.

*Calidore boasts with Melibæ,
And loves fair Pastorell;
Coridon envies him, yet he
For ill rewards him well.*

I.

Now turn again my team thou jolly swain,
Back to the furrow which I lately left;
I lately left a furrow, one or twain
Unplough'd, the which my coulter hath not cleft:
Yet seem'd the soil both fair and fruitful est,
As I it past; that were too great a shame,
That so rich fruit should be from us bereft;
Besides the great dishonour and defame,
Which should befall to *Calidore's* immortal name.

II.

Great travel hath the gentle *Calidore*
And toil endured, since I left him last
'Sueing the *Blatant Beast*; which I forbore
To finish then, for other present haste.
Full many paths, and perils he hath past, [plains,
Through hills, through dales, through forests, and through
In that same quest, which Fortune on him cast;
Which he achieved to his own great gains,
Reaping eternal glory of his restless pains.

III.

So sharply he the monster did pursue,
That day nor night he suffer'd him to rest:
He rested he himself (but natures due)
For dread of danger, not to be redrest,
If he for sloth forlacked so famous quest.
Him first from court he to the cities cours'd,
And from the cities to the towns him prest,
And from the towns into the country forc'd,
And from the country back to private farms he scors'd.

IV.

From thence into the open fields he fled,
 Whereas the Herd's were keeping of their Neat,
 And Shepherds singing to their flocks that fed,
 Lays of sweet love and youths delightful heat:
 Him thither eke (for all his fearful threat
 He follow'd fast, and chased him so nigh,
 That to the folds, where sheep at night do seat,
 And to the little cotes, where Shepherds lye,
 In winters wrathful time, he forced him to flye.

V.

There on a day as he pursu'd the chace,
 He chanc'd to spy a sort of shepherd grooms,
 Playing on pipes, and caroling apace,
 The whiles their beasts there in the budded brooms
 Beside them fed, and nipt the tender blooms:
 For other worldly wealth they cared nought.
 To whom Sir *Calidore* yet sweating comes,
 And them to tell him courteously besought,
 If such a beast they saw, which he had thither brought.

VI.

They answer'd him, that no such beast they saw,
 Nor any wicked Fiend that mote offend
 Their happy flocks, nor danger to them draw:
 But if that such there were (as none they kend)
 They prayd high God him far from them to send.
 Then one of them him seeing so to sweat,
 After his rustick wife (that well he weend)
 Offred him drink, to quench his thirsty heat,
 And if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat.

VII.

The Knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
 And took their gentle offer: so adown
 They prayd him sit, and gave him for to feed
 Such homely what, as serves the simple clown,
 That doth despise the dainties of the town.
 Tho having fed his fill, he there beside
 Saw a fair Damzel, which did wear a crown
 Of sundry flowres, with silken ribbands ty'd,
 Yclad in home-made green that her own hands had dy'd.

VIII.

Upon a little hillock she was plac'd
 Higher than all the rest, and round about
 Environ'd with a girlond, goodly grac'd,
 Of lovely Lasses: and them all without
 The lusty shepherd swains sate in a rout,
 The which did pipe and sing her praises due;
 And oft rejoyce, and oft for wonder shout,
 As if some miracle of heavenly hue
 Were down to them descended in that earthly view.

IX.

And soothly sure she was full fair of face,
 And perfectly well shap'd in every limb;
 Which she did more augment with modest grace,
 And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
 That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim;
 Who her admiring as some heavenly wight,
 Did for their soveraine Goddesses her esteem,
 And caroling her name both day and night,
 The fairest *Pastorella* her by name did hight.

X.

Ne was there Herd, ne was there shepherds swain
 But her did honour, and eke many a one
 Burnt in her love; and with sweet pleasing pain
 Full many a night for her did sigh and groane:
 But most of all the shepherd *Coridon*
 For her did languish, and his dear life spend;
 Yet neither she for him, nor other none
 Did care a whit, ne any liking lend:
 Though mean her lot, yet higher did her mind ascend,

XI.

Her whiles Sir *Calidore* there viewed well,
 And markt her rare demeanure, which him seem'd
 So far the mien of Shepherds to excell,
 As that he in his mind her worthy deem'd,
 To be a Princes paragone esteem'd;
 He was unawares surpriz'd in subtil bands
 Of the blind Boy, ne thence could be redeem'd
 By any skill out of his cruel hands,
 Caught like the bird, which gazing still on others stands,

XII.

So stood he still long gazing thereupon,
Ne any will had thence to move away,
Although his quest were far afore him gone :
But after he had fed, yet did he stay,
And sate there still, until the flying day
Was far forth spent, discourfing diversly
Of sundry things, as fell, to work delay ;
And evermore his speech he did apply
To th' Herds, but meant them to the Damzels fantasy.

XIII.

By this, the moisty night approaching fast,
Her dewy humour 'gan on th'earth to shed,
That warn'd the Shepherds to their homes to haste
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
For fear of wetting them before their bed.
Then came to them a good old aged Sire,
Whose silver locks bedeckt his beard and head,
With shepherds hook in hand, and fit attire,
That will'd the Damzell rise ; the day did now expire.

XIV.

He was to weet by common voice esteem'd
The Father of the fairest *Pastorell*,
And of herself in very deed so deem'd ;
Yet was not so, but as old stories tell
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th'open fields an infant left alone,
And taking up brought home, and nursed well
As his own child ; for other he had none,
That she in tract of time accounted was his own.

XV.

She at his bidding meekly did arise,
And straight unto her little flock did fare :
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
And each his sundry sheep with several care
Gather'd together, and them homeward bare :
Whilst every one with helping hands did strive
Amongst themselves, and did their labours share,
To help fair *Pastorella* home to drive
Her fleecy flock ; but *Corridon* most help did give,

XVI.

But *Melibe* (so hight that good old man)
 Now seeing *Calidore* left all alone,
 And night arrived hard at hand, began
 Him to invite unto his simple home:
 Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
 And all things therein mean; yet better so
 To lodge, than in the salvage fields to roame.
 The Knight full gladly soon agreed thereto,
 Being his hearts own wish, and home with him did go.

XVII.

There he was welcom'd of that honest Sire,
 And of his aged beldame homely well;
 Who him besought him self to disattire,
 And rest himself, till supper time befell;
 By which home came the fairest *Pastorell*,
 After her flock she in her fold had tyde:
 And supper ready dight, they to it fell
 With small ado, and nature satisfide,
 The which doth little crave, contented to abide.

XVIII.

Tho when they had their hunger slaked well,
 And the fair Maid the table ta'en away;
 The gentle Knight, as he that did excell
 In courtesie, and well could do and say,
 For so great kindness as he found that day,
 Gan greatly thank his host and his good wife;
 And drawing thence his speech another way,
 Gan highly to commend the happy life
 Which shepherds lead, without debate or bitter strife.

XIX.

How much, said he, more happy is the state,
 In which ye Father here do dwell at ease,
 Leading a life so free and fortunate,
 From all the tempests of these wordly seas,
 Which tosse the rest in dangerous disease?
 Where wars and wrecks, and wicked enmity
 Do them afflict, which no man can appease;
 That certes I your happiness envy
 And wish my lot were plac'd in such felicity.

XX.

Surely my Son (then answer'd he again)

If happy, then it is in this intent,

That having small, yet do I not complain

Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,

But do my self, with that I have, content;

So taught of Nature, which doth little need

Of foreign helps to lifes due nourishment.

The fields my food, my flock my rayment breed ;
No better do I wear, no better do I feed.

XXI.

Therefore I do not any one envy,

Nor am envide of any one therefore ;

They that have much, fear much to lose thereby,

And store of cares do follow riches store.

The little that I have grows daily more

Without my care, but only to attend it.

My Lambs do every year encrease their score,

And my flocks father daily doth amend it.

What have I, but to praise th' Almighty, that doth send it ?

XXII.

To them, that list, the worlds gay shows I leave,

And to great ones such follies do forgive,

Which oft through pride do their own peril weave,

And through ambition down themselves do drive

To sad decay, that might contented live.

Me no such cares nor combrous thoughts offend,

Ne once my minds unmoved quiet grieve ;

But all the night in silver sleep I spend,

And all the day to what I list, I do attend.

XXIII.

Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe

Unto my Lambs, and him dislodge away ;

Sometime the Fawn I practice, from the Doe,

Or from the Goat her kid how to convey ;

Another while I baits and nets display,

The Birds to catch or Fishes to beguile :

And when I weary am, I down do lay

My limbs in every shade, to rest from toil,

And drink of every brook, when thirst my throat doth boil,

XXIV.

The time was once, in my first prime of years,
 When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,
 That I disdain'd amongst mine equal peers
 To follow sheep and shepherds base attire :
 For further fortune then I would inquire.
 And leaving home, to Royal court I fought ;
 Where I did sell my self for yearly hire,
 And in the Princes garden daily wrought :
 There I beheld such vaineſſe, as I never thought.

XXV.

With ſight whereof ſoon cloyd, and long deluded
 With idle hopes, which them do entertain,
 After I had ten years my ſelf excluded
 From native home, and ſpent my youth in vain,
 I 'gan my follies to my ſelf to plain,
 And this ſweet peace, whoſe lack did then appear.
 Tho back returning to my ſheep again,
 I from thenceforth have learn'd to love more dear
 This lowly quiet life, which I inherit here.

XXVI.

Whilſt thus he talkt, the Knight with greedy care
 Hung ſtill upon his melting mouth attent ;
 Whoſe ſenſeful words empiere'd his heart ſo near,
 That he was wrapt with double raviſhment,
 Both of his ſpeech that wrought him great content,
 And alſo of the object of his view,
 On which his hungry eye was always bent ;
 That 'twixt his pleaſing tongue, and her fair hue,
 He loſt himſelf, and like one half entranced grew.

XXVII.

Yet to occaſion means, to work his mind,
 And to inſinuate his hearts deſire,
 He thus reply'd ; Now ſurely Sire I find,
 That all this worlds gay ſhows, which we admire,
 Be but vain ſhadows to this ſafe retire
 Of life, which here in lowlineſſe ye lead,
 Fearleſſe of foes, or Fortunes wrackful ire,
 Which toſſeth ſtates, and under foot doth tread
 The mighty ones, afraid of every changes dread :

XXVIII.

That even I which daily do behold
The glory of the great, mongst whom I wonne ;
And now have prov'd, what happinefs ye hold
In this small plot of your dominion,
Now loath great Lordship and ambition ;
And with the heavens so much had graced me,
As grant me live in like condition ;
Or that my fortunes might transposed be
From pitch of higher place, unto this low degree.

XXIX.

In vain, said then old *Meliba*, do men
The heavens of their fortunes fault accuse ;
Sith they know best, what is the best for them :
For they to each such fortune do diffuse,
As they do know each can most aptly use.
For not that which men covet most, is best,
Nor that thing worst, which men do most refuse :
But fittest is, that all contented rest
With that they hold : each hath his fortune in his breast.

XXX.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor :
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store ;
And other, that hath little, asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise.
For wisdom is most riches ; Fools therefore
They are, which fortunes do by vows devise,
Sith each unto himself his life may fortunise.

XXXI.

Since then in each mans self, said *Calidore*,
It is, to fashion his own lifes estate,
Give leave awhile, good Father, in this shore
To rest my bark, which hath been beaten late
With storms of fortune and tempestuous fate,
In seas of troubles and of toilsom pain ;
That whether quite from them for to retrate
I shall resolve, or back to turn again,
I may here with yourself some small repose obtain.

XXXII.

Not that the burden of so bold a guest
 Shall chargeful be, or change to you at all ;
 For your mean food shall be my daily feast,
 And this your cabin both my bowre and hall.
 Besides, for recompence hereof, I shall
 You well reward, and golden guerdon give,
 That may perhaps you better much withall,
 And in this quiet make you safer live.
 So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it drive.

XXXIII.

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer,
 Of his rich mould, did thrust it far away,
 And thus bespake ; Sir Knight, your bounteous proffer
 Be far from me, to whom ye ill display
 That mucky mass, the cause of mens decay,
 That mote empair my peace with dangers dread.
 But if ye algates covet to assay
 This simple sort of life, that Shepherds lead,
 Be it your own : our rudeness to your self aread.

XXXIV.

So there that night Sir *Calidore* did dwell,
 And long while after, whilst him list remain,
 Daily beholding the fair *Pastorell*,
 And feeding on the bait of his own bane,
 During which time, he did her entertain
 With all kind courtesies, he could invent ;
 And every day her company to gain,
 When to the field she went, he with her went :
 So for to quench his fire, he did it more augment.

XXXV.

But she that never had acquainted been
 With such quaint usage, fit for Queens and Kings,
 Ne ever had such knightly service seen
 (But being bred under base Shepherds wings,
 Had ever learn'd to love the lowly things)
 Did little whit regard his courteous guise :
 But cared more for *Colins* carolings
 Than all that he could do, or ev'r devise :
 His lays, his loves, his looks she did them all despise.

XXXVI.

Which *Calidore* perceiving, thought it best
To change the manner of his lofty look ;
And doffing his bright arms, himself addrest
In shepherds weed, and in his hand he took,
Instead of steel-head spear, a Shepherds hook ;
That who had seen him then, would have bethought
On *Pbrygian Paris* by *Plexippus* brook,
When he the love of fair *Oenone* sought,
What time the golden apple was unto him brought.

XXXVII.

So being clad, unto the fields he went
With the fair *Pastorella* every day,
And kept her sheep with diligent attent,
Watching to drive the ravenous Wolf away.
The whilst at pleasure she mote sport and play ;
And every evening helping them to fold :
And otherwhiles for meed, he did assay
In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to press the milk : Love so much could.

XXXVIII.

Which seeing *Coridon*, who her likewise
Long time had lov'd, and hop'd her love to gain,
He much was troubled at that strangers guise,
And many jealous thoughts conceiv'd in vain,
That this of all his labour and long pain
Should reap the harvest, ere it ripen'd were ;
That made him scowl, and pout, and oft complain
Of *Pastorell* to all the Shepherds there,
That she did love a stranger swain than him more dear.

XXXIX.

And ever when he came in company,
Where *Calidore* was present, he would lour,
And bite his lip, and even for jealousy
Was ready oft his own heart to devour,
Impatient of any Paramour :
Who on the other side did seem so far
From malicing, or grudging his good hour,
That all he could, he graced him with her,
Ne ever shewed sign of rancour or of jarr.

XL.

And oft when *Coridon* unto her brought
 Or little Sparrows, stolen from their nest,
 Or wanton Squirrels, in the woods far fought,
 Or other dainty thing for her addrest;
 He would commend his gift, and make the best;
 Yet she no whit his presents did regard,
 Ne him could find to fancy in her breast:
 This new-come Shepherd had his market mard.
 Old love is little worth, when new is more prefer'd.

XLI.

One day whenas the Shepherd swains together
 Were met, to make their sports and merry glee,
 As they are wont in fair sun-shiny weather,
 The whiles their flocks in shadows shrouded be,
 They fell to dance: Then did they all agree,
 That *Colin Clout* should pipe, as one most fit;
 And *Calidore* should lead the ring, as he
 That most in *Pastorellas* grace did sit.
 Thereat frown'd *Coridon*, and his lip closely bit.

XLII.

But *Calidore*, of courteous inclination,
 Took *Coridon*, and set him in his place,
 That he should lead the dance, as was his fashion;
 For *Coridon* could dance, and trimly trace.
 And whenas *Pastorella*, him to grace,
 Her flowry girlond took from her own head,
 And plac'd on his, he did it soon displace,
 And did it put on *Coridons* instead:
 Then *Coridon* wox frolick, that earst seemed dead.

XLIII.

Another time, whenas they did dispose
 To practice games, and maisteries to try,
 They for their Judge did *Pastorella* chose;
 A girlond was the meed of victory.
 There *Coridon*, forth stepping openly,
 Did challenge *Calidore* to wrestling game:
 For he through long and perfect industry,
 Therein well practis'd was, and in the same [shame.
 Thought sure t'avenge his grudge, and work his foe great

XLIV.

But *Calidore* he greatly did mistake ;
For he was strong and mightily stiff pight,
That with one fall his neck he almost brake :
And had he not upon him fallen light,
His dearest joint he sure had broken quight.
Then was the oaken crown by *Pastorel*
Given to *Calidore*, as his due right ;
But he that did in courtesie excell,
Gave it to *Coridon*, and said he won it well.

XLV.

Thus did the gentle Knight himself abear
Amongst that rustick rout in all his deeds,
That even they the which his rivals were,
Could not malign him, but commend him needs :
For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds
Good will and favour. So it surely wrought
With this fair Maid, and in her mind the seeds
Of perfect love did sow, that last forth brought
The fruit of joy and blis, though long time dearly bought.

XLVI.

Thus *Calidore* continu'd there long time,
To win the love of the fair *Pastorel* ;
Which having got, he used without crime
Or blameful blot ; but menaged so well,
That he of all the rest, which there did dwell,
Was favoured, and to her grace commended.
But what strange fortunes unto him befell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conveniently in other place be ended.

C A N T O X.

*Calidore sees the Graces dance,
To Colins melody?
The whiles his Pastorel is led
Into captivity.*

I.

Who now does follow the foul *Blatant Beast*,
Whilst *Calidore* does follow that fair Maid,
Unmindful of his vow and high behest,
Which by the Fairy Queen was on him laid,
That he should never leave, nor be delay'd
From chasing him, till he had it atchiev'd?
But now entrapt of love, which him betray'd,
He mindeth more, how he may be reliev'd [griev'd.
With grace from her, whose love his heart hath fore en-

II.

That from henceforth he means no more to sue
His former quest, so full of toil and pain;
Another quest, another game in view
He hath, the guerdon of his Love to gain:
With whom he minds for ever to remain,
And set his rest amongst the rustick sort,
Rather than hunt still after shadows vain
Of courtly favour, fed with light report
Of every blast, and sailing always in the port.

III.

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be,
From so high step to stoop unto so low.
For who had tasted once (as oft did he)
The happy peace, which there doth overflow,
And prov'd the perfect pleasures which do grow
Amongst poor Hinds, in hills, in woods, in dales,
Would never more delight in painted show
Of such false blifs, as there is set for sales,
T'entrap unwary Fools in their eternal bales.

IV.

For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
Like to one sight, which *Calidore* did view ?
The glance whereof their dimmed eyes would daze,
That never more they should endure the shew
Of that sun-shine, that makes them look askew :
Ne ought in all that world of beauties rare
(Save only *Glorianas* heavenly hue,
To which what can compare ?) can it compare ;
The which, as cometh now by course, I will declare.

V.

One day as he did range the fields abroad,
Whilst his fair *Pastorella* was elsewhere,
He chanc'd to come, far from all peoples troad,
Unto a place, whose pleasance did appear
To pass all others, on the earth which were :
For all that ever was by natures skill
Deviz'd to work delight, was gather'd there,
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if this to adorn, she all the rest did pill.

VI.

It was an hill, plac'd in an open plain,
That round about was border'd with a wood,
Of matchless height, that seem'd th'earth to disdain ;
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in summer bud,
Spreading pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower branches sung aloud,
And in their tops the soaring Hawk did towre,
Sitting like King of Fowls, in majesty and powre.

VII.

And at the foot thereof, a gentle flood
His silver waves did softly tumble down,
Unmar'd with ragged moss or filthy mud ;
Ne mote wild beasts, ne mote the ruder clown
Thereto approach, ne filth mote therein drown :
But Nymphs and Fairies by the banks did sit,
In the woods shade, which did the waters crown,
Keeping all noisome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

VIII.

And on the top thereof a spacious plain
 Did spread it self, to serve to all delight,
 Either to dance, when they to dance would faine,
 Or else to course about their bases light;
 Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
 Desired be, or thence to banish bale:
 So pleasantly the hill, with equal height,
 Did seem to over-look the lowly vale;
 Therefore it rightly cleeped was mount *Acidale*.

IX.

They say that *Venus*, when she did dispose
 Her self to pleasance, used to resort
 Unto this place, and therein to repose
 And rest her self as in a gladsome port,
 Or with the Graces there to play and sport;
 That even her own Cytheron, though in it
 She used most to keep her royal court,
 And in her soveraine Majesty to sit,
 She in regard hereof refus'd and thought unfit.

X.

Unto this place whenas the Elfin Knight
 Approacht, him seemed that the merry sound
 Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on height,
 And many feet fast thumping th'hollow ground,
 That through the woods their Eccho did rebound.
 He nigher drew, to weet what mote it be;
 There he a troop of Ladies dancing found
 Full merrily, and making gladful glee,
 And in the midst a Shepherd piping he did see.

XI.

He durst not enter into th'open green,
 For dread of them unwares to be descride,
 For breaking of their dance, if he were seen;
 But in the covert of the wood did bide,
 Beholding all, yet of them unespied.
 There he did see, that pleased much his sight,
 That even he himself his eyes envy'd,
 An hundred naked maidens lilly white,
 All ranged in a ring, and dancing in delight.

XII.

All they without were ranged in a ring,
 And danced round ; but in the midst of them
 Three other Ladies did both dance and sing,
 The whilst the rest them round about did hem,
 And like a girlond did in compass them :
 And in the midst of those same there was plac'd
 Another Damsel, as a precious gem
 Amidst a ring most richly well enchac'd,
 That with her goodly presence all the rest much grac'd.

XIII.

Look how the crown which *Ariadne* wore
 Upon her ivory forehead that same day
 That *Theseus* her unto his bridale bore
 (When the bold *Centaur's* made that bloody fray
 With the fierce *Lapithes* which did them dismay),
 Being now placed in the firmament,
 Through the bright heaven doth her beams display,
 And is unto the Stars an ornament,
 Which round about her move in order excellent :

XIV.

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
 Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell :
 But she that in the midst of them did stand,
 Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,
 Crown'd with a rosie girlond, that right well
 Did her beseeem. And ever, as the crew
 About her danc'd, sweet flowres that far did smell,
 And fragrant odours they upon her threw ;
 But most of all, those three did her with gifts endew.

XV.

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,
 Handmaids of *Venus*, which are wont to haunt
 Upon this hill, and dance there day and night :
 Those three to men all gifts of grace do grant ;
 And all, that *Venus* in herself doth vaunt,
 Is borrowed of them. But that fair one,
 That in the midst was placed paravant,
 Was she to whom that Shepherd pip'd alone,
 That made him pipe so merrily, as never none.

XVI.

She was to weet that jolly Shepherds Lads,
 Which piped there unto that merry rout :
 That jolly Shepherd, which there piped, was
 Poor *Colin Clout* (who knows not *Colin Clout* ?)
 He pip'd apace, whilst they him daunc'd about.
 Pipe jolly Shepherd, pipe thou now apace
 Unto thy Love, that made thee low to lout ;
 Thy Love is present there with thee in place,
 Thy Love is there advaunc'd to be another Grace.

XVII.

Much wondred *Calidore* at this strange sight,
 Whose like before his eye had never seen :
 And standing long astonished in spright,
 And rapt with pleasure, wist not what to ween ;
 Whether it were the train of beauties Queen,
 Or Nymphs, or Fairies, or enchanted show,
 With which his eyes mote have deluded been.
 Therefore resolving, what it was to know,
 Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go.

XVIII.

But soon as he appeared to their view,
 They vanisht all away out of his sight,
 And clean were gone, which way he never knew ;
 All save the Shepherd, who for fell despight
 Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quite,
 And made great moan for that unhappy turn.
 But *Calidore*, though no less sorry wight,
 For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourn,
 Drew near, that he the truth of all by him mote learn.

XIX.

And first him greeting, thus unto him spake ;
 Hail jolly Shepherd, which thy joyous days
 Here ledest in this goodly merry-make,
 Frequented of these gentle Nymphs always,
 Which to thee flock, to hear thy lovely lays ;
 Tell me, what mote these dainty Damsels be,
 Which here with thee do make their pleasant plays ?
 Right happy thou, that mayst them freely see :
 But why, when I them saw, fled they away from me ?

XX.

Not I so happy, answer'd then that swain,
 As thou unhappy, which them thence didst chace,
 Whom by no means thou canst recall again.
 For being gone, none can them bring in place,
 But whom they of themselves list so to grace.
 Right sorry I, said then Sir *Calidore*,
 That my ill fortune did them hence displace.
 But since things passed none may now restore,
 Tell me, what were they all, whose lack thee grieves so fore.

XXI.

Tho 'gan that Shepherd thus for to dilate;
 Then wote thou Shepherd, whatsoere thou be,
 That all those Ladies, which thou sawest late,
 Are *Venus* Damsels, all within her fee,
 But differing in honour and degree:
 They all are Graces which on her depend,
 Besides a thousand more, which ready be
 Her to adorn, whenso she forth doth wend:
 But those three in the midst do chief on her attend.

XXII.

They are the daughters of sky-ruling *Jove*,
 By him begot of fair *Eurynome*,
 The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant grove.
 As he this way coming from feastful glee
 Of *Tbetis* wedding with *Æcidee*,
 In summers shade himself here rested weary.
 The first of them hight mild *Euphrosyne*,
 Next fair *Aglaia*, last *Tbalia* merry,
 Sweet Goddesses all three which me in mirth do cherry.

XXIII.

These three on men all gracious gifts bestow,
 Which deck the body or adorn the mind,
 To make them lovely or well-favour'd show:
 As comely carriage, entertainment kind,
 Sweet semblant, friendly offices that bind,
 And all the compliments of courtesie:
 They teach us, how to each degree and kind
 We should our selves demean, to low, to high;
 To friends, to foes: which skill, men call civility.

XXIV.

Therefore they always smoothly seem to smile,
 That we likewise should mild and gentle be;
 And also naked are, that without guile
 Or false dissemblance all them plain may see,
 Simple and true from covert malice free:
 And eke themselves so in their dance they bore,
 That two of them still forward seem'd to be,
 But one still towards shew'd herself afore;
 That good should from us go, then come in greater store.

XXV.

Such were those Goddeses, which ye did see;
 But that fourth Maid, which there amidst them trac'd,
 Who can aread, what creature mote she be,
 Whether a creature or a Goddess grac'd
 With heavenly gifts from heaven first enrac'd?
 But whatso sure she was, she worthy was
 To be the fourth, with those three other plac'd:
 Yet was she certes but a country Lass,
 Yet she all other country Lasses far did pass.

XXVI.

So far as doth the daughter of the day,
 All other lesser lights in light excell,
 So far doth she in beautiful array
 Above all other Lasses bear the bell:
 Ne less in vertue that beseems her well,
 Doth she exceed the rest of all her race;
 For which, the Graces that here wont to dwell,
 Have for more honour brought her to this place,
 And graced her so much to be another Grace.

XXVII.

Another Grace she well deserves to be,
 In whom so many graces gather'd are,
 Excelling much the mien of her degree;
 Divine resemblance, beauty soveraine rare,
 Firm chastity, that spight ne blemish dare;
 All which she with such courtesie doth grace,
 That all her Peers cannot with her compare,
 But quite are dimmed, when she is in place.
 She made me often pipe and now to pipe apace.

XXVIII.

Sun of the world, great glory of the sky,
 That all the earth dost lighten with thy rays,
 Great *Gloriana*, greatest Majesty,
 Pardon thy Shepherd 'mong so many lays,
 As he hath sung of thee in all his days,
 To make one minime of thy poor handmaid,
 And underneath thy feet to place her praise;
 That when thy glory shall be far displaid
 To future age, of her this mention may be made.

XXIX.

When thus that Shepherd ended had his speech,
 Said *Calidore*; Now sure it irketh me,
 That to thy blis I made this luckless breach,
 As now the author of thy bale to be,
 Thus to bereave thy Loves dear sight from thee:
 But gentle Shepherd pardon thou my shame,
 Who rashly sought that which I mote not see.
 Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his blame,
 And to recomfort him, all comely means did frame.

XXX.

In such discourses they together spent
 Long time, as fit occasion forth them led;
 With which, the Knight himself did much content,
 And with delight his greedy fancy fed,
 Both of his words, which he with reason read;
 And also of the place, whose pleasures rare
 With such regard his senses ravished,
 That thence he had no will away to fare,
 But wisht, that with that Shepherd he mote dwelling share.

XXXI.

But that envenom'd sting, the which of yore,
 His pois'nous point deep fixed in his heart
 Had left, now 'gan afresh to rankle sore,
 And to renew the rigour of his smart:
 Which to recure, no skill of Leaches art
 Mote him avail, but to return again
 To his wounds worker, that with lovely dart
 Dinting his breast, had bred his restless pain,
 Like as the wounded Whale to shore flies from the main.

XXXII.

So taking leave of that same gentle swain,
 He back returned to his rustick wonne,
 Where his fair *Pastorella* did remain :
 To whom in sort, as he at first begun,
 He daily did apply himself to done
 All dueful service, void of thoughts impure :
 Ne any pains ne peril did he shun,
 By which he might her to his love allure,
 And liking in her yet untamed heart procure.

XXXIII.

And evermore the Shepherd *Coridon*,
 Whatever thing he did to her aggrate,
 Did strive to match, with strong contention,
 And all his pains did closely emulate ;
 Whether it were to carol, as they fate
 Keeping their sheep, or games to exercise,
 Or to present her with their labours late ;
 Through which if any grace chanc'd to arise
 To him, the Shepherd straight with jealousie did frize.

XXXIV.

One day, as they all three together went
 To the green wood, to gather strawberries,
 There chanc'd to them a dangerous accident ;
 A Tiger forth out of the wood did rise,
 That with fell claws full of fierce gormandize,
 And greedy mouth, wide gaping like hell-gate,
 Did run at *Pastorel*, her to surprize :
 Whom she beholding, now all desolate
 Gan cry to them aloud, to help her all too late.

XXXV.

Which *Coridon* first hearing, ran in haste
 To rescue her : But when he saw the Fiend,
 Through coward fear he fled away as fast,
 Ne durst abide the danger of the end ;
 His life he steemed dearer than his friend,
 But *Calidore* soon coming to her aid
 When he the beast saw ready now to rend
 His Loves dear spoil, in which his heart was prey'd,
 He ran at him enrag'd, instead of being fray'd.

XXXVI.

He had no weapon, but his Shepherds hook,
 To serve the vengeance of his wrathful will;
 With which so sternly he the monster strook,
 That to the ground astonished he fell:
 Whence ere he could recov'r, he did him quell;
 And hewing off his head, he it presented
 Before the feet of the fair *Pastorel*;
 Who scarcely yet from former fear exempted, [ed.
 A thousand times him thank, that had her death prevent-

XXXVII.

From that day forth she 'gan him to affect,
 And daily more her favour to augment;
 But *Coridon*, for cowardice reject,
 Fit to keep sheep, unfit for loves content:
 The gentle heart scorns base disparagement.
 Yet *Calidore* did not despise him quite,
 But us'd him friendly for further intent,
 That by his fellowship, he colour might
 Both his estate, and love, from skill of any wight.

XXXVIII.

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,
 With humble service, and with daily sute,
 That at the last unto his will he brought her;
 Which he so wisely well did prosecute,
 That of his love he reapt the timely fruit,
 And joyed long in close felicity;
 Till Fortune fraught with malice, blind, and brute,
 That envies Lovers long prosperity,
 Blew up a bitter storm of foul adversity.

XXXIX.

It fortun'd one day, when *Calidore*
 Was hunting in the woods (as was his trade)
 A lawless people, *Brigants* hight of yore,
 That never us'd to live by plough nor spade,
 But fed on spoil and booty, which they made
 Upon their neighbours, which did nigh them border,
 The dwelling of these Shepherds did invade,
 And spoild their houses, and themselves did murder,
 And drove away their flocks with other much disorder.

XL.

Amongst the rest, the which they then did prey,
 They spoild old *Meliba* of all he had,
 And all his people captive led away ;
 Mongst which this luckles Maid away was lad,
 Fair *Pastorella*, sorrowful and sad,
 Most sorrowful, most sad, that ever sigh't,
 Now made the spoil of thieves and *Brigants* bad,
 Which was the conquest of the gentlest Knight
 That ever liv'd, and th'only glory of his might.

XLI.

With them also was taken *Coridon*,
 And carry'd captive by those thieves away ;
 Who in the covert of the night, that none
 Mote them descry, nor rescue from their prey,
 Unto their dwelling did them close convey.
 Their dwelling in a little Island was,
 Cover'd with shrubby woods, in which no way
 Appear'd for people in nor out to pass,
 Nor any footing find for over-grown grass.

XLII.

For underneath the ground their way was made,
 Through hollow caves, that no man mote discover
 For the thick shrubs, which did them all ways shade
 From view of living wight, and cover'd over:
 But darkness drad and daily night did hover,
 Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt.
 Ne lighted was with window, nor with lover,
 But with continual candle-light, which dealt
 A doubtful sense of things, not so well seen, as felt.

XLIII.

Hither those *Brigants* brought their present prey,
 And kept them with continual watch and ward ;
 Meaning so soon, as they convenient may,
 For slaves to sell them for no small reward,
 To merchants which them kept in bondage hard,
 Or sold again. Now when fair *Pastorel*,
 Into this place was brought and kept with guard
 Of griesly thieves, she thought herself in hell, [dwell.
 Wherewith such damned Fiends she should in darkness

XLIV.

But for to tell the doleful dreariment,
 And pitiful complaints which there she made
 (Where day and night she nought did but lament
 Her wretched life, shut up in deadly shade,
 And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
 Like to a flowre that feels no heat of sun,
 Which may her feeble leaves with comfort glade)
 And what befell her in that thievish wonne,
 Will in another canto better be begun.

C A N T O XI.

*The thieves fall out for Pastorel,
 Whilest Melibœ is slain :
 Her, Calidore from them redeems,
 And bringeth back again.*

I.

The joys of Love, if they should ever last,
 Without affliction or disquietness,
 That worldly chances do amongst them cast,
 Would be on earth too great a blessedness,
 Liker to heaven than mortal wretchedness.
 Therefore the winged-God, to let men weet,
 That here on earth is no sure happiness,
 A thousand fours hath tempred with one sweet,
 To make it seem more dear and dainty, as is meet.

II.

Like as is now befalln to this fair Maid,
 Fair *Pastorel*, of whom is now my song :
 Who being now in dreadful darkness laid,
 Amongst those thieves, which her in bondage strong
 Detaind ; yet Fortune, not with all this wrong
 Contented, greater mischief on her threw,
 And sorrows heapt on her in greater throng ;
 That who so hears her heaviness, would rue,
 And pity her sad plight, so chang'd from pleasant hue.

III.

Whilst thus she in these hellish dens remain'd,
 Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts unrest,
 It so befell (as Fortune had ordain'd)
 That he, which was their Capitain profest,
 And had the chief command of all the rest,
 One day as he did all his prisoners view,
 With lustful eyes beheld that lovely guesst,
 Fair *Pastorella*; whose sad mournful hue
 Like the fair morning clad in misty fog did shew,

IV.

At sight whereof his barbarous heart was fir'd,
 And inly burnt with flames most raging hot,
 That her alone he for his part desir'd,
 Of all the other prey which they had got,
 And her in mind did to himself allot.
 From that day forth he kindness to her show'd,
 And sought her love, by all the means he mote;
 With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her woo'd,
 And mixed threats among, and much unto her vow'd.

V.

But all that ever he could do or say,
 Her constant mind could not a whit remove,
 Nor draw unto the lure of his lewd lay,
 To grant him favour, or afford him love.
 Yet ceast he not to sue and all ways prove,
 By which he mote accomplish his request,
 Saying and doing all that mote behove:
 Ne day nor night he suffred her to rest,
 But her all night did watch, and all the day molest.

VI.

At last, when him she so importune saw,
 Fearing lest he at length the reins would lend
 Unto his lust, and make his will his law,
 Sith in his powre she was to foe or friend;
 She thought it best, for shadow to pretend
 Some shew of favour, by him gracing small,
 That she thereby mote either freely wend,
 Or at more ease continue there his thrall;
 A little well is lent that gaineth more withall.

VII.

So from thenceforth, when love he to her made,
With better terms she did him entertain:
Which gave him hope, and did him half persuade,
That he in time her joyance should obtain.
But when she saw through that small favours gain^e
That further than she willing was, he prest;
She found no means to bar him, but to feign
A suddain sickness, which her sore opprest,
And made unfit to serve his lawless minds behest.

VIII.

By means whereof, she would not him permit
Once to approach to her in privy,
But only 'mongst the rest by her to sit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady.
And seeking all things meet for remedy.
But she resolv'd no remedy to find,
Nor better cheer to shew in misery,
Till Fortune would her captive bonds unbind.
Her sickness was not of the body, but the mind.

IX.

During which space that she thus sick did lye,
It chaunc'd a sort of merchants which were wont
To skim those coasts, for bondmen there to buy,
And by such traffick after gains to hunt,
Arrived in this Isle (though bare and blunt,
T'inquire for slaves; where being ready met
By some of these same thieves at th' instant brunt,
Were brought unto their Captain, who was set
By his fair patients side with sorrowful regret.

X.

To whom they shewed, how those merchants were
Arriv'd in place, their bondslaves for to buy,
And therefore prayd, that those same captives there
Mote to them for their most commodity
Be sold, and 'mongst them shared equally.
This their request the Captain much appall'd;
Yet could he not their just demands deny,
And willed straight the slaves should forth be call'd,
And sold for most advantage not to be forstall'd.

XI.

Then forth the good old *Meliba* was brought,
 And *Coridon*, with many other mo'e,
 Whom they before in diverse spoils had caught;
 All which he to the merchants sale did show;
 Till some, which did the sundry prisoners know,
 'Gan to inquire for that fair Shepherdess,
 Which with the rest they took not long ago,
 And 'gan her form and feature to express,
 The more t'augment her price, through praise of comeliness.

XII.

To whom the Captain in full angry wize
 Made answer, that the Maid of whom they spake,
 Was his own purchase and his only prize:
 With which none had to do, ne ought partake,
 But he himself which did that conquest make;
 Little for him to have one silly Lais:
 Besides, through sickness now so wan and weak,
 That nothing meet in merchandise to pass.
 So shew'd them her, to prove how pale and weak she was.

XIII.

The sight of whom, though now decay'd and mar'd,
 And eke but hardly seen by candle-light:
 Yet like a diamond of rich regard,
 In doubtful shadow of the darksome night,
 With starry beams about her shining bright,
 These merchants fixed eyes did so amaze,
 That what through wonder, and what through delight,
 Awhile on her they greedily did gaze,
 And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praise.

XIV.

At last, when all the rest them offred were,
 And prices to them placed at their pleasure,
 They all refused in regard of her,
 Ne ought would buy, however pris'd with measure,
 Withouten her, whose worth above all treasure
 They did esteem, and offred store of gold.
 But then the Captain fraught with more displeasure,
 Bade them be still, his Love should not be sold:
 The rest take if they would, he her to him would hold.

XV.

Therewith, some other of the chiefeſt thieves
Boldly him bade ſuch injury forbear;
For that ſame Maid, however it him grieves,
Should with the reſt be ſold before him there,
To make the prices of the reſt more dear.
That with great rage he ſtoutly doth deny;
And fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth ſwear,
That whoſo hardy hand on her doth lay,
It dearly ſhall aby, and death for handſel pay.

XVI.

Thus as they words amongſt them multiply,
They fall to ſtrokes, the fruit of too much talk:
And the mad ſteel about doth fiercely fly,
Not ſparing wight, ne leaving any balk,
But making way for death at large to walk;
Who in the horroure of the grieſly night,
In thouſand dreadful ſhapes doth 'mongſt them ſtalk,
And makes huge havock, whiles the candle-light
Out quench'd, leaves no ſkill nor difference of wight.

XVII.

Like as a ſort of hungry Dogs ymet
About ſome carcaſs by the common way,
Do fall together, ſtriving each to get
The greateſt portion of the greedy prey;
All on-confuſed heaps themſelves aſſay,
And ſnatch, and bite, and rend, and tug, and tear;
That who them ſees, would wonder at their fray;
And who ſees not, would be afraid to hear:
Such was the conflict of thoſe cruel *Brigants* there.

XVIII.

But firſt of all, their captives they do kill,
Leſt they ſhould join againſt the weaker ſide,
Or riſe againſt the remnant at their will,
Old *Melibæ* is ſlain, and him beſide
His aged wife, with many others wide:
But *Coridon*, eſcaping craftily,
Creeps forth of doors, whilſt darkneſs him doth hide,
And flies away as faſt as he can hie,
Ne ſtayeth leave to take, before his friends do die.

XIX.

But *Pastorella*, woeful wretched Elf,
 Was by the Captain all this while defended :
 Who minding more her safety than himself,
 His target always over her pretended ;
 By means whereof, that mote not be amended,
 He at the length was slain, and laid on ground ;
 Yet holding fast 'twixt both his arms extended
 Fair *Pastorel*, who with the self same wound
 Lanc'd through the arm, fell down with him in dreary
 XX. [f wound.

There lay she cover'd with confused prease
 Of carcases, which dying on her fell.
 Tho whenas he was dead, the fray 'gan cease,
 And each to other calling, did compell
 To stay their cruel hands from slaughter fell,
 Sith they that were the cause of all, were gone.
 Thereto they all attonce agreed well,
 And lighting candles new, 'gan search anone,
 How many of their friends were slain, how many fone.

XXI.

Their Captain there they cruelly found kill'd,
 And in his arms the dreary dying maid,
 Like a sweet Angel 'twixt two clouds upheld :
 Her lovely light was dimmed and decay'd,
 With cloud of death upon her eyes display'd :
 Yet did the cloud make ev'n that dimmed light
 Seem much more lovely in that darkness lay'd,
 And 'twixt the twinkling of her eye-lids bright,
 To spark out little beams, like stars in foggy night.

XXII.

But when they mov'd the carcases aside,
 They found that life did yet in her remain :
 Then all their helps they busily apply'd,
 To call the soul back to her home again ;
 And wrought so well with labour and long pain,
 That they to life recover'd her at last.
 Who sighing sore, as if her heart in twain
 Had riven been, and all her heart-strings brast,
 With dreary drooping eyn lookt up like one aghast.

XXIII.

There she beheld, that sore her griev'd to see,
 Her father and her friends about her lying,
 Her self sole left, a second spoil to be
 Of those, that having saved her from dying,
 Renew'd her death by timely death denying :
 What now is left her but to wail and weep,
 Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying ?
 Ne cared she her wound in tears to steep
 Albe with all their might those *Brigants* her did keep.

XXIV.

But when they saw her now reviv'd again,
 They left her so, in charge of one the best
 Of many worst, who with unkind disdain
 And cruel rigour her did much molest ;
 Scarce yielding her due food, or timely rest,
 And scarcely suffering her infested wound,
 That sore her pain'd, by any to be drest.
 So leave we her in wretched thralldom bound,
 And turn we back to *Calidore*, where we him found.

XXV.

Who when he back returned from the wood,
 And saw his shepherds cottage spoiled quite,
 And his Love rest away, he wexed wood,
 And half enraged at that rueful sight ;
 That ev'n his heart for very fell despight,
 And his own flesh he ready was to tear :
 He chaust, he griev'd, he fretted, and he sigh't,
 And fared like a furious wild Bear,
 Whose whelps are stoln away, she being other-where.

XXVI.

Ne wight he found, to whom he might complain,
 Ne wight he found of whom he might enquire ;
 That more increast the anguish of his pain.
 He sought the woods ; but no man could see there :
 He sought the plains ; but could no tidings hear.
 The woods did nought but ecchoes vain rebound ;
 The plains all waste and empty did appear :
 Where wont the Shepherds oft their pipes resound,
 And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

XXVII.

At last, as there he roamed up and down,
 He chanc'd one coming towards him to spy,
 That seem'd to be some sorry simple clown,
 With ragged weeds, and locks up-staring high,
 As if he did from some late danger flee,
 And yet his fear did follow him behind :
 Who as he unto him approached nigh,
 He mote perceive by signs, which he did find,
 That *Coridon* it was, the silly Shepherds hind.

XXVIII.

Tho to him running fast, he did not stay
 To greet him first, but askt where were the rest ;
 Where *Pastorel* ? who full of fresh dismay,
 And gushing forth in tears, was so oppress'd,
 That he no word could speak, but smit his breast,
 And up to heaven his eyes fast streaming threw.
 Whereat the Knight amaz'd, yet did not rest,
 But askt again, what meant that rueful hue :
 Where was his *Pastorel* ? where all the other crew ?

XXIX.

Ah well away, said he then sighing sore,
 That ever I did live, this day to see,
 This dismal day, and was not dead before,
 Before I saw fair *Pastorella* die.
 Die ? out alas then *Calidore* did cry ;
 How could the death dare ever her to quell ?
 But read thou Shephard, read what destiny,
 Or other direful hap from heaven or hell
 Hath wrought this wicked deed : Do fear away, and tell.

XXX.

Tho when the Shepherd breathed had awhile,
 He thus began : Where shall I then commence
 This woeful tale ? or how those *Brigants* wile,
 With cruel rage, and dreadful violence
 Spoild all our cots, and carried us from hence ?
 Or how fair *Pastorel* should have been sold
 To merchants, but was sav'd with strong defence ?
 Or how those thieves, whilst one sought her to hold,
 Fell all at odds, and fought through fury fierce and bold.

XXXI.

In that same conflict (woe is me) befell
 This fatal chaunce, this doleful accident,
 Whose heavy tidings now I have to tell.
 First all the captives which they here had hent,
 Were by them slain by general consent ;
 Old *Melibæ*, and his good wife withall
 These eyes saw dye, and dearly did lament :
 But when the lot to *Pastorel* did fall,
 Their Captain long withstood, and did her death forstall.

XXXII.

But what could he 'gainst all them do alone ?
 It could not boot ; needs mote she dye at last :
 I only scap'd through great confusion
 Of cries and clamours which amongst them past,
 In dreadful darkness, dreadfully aghast ;
 That better were with them to have been dead,
 Than here to see all desolate and waste,
 Despoiled of those joys and jollyhead
 Which with those gentle Shepherds here I wont to lead.

XXXIII.

When *Calidore* these rueful news had raught,
 His heart quite deaded was with anguish great,
 And all his wits with dool were nigh distraught ;
 That he his face, his head, his breast did beat,
 And death it self unto himself did threat ;
 Oft cursing th'heavens, that so cruel were
 To her, whose name he often did repeat ;
 And wishing oft that he were present there,
 When she was slain, or had been to her succour near.

XXXIV.

But after grief awhile had had his course,
 And spent it self in mourning, he at last
 Began to mitigate his swelling source,
 And in his mind with better reason cast,
 How he might save her life, if life did last ;
 Or if that dead, how he her death might wreak,
 Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past ;
 Or if it to revenge he were too weak,
 Then for to dye with her, and his lifes thread to break.

XXXV.

Tho *Coridon* he prayd, sith he well knew
 The ready way unto that thievish wonne,
 To wend with him, and be his conduct true
 Unto the place, to see what should be done.
 But he, whose heart through fear was late fordone,
 Would not for ought be drawn to former dreed;
 But by all means the danger known did shun:
 Yet *Calidore*, so well him wrought with meed,
 And fair bespoke with words, that he at last agreed.

XXXVI.

So forth they go together (God before)
 Both clad in Shepherds weeds agreeably,
 And both with Shepherds hooks: But *Calidore*
 Had underneath him armed privily.
 Tho to the place when they approached nigh,
 They chaunc'd upon an hill, not far away,
 Some flocks of sheep and Shepherds to espy;
 To whom they both agreed to take their way,
 In hope there news to learn, how they mote best assay.

XXXVII.

There did they find, that which they did not fear,
 The self same flocks, the which those thieves had rest
 From *Melibæ* and from themselves whylear,
 And certain of the thieves there by them left,
 The which for want of herds themselves then kept.
 Right well knew *Coridon* his own late sheep,
 And seeing them, for tender pity wept:
 But when he saw the thieves which did them keep,
 His heart 'gan fail, albe he saw them all asleep.

XXXVIII.

But *Calidore* recomforting his grief,
 Though not his fear: for nought may fear dissuade;
 Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thief
 Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,
 Whom *Coridon* him counsel'd to invade
 Now all unwares, and take the spoil away:
 But he, that in his mind had closely made
 A further purpose, would not them so slay,
 But gently waking them, gave them the time of day.

XXXIX.

Tho sitting down by them upon the green,
Of sundry things he purpose 'gan to fain;
That he by them might certain tidings ween
Of *Pastorel*, were she alive or slain.
'Mongst which the thieves them questioned again,
What mister-men, and eke from whence they were.
To whom they answer'd, as did appertain,
That they were poor herd-grooms, the which whilere
Had from their masters fled, and now sought hire elsewhere.

XL.

Whereof right glad they seem'd, and offer made
To hire them well, if they their flocks would keep:
For they themselves were evil grooms, they said,
Unwont with herds to watch, or pasture sheep,
But to forray the Land, or scour the deep.
Thereto they soon agreed, and earnest took,
To keep their flocks for little hire and cheap:
For they for better hire did shortly look:
So there all day they bode, till light the sky forsook.

XLI.

Tho whenas towards darksome night it drew,
Unto their hellish dens those thieves them brought;
Where shortly they in great acquaintance grew,
And all the secrets of their entrails sought.
There did they find (contrary to their thought)
That *Pastorel* yet liv'd; but all the rest
Were dead, right so as *Coridon* had taught:
Whereof they both full glad and blithe did rest,
But chiefly *Calidore*, whom grief had most possess.

XLII.

At length, when they occasion fittest found,
In dead of night, when all the thieves did rest
After a late forray, and slept full sound,
Sir Calidore him arm'd, as he thought best,
Having of late (by diligent inquest)
Provided him a sword of meanest fort:
With which he straight went to the Captains nest.
But *Coridon* durst not with him consort,
Ne durst abide behind, for dread of worse effort.

XLIII.

When to the cave they came, they found it fast :
 But *Calidore*, with huge resistless might,
 The doors assailed, and the locks up-brafft.
 With noise whereof the thief awaking light,
 Unto the entrance ran : Where the bold Knight
 Encountring him, with small resistance slew ;
 The whiles fair *Pastorel* through great afright
 Was almost dead, misdoubting lest of new
 Some uproar were like that which lately she did view.

XLIV.

But whenas *Calidore* was comen in,
 And 'gan aloud for *Pastorel* to call :
 Knowing his voice (although not heard long sin)
 She suddain was revived therewithall,
 And wondrous joy felt in her spirits thrall :
 Like him that being long in tempest tost,
 Looking each hour into deaths mouth to fall,
 At length, espies at hand the happy coast,
 On which he safety hopes, that earst feard to be lost.

XLV.

Her gentle heart, that now long season past
 Had never joyance felt, nor chearful thought,
 Began some smack of comfort new to taste,
 Like life's full heat to nummed senses brought,
 And life to feel, that long for death had sought :
 Ne less in heart rejoyced *Calidore*
 When he her found ; but like to one distraught
 And robb'd of reason, towards her him bore,
 A thousand times embrac'd, and kist a thousand more.

XLVI.

But now by this, with noise of late uproar,
 The hue and cry was raised all about :
 And all the *Brigants*, flocking in great store,
 Unto the cave 'gan preace, nought having doubt
 Of that was done, and entred in a rout.
 But *Calidore*, in th'entry close did stand,
 And entertaining them with courage stout,
 Still slew the formost that came first to hand,
 So long, till all the entry was with bodies mand.

XLVII.

Tho when no more could nigh to him approach,
 He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day :
 Which when he spy'd upon the earth t'encroach,
 Through the dead carcasses he made his way ;
 'Mongst which he found a sword of better say,
 With which he forth went into th'open light ;
 Where all the rest for him did ready stay,
 And fierce assailing him with all their might,
 'Gan all upon him lay : there 'gan a dreadful fight.

XLVIII.

How many flies in hottest summers day
 Do seize upon some beast, whose flesh is bare,
 That all the place with swarms do over-lay,
 And with their little stings right felly fare ;
 So many thieves about him swarming are,
 All which do him assail on every side,
 And fore oppress, ne any him doth spare :
 But he doth with his raging brond divide
 Their thickest troops, and round about him scattreth wide.

XLIX.

Like as a Lion 'mongst an herd of Deer,
 Disperseth them to catch his choicest prey ;
 So did he fly amongst them here and there,
 And all that near him came, did hew and slay,
 Till he had strow'd with bodies all the way ;
 That none his danger daring to abide,
 Fled from his wrath, and did themselves convey
 Into their caves, their heads from death to hide,
 Ne any left, that victory to him envide.

L.

Then back returning to his dearest Dear,
 He her 'gan to recomfort all he might,
 With gladful speeches, and with lovely chear ;
 And forth her bringing to the joyous light,
 Whereof she long had lackt the wishful sight,
 Deviz'd all goodly means, from her to drive
 The sad remembrance of her wretched plight.
 So her uncath at last he did revive,
 That long had lien dead, and made again alive.

LI.

This doen, into those thievish dens he went,
 And thence did all the spoils and treasures take,
 Which they from many long had robb'd and rent,
 But fortune now the Victors meed did make;
 Of which the best he did his Love betake;
 And also all those flocks, which they before
 Had rest from *Melibæ*, and from his Make,
 He did them all to *Coridon* restore.
 So drove them all away, and his Love with him bore.

C A N T O XII.

*Fair Pastorella, by great hap,
 Her parents understands:
 Calidore doth the Blatant Beast
 Subdue, and bind in bands.*

I.

Like as a ship, that through the Ocean wide
 Directs her course unto one certain coast,
 Is met of many a counter-wind and tide;
 With which her winged speed is let and crost,
 And she herself in stormy surges tost;
 Yet making many a board, and many a bay,
 Still winneth way, ne hath her compass lost:
 Right so it fares with me in this long way,
 Whose course is often staid, yet never is astray.

II.

For all that hitherto hath long delaid
 This gentle Knight, from sueing his first quest,
 Though out of course, yet hath not been mis-said,
 To shew the courtesie by him profest,
 Even unto the lowest and the least.
 But now I come into my course again,
 To his atchievement of the *Blatant Beast*;
 Who all this while at will did range and reign,
 Whilst none was him to stop, nor none him to restrain.

III.

Sir *Calidore*, when thus he now had raught
Fair *Pastorella* from those *Brigants* powre,
Unto the castle of *Belgard* her brought,
Whereof was Lord the good Sir *Bellamour* ;
Who whylome was in his youths freshest flowre
A lusty Knight as ever wielded spear,
And had endured many a dreadful stoure
In bloody battle for a Lady dear,
The fairest Lady then of all that living were.

IV.

Her name was *Claribel* : whose father hight
The Lord of *Many Islands*, far renown'd
For his great riches, and his greater might.
He through the wealth wherein he did abound,
This daughter thought in wedlock to have bound
Unto the Prince of *Piteland*, bordering near ;
But she, whose sides before with secret wound
Of love to *Bellamour* empièrced were,
By all means shund to match with any foreign Fere.

V.

And *Bellamour* again so well her pleas'd,
With daily service and attendance due,
That of her love he was entirely seiz'd,
And closely did her wed, but known to few :
Which when her father understood, he grew
In so great rage, that them in dungeon deep
Without compassion, cruelly he threw ;
Yet did so streightly them asunder keep,
That neither could to company of th'other creep.

VI.

Nath'less, Sir *Bellamour*, whether through grace
Or secret gifts, so with his Keepers wrought,
That to his Love sometimes he came in place ;
Whereof, her womb, unwillt to wight, was fraught,
And in due time a maiden child forth brought.
Which she straightway (for dread least if her Sire
Should know thereof, to slay he would have fought)
Deliver'd to her handmaid, that (for hire)
She should it cause be fostred under strange attire.

VII.

The trusty Damzel, bearing it abroad
 Into the empty fields, where living wight
 Mote not bewray the secret of her load,
 She forth 'gan lay unto the open light
 The little babe, to take thereof a sight.
 Whom, whilst she did with watry eyn behold,
 Upon the little breast (like chrystal bright)
 She mote perceive a little purple mold,
 That like a Rose, her silken leaves did fair unfold.

VIII.

Well she it markt, and pityed the more,
 Yet could not remedy her wretched case;
 But closing it again like as before,
 Bedew'd with tears there left it in the place:
 Yet left not quite, but drew a little space
 Behind the bushes, where she her did hide,
 To weet what mortal hand, or heavens grace
 Would for the wretched infants help provide,
 For which it loudly call'd, and pitifully cryd.

IX.

At length, a Shepherd, which thereby did keep
 His fleecy flock upon the plains around,
 Led with the infants cry, that loud did weep,
 Came to the place, where when he wrapped found
 Th'abandon'd spoil, he softly it unbound;
 And seeing there that did him pity fore,
 He took it up, and in his mantle wound;
 So home unto his honest wife it bore,
 Who as her own it nurst, and named evermore.

X.

Thus long continu'd *Claribel* a thrall,
 And *Bellamour* in bands, till that her Sire
 Departed life, and left unto them all.
 Then all the storms of Fortunes former ire
 Were turn'd, and they to freedom did retire.
 Thenceforth, they joy'd in happiness together.
 And lived long in peace and love intire,
 Without disquiet or dislike of either,
 Till time that *Calidore* brought *Pastorella* thither.

XI.

Both whom they goodly well did entertain ;
For *Bellamour* knew *Calidore* right well,
And loved for his prowess, sith they twain
Long since had fought in field. Als *Claribel*,
Ne less did tender the fair *Pastorel*,
Seeing her weak and wan, through durance long.
There they awhile together thus did dwell
In much delight, and many joys among,
Until the Damzel 'gan to wex more sound and strong.

XII.

Tho gan Sir *Calidore* him to advise
Of his first quest, which he had long forlore ;
Asham'd to think, how he that enterprise,
The which the Fairy Queen had long afore
Bequeath'd to him, fors lacked had so fore ;
That much he feared, lest reproachful blame,
With foul dishonour him mote blot therefore ;
Besides the loss of so much praise and fame,
As through the world thereby should glorify his name.

XIII.

Therefore resolving to return in haste
Unto so great atchievement, he bethought
To leave his Love, now peril being past,
With *Claribel*, whilst he that monster sought
Throughout the world, and to destruction brought.
So taking leave of his fair *Pastorel*,
(Whom to recomfort, all the means he wrought)
With thanks to *Bellamour* and *Claribel*,
He went forth on his quest, and did that him besell.

XIV.

But first, ere I do his adventures tell,
In this exploit, me needeth to declare
What did betide to the fair *Pastorel*,
During his absence left in heavy care,
Through daily mourning, and nightly misfare :
Yet did that ancient Matron all she might,
To cherish her with all things choice and rare ;
And her own hand-maid, that *Melissa* hight,
Appointed to attend her duely day and night.

XV.

Who in a morning, when this maiden fair
 Was dighting her (having her snowy breast
 As yet not laced, nor her golden hair
 Into their comely tresses duely drest)
 Chanc'd to espy upon her ivory chest
 The rosie mark, which she remembred well
 That little Infant had, which forth she kest,
 The daughter of her Lady *Claribel*,
 The which she bore, the whiles in prison she did dwell.

XVI.

Which well avizing, straight she 'gan to cast
 In her conceitful mind, that this fair Maid
 Was that same infant, which so long since past
 She in the open fields had loosely laid
 To fortunes spoil, unable it to aid.
 So full of joy, straight forth she ran in haste
 Unto her mistress, being half dismaid,
 To tell her how the heavens had her grac'd,
 To save her child, which in misfortunes mouth was plac'd.

XVII.

The sober mother, seeing such her mood
 (Yet knowing not what meant that suddain throw)
 Askt her how mote her words be understood,
 And what the matter was that mov'd her so.
 My Liefie said she, ye know, that long ygo,
 Whilst ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave
 A little maid, the which ye childed tho:
 The same again if now ye list to have,
 The same is yonder Lady, whom high God did save.

XVIII.

Much was the Lady troubled at that speech,
 And 'gan to question straight how she it knew.
 Most certain marks, said she, do me it teach;
 For on her breast I with these eyes did view
 The little purple Rose, which thereon grew,
 Whereof her name ye then to her did give.
 Besides, her count'nance, and her likely hue;
 Matched with equal years, do surely prieve,
 That yond same is your daughter sure, which yet doth live.

XIX.

The Matron staid no longer to enquire,
 But forth in haste ran to the stranger Maid;
 Whom catching greedily for great desire,
 Rent up her breast, and bosom open laid;
 In which that Rose she plainly saw displaid.
 Then her embracing twixt her armès twain,
 She long so held, and softly weeping said;
 And livest thou my daughter now again?
 And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did fain?

XX.

Tho further asking her of sundry things,
 And times comparing with their accidents,
 She found at last, by very certain signs,
 And speaking marks of passed monuments,
 That this young Maid, whom chance to her presents,
 Is her own daughter, her own infant dear.
 Tho wondring long at those so strange events,
 A thousand times she her embraced near,
 With many a joyful kiss, and many a melting tear.

XXI.

Whoever is the mother of one child,
 Which having thought long dead, she finds alive,
 Let her by proof of that which she hath fil'd
 In her own breast, this mothers joy describe
 For other none such passion can contrive
 In perfect form, as this good Lady felt,
 When she so fair a daughter saw survive,
 As *Pastorella* was, that nigh she swelt
 For passing joy, which did all into pity melt.

XXII.

Thence running forth unto her loved Lord,
 She unto him recounted all that fell:
 Who joining joy with her in one accord,
 Acknowledg'd for his own fair *Pastorel*.
 There leave we them in joy, and let us tell
 Of *Calidore*: Who seeking all this while
 That monstrous beast by final force to quell,
 Through every place, with restless pain and toil
 Him follow'd, by the track of his outrageous spoil,

XXIII.

Through all estates he found that he had past,
 In which he many massacres had left,
 And to the Clergy now was come at last;
 In which such spoil, such havock, and such theft
 He wrought, that thence all goodness he bereft,
 That endless were to tell. The Elfin Knight,
 Who now no place besides unsought had left,
 At length into a monastere did light,
 Where he him found despoiling all with main and might.

XXIV.

Into their cloysters now he broken had,
 Through which the Monks he chased here and there,
 And them pursu'd into their dortours sad,
 And searched all their cells and secrets near;
 In which, what filth and ordure did appear,
 Were irksome to report; Yet that foul Beast,
 Nought sparing them, the more did tofs and tear,
 And ransack all their dens from most to least,
 Regarding nought religion, nor their holy heast.

XXV.

From thence, into the sacred church he broke,
 And robb'd the chancel, and the desks down threw,
 And altars fouled, and blasphemy spoke;
 And th'Images, for all their goodly hue,
 Did cast to ground, whilst none was them to rue;
 So all confounded and disorder'd there.
 But seeing *Calidore*, away he flew,
 Knowing his fatal hand by former fear;
 But he him fast pursuing, soon approached near.

XXVI.

Him in a narrow place he overtook,
 And fierce assailing, forc'd him turn again:
 Sternly he turn'd again, when he him strook
 With his sharp steel, and ran at him amain
 With open mouth, that seemed to contain
 A full good peck within the utmost brim,
 All set with iron teeth in ranges twain,
 That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
 Appearing like the mouth of *Orcus*, grisly grim.

XXVII.

And therein were a thousand tongues empight,
 Of sundry kinds, and sundry quality :
 Some were of Dogs, that barked day and night,
 And some of Cats, that wrawling still did cry :
 And some of Bears, that groynd continually ;
 And some of Tigers, that did seem to gren,
 And snarl at all, that ever passed by :
 But most of them were tongues of mortal men,
 Which spake reproachfully, not caring where nor when.

XXVIII.

And them amongst, were mingled here and there,
 The tongues of Serpents, with three-forked stings,
 That spat out poison and gore bloody gere
 At all that came within his ravenings,
 And spake licentious words and hateful things
 Of good and bad alike, of low and high ;
 Ne Kesar spared he a whit, nor Kings,
 But either blotted them with infamy,
 Or bit them with his baneful teeth of injury.

XXIX.

But *Calidora*, thereof no whit afraid,
 Rencountred him with so impetuous might,
 That th'outrage of his violence he staid,
 And beat aback, threatening in vain to bite,
 And spitting forth the poison of his spight,
 That foamed all about his bloody jaws.
 Tho rearing up his former feet on height,
 He rampt upon him with his ravenous paws,
 As if he would have rent him with his cruel claws.

XXX.

But he right well aware bis rage to ward,
 Did cast his shield atween ; and therewithall,
 Putting his puissance forth, pursu'd so hard,
 That backward he enforced him to fall :
 And being down, ere he new help could call,
 His shield he on him threw, and fast down held,
 Like as a Bullock, that in bloody stall
 Of butchers baleful hand to ground is fell'd,
 Is forcibly kept down, till he be thoroughly quell'd.

XXXI.

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore,
 To be down held, and mastered so with might,
 That he 'gan fret and foam out bloody gore,
 Striving in vain to rear himself upright.
 For still the more he strove, the more the Knight
 Did him suppress, and forcibly subdue;
 That made him almost mad for fell despight.
 He grind, he bit, he scratcht, he venom threw,
 And fared like a Fiend, right horrible in hue.

XXXII.

Or like the hell-born *Hydra*, which they feign
 That great *Alcides* whylome overthrew,
 After that he had labour'd long in vain,
 To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
 Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
 Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,
 Whilst *Calidore* him under him down threw;
 Who nathemore his heavy load releast:
 But aye the more he rag'd, the more his powre increast.

XXXIII.

Tho when the Beast saw he more nought avail
 By force, he 'gan his hundred tongues apply,
 And sharply at him to revile and rail,
 With bitter terms of shameful infamy;
 Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
 Whose like he never once did speak nor hear
 Nor ever thought thing so unworthily:
 Yet did he nought, for all that him forbear,
 But strained him so streightly, that he choakt him near.

XXXIV.

At last, whenas he found his force to shrink,
 And rage to quail, he took a muzzel strong
 Of surest iron, made with many a link;
 Therewith he mured up his mouth along,
 And therein shut up his blasphemous tongue,
 For never more defaming gentle Knight,
 Or any lovely Lady doing wrong:
 And thereunto a great long chain he tight,
 With which he drew him forth, even in his own despight.

XXXV.

Like as whylome that strong *Tyrinthian* swain,
 Brought forth with him the dreadful Dog of hell,
 Against his will fast bound in iron chain;
 And roaring horribly, did him compell
 To see the hateful sun; that he might tell
 To griesly *Pluto*, what on earth was done,
 And to the other damned ghosts which dwell
 For aye in darkness, which day-light doth shun:
 So led this Knight his captive, with like conquest won.

XXXVI.

Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those
 Strange bands, whose like till then he never bore,
 Ne ever any durst till then impose,
 And chaufed inly, seeing now no more
 Him liberty was left aloud to roar:
 Yet durst he not draw back; nor once withstand
 The proved powre of noble *Calidore*,
 But trembled underneath his mighty hand,
 And like a fearful Dog him follow'd through the land.

XXXVII.

Him through all Fairy Land he follow'd so,
 As if he learned had obedience long,
 That all the people whereso he did go,
 Out of their towns did round about him throng,
 To see him lead that Beast in bondage strong;
 And seeing it, much wonder'd at the sight:
 And all such persons, as he erst did wrong,
 Rejoyced much to see his captive plight
 And much admir'd the Beast, but more admir'd the Knight.

XXXVIII.

Thus was this monster by the maistring might
 Of doughty *Calidore*, supprest and tam'd,
 That never more he mote endamage wight
 With his vile tongue, which many had defam'd,
 And many causeless caused to be blam'd:
 So did he eke long after this remain,
 Untill that (whether wicked fate so fram'd,
 Or fault of men) he broke his iron chain,
 And got into the world at liberty again.

XXXIX.

Thenceforth, more mischief and more scathe he wrought
 To mortal men, than he had done before ;
 Ne ever could by any more be brought
 Into like bands, ne maister'd any more :
 Albe that long time after *Calidore*,
 The good Sir *Pelleas* him took in hand ;
 And after him, Sir *Lamorack* of yore,
 And all his brethren born in *Britain* land ;
 Yet none of them could ever bring him into band.

XL.

So now he rangeth through the world again,
 And rageth sore in each degree and state ;
 Ne any is that may him now restrain,
 He growen is so great and strong of late,
 Barking, and biting all that him do bate,
 Albe they worthy blame, or clear of crime :
 Ne spareth he most gentle wits to rate,
 Ne spareth he the gentle Poets rhyme,
 But rends without regard of person or of time.

XLI.

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,
 Hope to escape his venomous despight,
 More than my former writs, all were they cleanest
 From blameful blot, and free from all that wite
 With which some wicked tongues did it backbite,
 And bring into a mighty Peers displeasure,
 That never so deserved to endite.
 Therefore do you my rhimes keep better measure,
 And seek to please, that now is counted wise mens treasure.

T W O

C A N T O ' s

O F

M U T A B I L I T Y :

Which both for form and matter, appear to be
parcel of some following Book of the
FAIRY QUEEN:

Under the legend of Constancy.

C A N T O VI.

*Proud Change (not pleas'd in mortal things
Beneath the Moon, to reign)
Pretends as well of Gods, as Men,
To be the Sovereine.*

I.

What man that sees the ever-whirling wheel
Of *Change*, the which all mortal things doth sway,
But that thereby doth find and plainly feel,
How *Mutability* in them doth play,
Her cruel sports, to many mens decay?
Which that to all may better yet appear,
I will rehearse that whylome I heard say,
How she at first her self began to rear, [bear.
'Gainst all the Gods, and th'empire sought from them to

II.

But first, here falleth fittest to unfold

Her antique race and linage ancient,

As I have found it registred of old,

In *Fairy* land 'mongst records permanent :

She was to weet, a Daughter by descent

Of those old *Titans*, that did whylome strive

With *Saturns* Son for heavens regiment.

Whom though high *Jove* of kingdom did deprive,

Yet many of their stem long after did survive.

III.

And many of them afterwards obtain'd

Great powre of *Jove*, and high authority ;

As *Heccatē*, in whose almighty hand

He plac'd all rule and principality,

To be by her disposed diversly,

To Gods, and men, as she them list divide :

And drad *Bellona*, that doth sound on high

Wars and alarums unto nations wide,

That makes both heaven and earth to tremble at her pride.

IV.

So likewise did this *Titaness* aspire,

Rule and dominion to herself to gain ;

That as a Goddess, men might her admire,

And heavenly honours yield, as to them twain.

And first, on earth she sought it to obtain ;

Where she such proof and sad examples shew'd

Of her great powre to many ones great pain,

That not men only (whom she soon subdu'd)

But eke all other creatures her bad doings ru'd.

V.

For she the face of earthly things so chang'd,

That all which nature had establisht first

In good estate, and in meet order rang'd,

She did pervert, and all their statutes burst :

And all the worlds fair frame (which none yet durst

Of Gods or men to alter or misguide)

She alter'd quite, and made them all accurst

That God had blest, and did at first provide)

In that still happy state for ever to abide.

VI.

Ne she the laws of nature only brake,
 But eke of Justice, and of policy;
 And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,
 And death for life exchanged foolishly:
 Since which, all living wights have learn'd to dye,
 And all this world is woxen daily worse.
 O piteous work of *Mutability*!
 By which we all are subject to that curse,
 And death instead of life have suck'd from our nurse.

VII.

And now, when all the earth she thus had brought
 To her behest, and thrall'd to her might,
 She 'gan to cast in her ambitious thought,
 T' attempt the empire of the heavens height,
 And *Jove* himself to shoulder from his right.
 And first, she past the region of the air,
 And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight,
 Made no resistance, ne could her contrair,
 But ready passage to her pleasure did prepar.

VIII.

Thence to the circle of the Moon she clamb,
 Where *Cynthia* reigns in everlasting glory:
 To whose bright shining palace straight she came,
 All fairly deckt with heavens goodly story;
 Whose silver gates (by which there sate an hoary
 Old aged Sire, with hour-glass in hand,
 Hight *Time*) she entred, where he lief or sorry:
 Ne staid till she the highest stage had scand,
 Where *Cynthia* did sit, that never still did stand.

IX.

Her sitting on an ivory throne she found,
 Drawn of two steeds, th' one black, the other white,
 Environ'd with ten thousand stars around,
 That duly her attended day and night:
 And by her side, there ran her Page, that hight
Vesper, whom we the Evening-star intend,
 That with his torch, still twinkling like twilight,
 Her lighten'd all the way where she should wend,
 And joy to weary wandering travellers did lend:

X.

That when the hardy *Titaness* beheld
 The goodly building of her palace bright,
 Made of the heavens substance, and upheld
 With thousand chrystal pillors of huge height,
 She 'gan to burn in her ambitious spright,
 And t' envy her that in such glory reign'd.
 Eftsoons she cast by force and tortious might,
 Her to displace, and to herself t' have gain'd
 The kingdom of the Night, and waters by her wain'd.

XI.

Boldly she bid the Goddess down descend,
 And let herself into that ivory throne;
 For she herself more worthy thereof wend,
 And better able it to guide alone:
 Whether to men, whose fall she did bemoan,
 Or unto Gods, whose state she did malign,
 Or to th' infernal Powres, her need give lone
 Of her fair light, and bounty most benign,
 Herself of all that rule she deemed most condign.

XII.

But she that had to her that soveraine seat
 By highest *Jove* assign'd, therein to bear
 Nights burning lamp, regarded not her threat,
 Ne yielded ought for favour or for fear;
 But with stern count'nance and disdainful chear,
 Bending her horned brows, did put her back:
 And boldly blaming her for coming there,
 Bade her attence from heavens coast to pack,
 Or at her peril bide the wrathful thunders wrack.

XIII.

Yet nathemore the *Giantess* forbare:
 But boldly preacing on, raught forth her hand
 To pluck her down perforce from off her chair;
 And therewith lifting up her golden wand,
 Threatned to strike her if she did withstand.
 Whereat the Stars which round about her blaz'd,
 And eke the Moon's bright wagon still did stand,
 All being with so bold attempt amaz'd,
 And on her uncouth habit and stern look still gaz'd,

XIV.

Mean while, the lower world, which nothing knew
 Of all that chanced here, was darkned quite ;
 And eke the heavens, and all the heavenly crew
 Of happy wights, now unpurvaied of light,
 Were much afraid, and wondred at that sight ;
 Fearing least *Chaos* broken had his chain,
 And brought again on them eternal night :
 But chiefly *Mercury*, that next doth reign,
 Ran forth in haste, unto the King of Gods to plain,

XV.

All ran together with a great outcry,
 To *Joves* fair palace, fixt in heavens height ;
 And beating at his gates full earnestly,
 'Gan call to him aloud with all their might,
 To know what meant that suddain lack of light.
 The Father of the Gods when this he heard,
 Was troubled much at their so strange affright,
 Doubting lest *Typhon* were again uprear'd,
 Or other his old foes, that once him sorely fear'd.

XVI.

Eftsoons the Son of *Maia* forth he sent
 Down to the circle of the Moon, to know
 The cause of this so strange astonishment,
 And why she did her wanted course forslow ;
 And if that any were on earth below
 That did with charms or magick her molest,
 Him to attach, and down to hell to throw :
 But if from heaven it were, then to arrest
 The author, and him bring before his presence prest.

XVII.

The wing'd-foot God, so fast his plumes did beat,
 That soon he came wheréas the *Titaness*
 Was striving with fair *Cynthia* for her seat :
 At whose strange sight, and haughty hardiness,
 He wondred much, and feared her no less.
 Yet laying fear aside to do his charge,
 At last, he bade her (with bold stedfastness)
 Cease to molest the Moon to walk at large,
 Or come before high *Jove* her doings to discharge.

XVIII.

And therewithall, he on her shoulder laid
 His snaky-wreathed mace, whose awful power
 Doth make both Gods and hellish Fiends affraid :
 Whereat the *Titanes* did sternly lower,
 And stoutly answer'd, that in evil hour
 He from his *Jove* such message to her brought,
 To bid her leave fair *Cynthia's* silver bower ;
 Sith she his *Jove* and him esteemed nought, [sought.
 No more than *Cynthia's* self ; but all their kingdoms :

XIX.

The Heavens Herald staid not to reply,
 But past away, his doings to relate
 Unto his Lord ; who now in th' highest sky,
 Was placed in his principal estate,
 With all the Gods about him congregate :
 To whom when *Hermes* had his message told,
 It did them all exceedingly amate,
 Save *Jove* ; who, changing nought his count'nance bold.
 Did unto them at length these speeches wise unfold.

XX.

Hearken to me awhile ye heavenly Powrs.
 Ye may remember since th' Earth's cursed seed
 Sought to assail the heavens eternal towrs,
 And to us all exceeding fear did breed :
 But how we then defeated all their deed,
 Ye all do know, and them destroyed quite ;
 Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed
 An offspring of their blood, which did alite
 Upon the fruitful earth, which doth us yet despise.

XXI.

Of that bad seed is this bold woman bred,
 That now with bold presumption doth aspire
 To thrust fair *Phæbe* from her silver bed,
 And eke ourselves from heavens high empire,
 If that her might were match to her desire :
 Wherefore, it now behoves us to advise
 What way is best to drive her to retire ;
 Whether by open force, or counsel wise,
 Arcad ye Sons of God, as best ye can devise.

XXII.

So having said, he ceast; and with his brow
 (His black eye-brow, whose doomsful dreaded beck
 Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,
 And even the highest Powres of heaven to check)
 Made sign to them in their degrees to speak:
 Who straight 'gan cast their counsel grave and wise.
 Meanwhile, th'Earths Daughter, though she nought
 Of *Hermes* message; yet 'gan now advise, [did reck
 What course were best to take in this hot bold emprize.

XXIII.

Eftsoons she thus resolv'd; that whilst the Gods
 (After return of *Hermes* embassie)
 Were troubled, and amongst themselves at odds,
 Before they could new counsels re-allie,
 To set upon them in that extasie;
 And take what fortune time and place would lend:
 So forth she rose, and through the purest sky
 To *Joves* high palace straight cast to ascend,
 To prosecute her plot: Good onset boads good end.

XXIV.

She there arriving, boldly in did pass;
 Where all the Gods she found in counsel close,
 All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was.
 At sight of her they suddain all arose,
 In great amaze, ne wist what way to chose.
 But *Jove* all fearless, forc'd them to aby;
 And in his soveraine throne, 'gan straight dispose
 Himself more full of grace and majesty,
 That mote encheare his friends, and foes mote terrify.

XXV.

That when the haughty *Titaness* beheld,
 All were she fraught with pride and impudence,
 Yet with the sight thereof was almost queld;
 And inly quaking, seem'd as rest of sense,
 And void of speech in that drad audience;
 Until that *Jove* himself, herself bespake:
 Speak thou frail woman, speak with confidence,
 Whence art thou, and what dost thou here now make?
 What idle errand hast thou, earths mansion to forsake?

XXVI.

She half confus'd with his great command,
 Yet gathering spirit of her natures pride,
 Him boldly answer'd thus to his demand :
 I am a Daughter by the Mothers side,
 Of her that is Grand-mother magnifice
 Of all the Gods, great *Earth*, great *Chaos* child :
 But by the Fathers (be it not envie)
 I greater am in blood (whereon I build)
 Than all the Gods, though wrongfully from heaven exil'd.

XXVII.

For *Titan* (as ye all acknowledge must)
 Was *Saturns* elder Brother by birth-right ;
 Both Sons of *Uranus* : but by unjust
 And guileful means, through *Corybantes* flight,
 The younger thrust the elder from his right :
 Since which, thou *Jove*, injuriously hast held
 The heavens rule from *Titans* Sons by might ;
 And them to hellish dungeons down hast felld :
 Witnes ye heavens the truth of all that I have told.

XXVIII.

Whilst she thus spake, the Gods that gave good ear
 To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
 Being of stature tall as any there
 Of all the Gods, and beautiful of face,
 As any of the Goddesses in place,
 Stood all astonied, like a sort of Steers,
 Amongst whom some beast of strange and foreign race,
 Unwares is chaunc'd, far straying from his peers :
 So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden fears.

XXIX.

Till having pauz'd awhile, *Jove* thus bespake ;
 Will never mortal thoughts cease to aspire,
 In this bold sort, to heaven claim to make,
 And touch celestial seats with earthly mire ?
 I would have thought that bold *Procrustes* hire,
 Or *Typhons* fall, or proud *Ixions* pain,
 Or great *Prometheus*, tasting of our ire,
 Would have suffiz'd, the rest for to restrain ;
 And warn'd all men by their example to refrain.

XXX.

But now this off-scum of that cursed fry,
 Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
 And challenge th'heritage of this our sky;
 Whom what should hinder, but that we likewise
 Should handle as the rest of her allies,
 And thunder-drive to hell? With that he shook
 His Nectar-dewed locks, with which the skies
 And all the world beneath for terrour quook,
 And est his burning levin-brond in hand he took.

XXXI.

But when he looked on her lovely face,
 In which fair beams of beauty did appear,
 That could the greatest wrath soon turn to grace
 (Such sway doth beauty even in heaven bear)
 He staid his hand: and having chang'd his chear,
 He thus again in milder wise began;
 But ah! if Gods should strive with flesh yfere,
 Then shortly should the progeny of man
 Be rooted out, if *Jove* should do still what he can.

XXXII.

But thee fair *Titan* child, I rather ween,
 Through some vain errour or inducement light,
 To see that mortal eyes have never seen;
 Or through ensample of thy Sisters might,
Bellona; whose great glory thou dost spight,
 Since thou hast seen her dreadful powre below,
 'Mongst wretched men (dismaid with her affright)
 To bandy crowns, and kingdoms to bestow:
 And sure thy worth, no less than hers, doth seem to show.

XXXIII.

But wote thou this, thou hardy *Titaness*,
 That not the worth of any living wight
 May challenge ought in heavens interese;
 Much less the title of old *Titan* right:
 For we by conquest of our souveraine might,
 And by eternal doom of Fates decree,
 Have won the empire of the heavens bright;
 Which to ourselves we hold, and to whom we
 Shall worthy deem partakers of our blisse to be.

XXXIV.

Then cease thy idle claim thou foolish girl,
 And seek by grace and goodness to obtain
 That place from which by folly *Titan* fell;
 Thereto thou mayst perhaps, if so thou fain
 Have *Jove* thy gracious Lord and Soveraine.
 So having said, she thus to him replide;
 Cease *Saturns* Son, to seek by proffers vain
 Of idle hopes t'allure me to thy side;
 For to betray my right, before I have it tride.

XXXV.

But thee, O *Jove*, no equal Judge I deem
 Of my desert, or of my dueful right;
 That in thine own behalf mayst partial seem:
 But to the highest him, that is beight
 Father of Gods and men by equal might;
 To weet, the God of nature, I appeal.
 Thereat *Jove* waxed wroth, and in his spright
 Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceal,
 And bade *Dan Phœbus* Scribe her appellation seal.

XXXVI.

Esfoons the time and place appointed were,
 Where all, both heavenly Powers, and earthly wights,
 Before great Natures presence should appear,
 For trial of their titles and best rights:
 That was to weet upon the highest heights
 Of *Arlo-bill* (who knows not *Arlo-bill*?)
 That is the highest head (in all mens sights)
 Of my old Father *Mole*, whom Shepherds quill
 Renowned hath with hymns fit for a rural skill.

XXXVII.

And were it not ill fitting for this file,
 To sing of hills and woods, 'mongst wars and Knights,
 I would abate the sternness of my stile,
 'Mongst these stern stounds to mingle soft delights;
 And tell how *Arlo* through *Dianas* spights
 (Being of old the best and fairest hill
 That was in all this holly Islands heights)
 Was made the most unpleasant, and most ill.
 Meanwhile, O *Clio*, lend *Calliope* thy quill.

XXXVIII.

Whylome when IRELAND flourished in fame
 Of wealth and goodnesse, far above the rest
 Of all that bear the *British* Islands name,
 The Gods then us'd (for pleasure and for rest)
 Oft to resort thereto, when seem'd them best:
 But none of all therein more pleasure found,
 Than *Cynthia*; that is soveraine Queen profess
 Of woods and forests, which therein abound,
 Sprinkled with wholesome waters, more than most on

XXXIX.

[ground.

But 'mongst them all, as fittest for her game,
 Either for chace of beasts with hound or bow,
 Or for to shroud in shade from *Phæbus* flame,
 Or bathe in fountains that do freshly flow,
 Or from high hills, or from the dales below,
 She chose this *Arlo*; where she did resort
 With all her Nymphs enanged on a row,
 With whom the woody Gods did oft consort:
 For with the Nymphs, the Satyrs love to play and sport.

XL.

Amongst the which, there was a Nymph that hight
Molanna; Daughter of old Father *Mole*,
 And Sister unto *Mulla*, fair and bright:
 Unto whose bed false *Bregog* whylome stole,
 That Shepherd *Colin* dearly did condole,
 And made her lucklesse loves well known to be.
 But this *Molanna*, were she not so shole,
 Were no lesse fair and beautiful than she:
 Yet as she is, a fairer flood may no man see.

XLI.

For first she springs out of two marble rocks,
 On which a grove of oaks high mounted grows;
 That as a girland seems to deck the locks
 Of some fair Bride, brought forth with pompous shows
 Out of her bower, that many flowers strows:
 So through the flowry dales she tumbling down,
 Through many woods, and shady coverts flows
 (That on each side her silver channel crown)
 Till to the plain she come, whose valleys she doth drown.

XLII.

In her sweet streams, *Diana* used oft
 (After her sweaty chace and toilsome play)
 To bathe herself; and after on the soft
 And downy grass, her dainty limbs to lay
 In covert shade, where none behold her may:
 For much she hated sight of living eye.
 Foolish God *Faunus*, though full many a day
 He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly
 To see her naked 'mongst her Nymphs in privacy.

XLIII.

No way he found to compass his desire,
 But to corrupt *Molanna*, this her maid,
 Her to discover for some secret hire:
 So her with flattering words he first assayed;
 And after, pleasing gifts for her purveyd,
 Queen-apples, and red cherries from the tree,
 With which he her allured and betraid,
 To tell what time he might her Lady see,
 When she her self did bathe, that he might secret be.

XLIV.

Thereto he promist, if she would him pleasure
 With this small boon, to quit her with a better;
 To weet, that whereas she had out of measure
 Long lov'd the *Fancin*, who by nought did set her,
 That he would undertake, for this to get her
 To be his Love, and of him liked well:
 Beside all which he vow'd to be her debtor
 For many more good turns than he would tell;
 The least of which, this little pleasure should excell.

XLV.

The simple maid did yield to him anone;
 And est him placed where he close might view
 That never any saw, save only one;
 Who for his hire so so fool-hardy due,
 Was of his hounds devour'd in hunters hue.
 Tho as her manner was on sunny day,
Diana with her Nymphs about her, drew
 To this sweet spring; where doffing her array,
 She bath'd her lovely limbs, for *Jove* a likely prey.

XLVI.

There *Faustus* saw that pleased much his eye,
 And made his heart to tickle in his breast,
 That for great joy of somewhat he did spy,
 He could him not contain in silent rest;
 But breaking forth in laughter, loud profess
 His foolish thought. A foolish *Faun* indeed,
 That couldst not hold thyself so hidden blest,
 But wouldest needs thine own conceit areed.
 Bablers unworthy been of so divine a meed.

XLVII.

The Goddess all abashed with that noise,
 In haste forth started from the guilty brook;
 And running straight whereas she heard his voice,
 Enclos'd the bush about, and there him took,
 Like darred Lark; not daring up to look
 On her whose sight before so much he sought.
 Thence forth they drew him by the horns, and shook
 Nigh all to pieces, that they left him nought;
 And then into the open light they forth him brought.

XLVIII.

Like as an hufwife, that with busie care
 Thinks of her dairy to make wondrous gain,
 Finding whereas some wicked beast unware
 That breaks into her dayr'house, there doth drain
 Her creaming pans, and frustrate all her pain;
 Hath in some snare or gin set close behind,
 Entrapped him, and caught into her train,
 Then thinks what punishment were best assign'd,
 And thousand deaths deviseth in her vengeful mind.

XLIX.

So did *Diana* and her maidens all
 Use silly *Faunus*, now within their bail:
 They mock and scorn him, and him foul miscall;
 Some by the nose him pluckt, some by the tail,
 And by his goatish beard some did him hail:
 Yet he (poor soul) with patience all did bear;
 For nought against their wills might countervail:
 Ne ought he said whatever he did hear,
 But hanging down his head, did like a Mome appear.

L.

At length when they had flouted him their fill,
 They 'gan to cast what penance him to give.
 Some would have gelt him, but that same would spill
 The Wood-Gods breed, which must for ever live:
 Others would through the river him have drive,
 And ducked deep: but that seem'd penance light;
 But most agreed and did this sentence give,
 Him in Deers-skin to clad; and in that plight,
 To hunt him with their hounds, himself save how he might.

LI.

But *Cynthia's* self more angry than the rest,
 Thought not enough to punish him in sport,
 And of her shame to make a gamesome jest;
 But 'gan examine him in streighter sort,
 Which of her Nymphs, or other close consort,
 Him thither brought, and her to him betrayd.
 He much affear'd, to her confessed short,
 That 'twas *Molanna* which her so bewrayd.
 Then all attonce their hands upon *Molanna* layd.

LII.

But him (according as they had decreed)
 With a Deers-skin they cover'd, and then chast
 With all their hounds, that after him did speed;
 But he more speedy, from them fled more fast
 Than any Deer: so sore him dread aghast.
 They after follow'd all with shrill out-cry,
 Shouting as they the heavens would have brast:
 That all the woods and dales where he did fly,
 Did ring again, and loud re-eccho to the sky.

LIII.

So they him follow'd till they weary were;
 When back returning to *Molann'* again,
 They by commandment of *Diana*, there
 Her whelm'd with stones. Yet *Faunus* (for her pain)
 Of her beloved *Fancin* did obtain,
 That her he would receive unto his bed.
 So now her waves pass through a pleasant plain,
 Till with the *Fancin* she herself do wed,
 And (both combin'd) themselves in one fair river spread.

LIV.

Nath'less *Diāna*, full of indignation,
 Thenceforth abandon'd her delicious brook ;
 In whose sweet stream, before that bad occasion,
 So much delight to bathe her limbs she took :
 Ne only her, but also quite forsook
 All those fair forests about *Arlo* hid,
 And all that mountain which doth overlook
 The richest champion that may else be rid,
 And the fair *Shere*, in which are thousand Salmon's bred.

LV.

Them all, and all that she so dear did way,
 Thenceforth she left ; and parting from the place,
 Thereon an heavy hapless curse did lay,
 To weet, that Wolves, where she was wont to space,
 Should harbour'd be, and all those woods deface,
 And thieves should rob and spoil that coast around.
 Since which, those woods, and all that goodly chase,
 Doth to this day with Wolves and thieves abound :
 Which too too true that lands in-dwellers since have
 [found.]

C A N T O VII.

*Pealling from Jove, to Natures bar,
 Bold Alteration pleads
 Large Evidence: but Nature soon
 Her righteous Doom areads.*

I.

A h! whither dost thou now thou greater Muse
 Me from these woods and pleasing forests bring ?
 And my frail spirit (that doth oft refuse
 This too high flight, unfit for her weak wing)
 Lift up aloft, to tell of heavens King
 (Thy Sovereine Sire) his fortunate success,
 And victory, in bigger notes to sing,
 Which he obtain'd against that *Titaness*,
 That him of heavens empire sought to dispossess.

II.

Yet sith I needs must follow thy behest,
 Do thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,
 Fit for this turn; and in my feeble breast
 Kindle fresh sparks of that immortal fire,
 Which learned minds inflameth with desire
 Of heavenly things: for who but thou alone,
 That art yborn of heaven and heavenly Sire,
 Can tell things done in heaven so long ygone;
 So far past memory of man that may be known.

III.

Now at the time that was before agreed,
 The Gods assembled all on *Arlo* hill;
 As well those that are sprung of heavenly seed,
 As those that all the other world do fill,
 And rule both sea and land unto their will:
 Only th'infernal Powrs might not appear;
 As well for horror of their count'nance ill,
 As for th'unruly Fiends which they did fear;
 Yet *Pluto* and *Proserpina* were present there.

IV.

And thither also came all other creatures,
 Whatever life or motion do retain,
 According to their sundry kinds of features;
 That *Arlo* scarcely could them all contain;
 So full they filled every hill and plain:
 And had not *Natures* Sergeant (that is *Order*)
 Them well disposed by his busie pain,
 And ranged far abroad in every border,
 They would have caused much confusion and disorder.

V.

Then forth issu'd (great Goddess) great dame *Nature*,
 With goodly port and gracious majesty;
 Being far greater and more tall of stature
 Than any of the Gods or Powrs on high;
 Yet certes by her face and physnomy,
 Whether she man or woman inly were,
 That could not any creature well descry:
 For with a veil that wimpled every where,
 Her head and face was hid, that mote to none appear.

VI.

That some do say was so by skill deviz'd,
 To hide the terrour of her uncouth hue,
 From mortal eyes that should be sore agriz'd ;
 For that her face did like a Lyon shew,
 That eye of wight could not indure to view :
 But others tell that it so beauteous was,
 And round about such beams of splendour threw,
 That it the Sun a thousand times did pass,
 Ne could be seen, but like an image in a glasse.

VII.

That well may seemen true : for well I ween
 That this same day, when she on *Arlo* sat,
 Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheen,
 That my frail wit cannot devize to what
 It to compare, nor find like stuff to that,
 As those three sacred *Saints*, though else most wise,
 Yet on mount *Thabor* quite their wits forgot,
 When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise
 Transfigur'd saw : his garments so did daze their eyes.

VIII.

In a fair plain upon an equal hill,
 She placed was in a pavilion ;
 Not such as craftsmen by their idle skill
 Are wont for Princes states to fashion :
 But th' Earth her self of her own motion,
 Out of her fruitful bosom made to grow
 Most dainty trees ; that shooting up anon,
 Did seem to bow their blooming heads full low,
 For homage unto her, and like a throne did show.

IX.

So hard it is for any living wight,
 All her array and vestiments to tell,
 That old *Dan Geffrey* (in whose gentle spright
 The pure well-head of poesie did dwell)
 In his *Fowls parley* durst not with it mell,
 But it transfer'd to *Alane*, who he thought
 Had in his *Plaint of kinds* describ'd it well :
 Which who will read set forth so as it ought,
 Go seek he out that *Alane* where he may be sought.

X.

And all the earth far underneath her feet
 Was dight with flowres, that voluntary grew
 Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet,
 Ten thousand more of sundry scent and hue,
 That might delight the smell, or please the view :
 The which the Nymphs, from all the brooks thereby
 Had gather'd, which they at her footstool threw ;
 That richer seem'd than any tapestry,
 That Princes bowres adorn with painted imagery.

XI.

And *Mole* himself to honour her the more,
 Did deck himself in freshest fair attire,
 And his high head, that seemeth always hore
 With hardned frosts of former winters ire,
 He with an oaken girland now did tire,
 As if the love of some new Nymph late seen,
 Had in him kindled youthful fresh desire,
 And made him change his gray attire to green ;
 Ah gentle *Mole* ! such joyance hath thee well beseen.

XII.

Was never so great joyance since the day
 That all the Gods whylome assembled were
 On *Hæmus* hill in their divine array,
 To celebrate the solemn bridal chear,
 'Twixt *Peleus*, and Dame *Thetis* pointed there ;
 Where *Phæbus* self, that God of Poets hight,
 They say did sing the spousal hymn full clear,
 That all the Gods were ravisht with delight
 Of his celestial song, and musicks wondrous might.

XIII.

This great Grandmother of all creatures bred
 Great *Nature*, ever young, yet full of eld,
 Still moving, yet unmoved from her sted ;
 Unseen of any, yet of all beheld ;
 Thus sitting in her throne as I have teld,
 Before her came Dame *Mutability* ;
 And being low before her presence feld,
 With meek obeysance and humility,
 Thus 'gan her plaintiff plea with words to amplify.

XIV.

To thee, O greatest Goddess, only great,
 An humble suppliant I, I lowly fly
 Seeking for right, which I of thee entreat;
 Who right to all dost deal indifferently,
 Damning all wrong and tortious injury,
 Which any of thy creatures do to other
 (Oppressing them with powre unequally)
 Sith of them all thou art the equal Mother,
 And knittest each to each, as Brother unto Brother.

XV.

To thee therefore of this same *Jove* I plain,
 And of his fellow Gods that feign to be,
 That challenge to themselves the whole worlds reign;
 Of which the greatest part is due to me,
 And heaven it self by heritage in fee:
 For heaven and earth I both alike do deem,
 Sith heaven and earth are both alike to thee;
 And Gods no more than men thou dost esteem:
 For even the Gods to thee, as men to Gods do seem.

XVI.

Then weigh, O soveraine Goddess, by what right
 These Gods do claim the worlds whole sovereignty;
 And that is only due unto my might
 Arrogate to themselves ambitiously;
 As for the Gods own principality,
 Which *Jove* usurps unjustly; that to be
 My heritage, *Jove's* self cannot deny,
 From my great Grandfire *Titan*, unto me,
 Deriv'd by due descent; as is well known to thee.

XVII.

Yet maugre *Jove*, and all his Gods beside,
 I do possess the worlds most regiment;
 As if ye please it into parts divide,
 And every parts inholders to convent,
 Shall to your eyes appear incontinent.
 And first, the Earth (great Mother of us all)
 That only seems unmov'd and permanent,
 And unto *Mutability* not thrall;
 Yet is she chang'd in part, and eke in general.

XVIII.

For all that from her springs, and is ybred,
 However fair it flourish for a time,
 Yet see we soon decay ; and being dead,
 To turn again unto their earthly slime :
 Yet out of their decay and mortal crime,
 We daily see new creatures to arise ;
 And of their winter spring another prime,
 Unlike in form, and chang'd by strange disguise :
 So turn they still about, and change in restless wise.

XIX.

As for her tenants ; that is, men and beasts,
 The beasts we daily see massacred dye,
 As thralls and vassals unto mens behests :
 And men themselves do change continually,
 From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,
 From good to bad, from bad to worst of all.
 Ne do their bodies only flit and fly :
 But eke their minds (which they immortal call)
 Still change and vary thoughts, as new occasions fall.

XX.

Ne is the water in more constant case ;
 Whether those same on high, or these below.
 For th'Ocean moveth still from place to place ;
 And every river still doth ebb and flow :
 Ne any lake that seems most still and slow,
 Ne pool so small, that can his smoothness hold,
 When any wind doth under heaven blow ;
 With which the clouds are also tost and roll'd ;
 Now like great hills ; and straight like sluices them unfold.

XXI.

So likewise are all watry living wights
 Still toss'd, and turned, with continual change,
 Never abiding in their stedfast plights.
 The Fish, still floating, do at random range,
 And never rest ; but evermore exchange
 Their dwelling places, as the streams them carry :
 Ne have the watry Fowls a certain grange,
 Wherein to rest, ne in one stead do tarry ;
 But sitting still do fly, and still their places vary.

XXII.

Next is the air : which who feels not by sense
 (For of all sense it is the middle mean)
 To sit still ? and with subtil influence
 Of his thin sprite, all creatures to maintain,
 In state of life ? O weak life ! that does lean
 On thing so tickle as th' unsteady air ;
 Which every hour is chang'd, and alter'd clean
 With every blast that bloweth foul or fair :
 The fair doth it prolong ; the foul doth it impair.

XXIII.

Therein the changes infinite behold,
 Which to her creatures every minute chance ;
 Now boiling hot : straight friezing deadly cold :
 Now fair sun-shine, that makes all skip and dance :
 Straight bitter storms and baleful countenance,
 That makes them all to shiver and to shake :
 Rain, hail, and snow do pay them sad pennance,
 And dreadful thunder-claps (that make them quake)
 With flames and flashing lights that thousand changes
 XXIV. [make.

Last is the fire : which though it live for ever,
 Ne can be quenched quite ; yet every day,
 We see his parts, so soon as they do sever,
 To lose their heat, and shortly to decay ;
 So makes himself his own consuming prey.
 Ne any living creatures doth he breed :
 But all that are of others bred doth slay ;
 And with their death his cruel life doth feed ;
 Nought leaving, but their barren ashes, without seed.

XXV.

Thus all these four (the which the ground-work be
 Of all the world, and of all living wights)
 To thousand sorts of *Change* we subject see :
 Yet are they chang'd (by other wondrous flights)
 Into themselves, and lose their native mights ;
 The fire to air, and th' air to water sheer,
 And water into earth : yet water fights
 With fire, and air with earth approaching near :
 Yet all are in one body, and as one appear.

XXVI.

So in them all reigns *Mutability* ;
 However these, that Gods themselves do call,
 Of them do claim the rule and soverainty :
 As *Vesta*, of the fire æthereal ;
Vulcan, of this, with us so usual ;
Ops, of the earth ; and *Juno* of the air ;
Neptune, of Seas ; and Nymphs of rivers all.
 For all those rivers to me subject are :
 And all the rest, which they usurp, be all my share.

XXVII.

Which to approven true, as I have told,
 Vouchsafe, O Goddess, to thy presence call
 The rest which do the world in being hold :
 As times and seasons of the year that fall :
 Of all the which, demand in general,
 Or judge thy self, by verdict of thine eye,
 Whether to me they are not subject all.
Nature did yield thereto ; and by-and-by,
 Bade *Order* call them all, before her Majesty.

XXVIII.

So forth issu'd the Seasons of the year ;
 First lusty *Spring*, all dight in leaves of flowres
 That freshly budded and new bloosms did bear
 (In which a thousand birds had built their bowres,
 That sweetly sung, to call forth Paramours :)
 And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
 And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
 A gilt engraven morion he did wear ;
 That as some did him love, so others did him fear.

XXIX.

Then came the jolly *Summer*, being dight
 In a thin silken cassock colour'd green,
 That was unlined all, to be more light :
 And on his head a girlond well beseen
 He wore, from which as he had chauffed been
 The sweat did drop ; and in his hand he bore
 A bow and shafts, as he in forest green
 Had hunted late the Libbard or the Boar,
 And now would bathe his limbs, with labour heated sore.

XXX.

Then came the *Autumn* all in yellow clad,
As though he joyed in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched fore.
Upon his head a wreath, that was enroid
With ears of corn of every sort, he bore :
And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
To reap the ripen'd fruits the which the earth had yold.

XXXI.

Lastly came *Winter* cloathed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did friese ;
And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distill.
In his right hand a tipped staff he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still .
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld ;
That scarce his loosed limbs he able was to weld.

XXXII.

These marching softly, thus in order went,
And after them, the months all riding came ;
First, sturdy *March* with brows full sternly bent,
And armed strongly, rode upon a Ram,
The same which over *Hellepontus* swam :
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds yfame,
Which on the earth he strowed as he went,
And fill'd her womb with fruitful hope of nourishment.

XXXIII.

Next came fresh *April* full of lustyhed,
And wanton as a Kid whose horn new buds :
Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floating through th' *Argolick* floods :
His horns were gilden all with golden studs
And garnished with girlonds goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds
Which th'earth brings forth, and wet he seem'd in sight
With waves, through which he waded for his Loves delight.

XXXIV.

Then came fair *May*, the fairest maid on ground,
 Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pride,
 And throwing flowres out of her lap around :
 Upon two brethrens shoulders she did ride,
 The twins of *Leda* ; which on either side
 Supported her like to their soverain Queen.
 Lord ! how all creatures laught, when her they spide,
 And leapt and danc'd as they had ravisht been !
 And *Cupid* self about her flutted all in green.

XXXV.

And after her, came jolly *June*, array'd
 All in green leaves, as he a Player were ;
 Yet in his time, he wrought as well as play'd,
 That by his plough-irons mote right well appear :
 Upon a Crab he rode, that him did bear
 With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pace,
 And backward yode, as Bargemen wont to fare
 Bending their force contrary to their face,
 Like that ungracious crew which feigns demurest grace.

XXXVI.

Then came hot *July*, boiling like to fire,
 That all his garments he had cast away :
 Upon a Lyon raging yet with ire
 He boldly rode and made him to obey :
 It was the beast that whylome did forray
 The Nemæan forest, till th' *Amphytrionide*
 Him slew, and with his hide did him array :
 Behind his back a sithe, and by his side
 Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

XXXVII.

The sixth was *August*, being rich array'd
 In garment all of gold down to the ground :
 Yet rode he not, but led a lovely Maid
 Forth by the lilly hand, the which was crown'd .
 With ears of Corn, and full her hand was found ;
 That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
 Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound ;
 But, after Wrong was lov'd and Justice sold,
 She left th' unrighteous world and was to heaven extold.

XXXVIII

Next him, *September* marched eke on foot ;
 Yet was he heavy laden with the spoil
 Of harvests riches, which he made his boot,
 And him enricht with bounty of the soil :
 In his one hand, as fit for harvests toil,
 He held a knife-hook ; and in th' other hand
 A pair of weights, with which he did assail
 Both more and less, where it in doubt did stand,
 And equal gave to each as Justice duly scan'd.

XXXIX.

Then came *October* full of merry glee :
 For yet his noul was totty of the must,
 Which he was treading in the wine-fats see,
 And of the joyous oyl, whose gentle gust
 Made him so frolick and so full of lust :
 Upon a dreadful Scorpion he did ride,
 The same which by *Dianas* doom unjust
 Slew great *Orion* : and eke by his side
 He had his ploughing share, and coulter ready tyde.

XL.

Next was *November*, he full gross and fat,
 As fed with lard, and that right well might seem ;
 For he had been a fattening Hogs of late,
 That yet his brows with sweat did reek and steem,
 And, yet the season was full sharp and broom ;
 In planting eke he took no small delight :
 Whereon he rode ; not easie was to deem ;
 For it a dreadful *Centaur* was in sight,
 The seed of *Saturn*, and fair *Nais*, *Chiron* high.

XLI.

And after him, came next the chill *December* :
 Yet he through merry feasting which he made,
 And great bonfires, did not the cold remember ;
 His Saviours birth his mind so much did glad :
 Upon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
 The same wherewith *Dan Jove* in tender years,
 They say, was nourisht by th' *Lean* maid ;
 And in his hand a broad deep bowl he bears ;
 Of which he freely drinks a health to all his peers.

XLII.

Then came old *January*, wrapped well
 In many weeds to keep the cold away;
 Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
 And blow his nails to warm them if he may:
 For they were numb'd with holding all the day
 An hatchet keen, with which he felled wood,
 And from the trees did top the needles spray:
 Upon an huge great earth-pot stean he stood; [stood.
 From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the Roman

XLIII.

And lastly, came cold *February*, sitting
 In an old wagon, for he could not ride;
 Drawn of two *Fishes* for the season fitting,
 Which through the flood before did softly slide
 And swim away: yet had he by his side
 His plough and harness fit to till the ground,
 And tools to prune the trees, before the pride:
 Of hasting priene did make them burgein round:
 So past the twelve months forth, and their due places found.

XLIV.

And after these, there came the *Day* and *Night*,
 Riding together both with equal pace,
 Th' one on a palfrey black, the other white;
 But *Night* had cover'd her uncomely face
 With a black veil, and held in hand a mace,
 On top whereof the Moon and Stars were pight;
 And sleep and darkness round about did trace:
 But *Day* did bear, upon his scepters height,
 The goodly Sun, encompast all with beams bright.

XLV.

Then came the *Hours*, fair daughters of high *Jove*,
 And timely *Night*, the which were all endu'd
 With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love;
 But they were Virgins all, and Love eschew'd
 That might forsack the charge to them fore-shew'd
 By mighty *Jove*; who did them Porters make
 Of heavens gate (whence all the Gods issu'd)
 Which they did daily watch, and nightly wake
 By even turns, ne ever did their charge forsake.

XLVI.

And after all came *Life*, and lastly *Death*;
Death with most grim and grievously visage seen,
 Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;
 Ne ought to see, but like a shade to ween,
 Unbodied, unsoul'd, unheard, unseen.
 But *Life* was like a fair young lusty boy,
 Such as they feign *Dan Cupid* to have been,
 Full of delightful health and lively joy,
 Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold fit to employ.

XLVII.

When these were past, thus 'gan the *Titanes*;
 Lo mighty Mother, now be judge and say,
 Whether in all thy creatures more or less
Change doth not reign and bear the greatest sway:
 For who sees not, that *Time* on all doth prey?
 But times do change and move continually.
 So nothing here long standeth in one stay:
 Wherefore, this lower world who can deny
 But to be subject still to *Mutability*.

XLVIII.

Then thus gan *Jove*; Right true it is, that these
 And all things else that under heaven dwell
 Are chang'd of *Time*, who doth them all disseise
 Of being: But, who is it (to me tell)
 That *Time* himself doth move and still compell
 To keep his course? Is not that namely we
 Which pour that vertue from our heavenly cell,
 That moves them all, and makes them changed be?
 So them we Gods do rule, and in them also thee.

XLIX.

To whom, thus *Mutability*: The things
 Which we see not how they are mov'd and sway'd,
 Ye may attribute to yourselves as Kings,
 And say they by your secret powre are made:
 But what we see not, who shall us persuade?
 But were they so, as ye them feign to be,
 Mov'd by your might, and ordred by your aid;
 Yet what if I can prove, that even ye
 Yourselves are likewise chang'd, and subject unto me?

L.

And first, concerning her that is the first,
 Even you fair *Cynthia*, whom so much ye make
Joves dearest darling, she was bred and nurst
 On *Cynthus* hill, whence she her name did take :
 Then is she mortal born, howso ye crake ;
 Besides, her face and count'nance every day
 We changed see, and sundry forms partake, [gray :
 Now hornd, now round, now bright, now brown and
 So that *as changeful as the Moon* men use to say.

LI.

Next, *Mercury*, who though he less appear
 To change his hue, and always seems as one ;
 Yet he his course doth alter every year,
 And is of late far out of order gone :
 So *Venus* eke, that goodly Paragone,
 Though fair all night, yet is she dark all day ;
 And *Phæbus* self, who lightsome is alone,
 Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,
 And fills the darkned world with terrour and dismay.

LII.

Now *Mars* that valiant man is changed most :
 For he sometimes so far runs out of square,
 That he his way doth seem quite to have lost,
 And clean without his usual sphere to fare ;
 That even these Star-gazers stonishd are
 At sights thereof, and damn their lying books :
 So likewise, grim Sir *Saturn* oft doth spare
 His stern aspect, and calm his crabbed looks :
 So many turning cranks these have, so many crooks.

LIII.

But you *Dan Jove*, that only constant are,
 And King of all the rest, as ye do claim,
 Are you not subject eke to this misfare ?
 Then let me ask you this withouten blame,
 Where were ye born ? Some say in *Crete* by name,
 Others in *Thebes*, and others other-where :
 But wheresoever they comment the same,
 They all consent that ye begotten were,
 And born here in this world, ne other can appear.

LIV.

Then are ye mortal born, and thrall to me,
Unless the Kingdom of the sky ye make
Immortal, and unchangeable to be;
Besides, that powre and vertue which ye spake,
That ye here work, doth many changes take,
And your own natures change: for, each of you
That vertue have, or this, or that to make,
Is checkt and changed from his nature true,
By others opposition or obliquid view.

LV.

Besides, the sundry motions of your spheres,
So sundry ways and fashions as Clerks feign,
Some in short space, and some in longer years;
What is the same but alteration plain?
Only the starry sky doth still remain:
Yet do the stars and signs therein still move,
And even itself is mov'd, as wizards sain.
But all that moveth, doth mutation love:
Therefore both you and them to me I subject prove.

LVI.

Then since within this wide great *Universe*
Nothing doth firm and permanent appear,
But all things tost and turned by transverse:
What then should let, but I aloft should rear
My trophy and from all, the triumph bear?
Now judge then (O thou greatest Goddess true!
According as thy self dost see and hear,
And unto me addoom that is my due,
That is the rule of all, all being rul'd by you.

LVII.

So having ended, silence long ensu'd,
Ne *Nature* to or fro spake for a space,
But with firm eyes affixt, the ground still view'd.
Mean while, all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th'end of this so doubtful case,
Did hang in long suspence what would ensue,
To whether side should fall the soveraine place:
At length, she looking up with chearful view,
The silence brake, and gave her doom in speeches few.

LVIII.

I well consider all that ye have said,
And find that all things stedfastness do hate
And changed be : yet being rightly weigh'd
They are not changed from their first estate ;
But by their change their being do dilate :
And turning to themselves at length again,
Do work their own perfection so by fate :
Then over them Change doth not rule and reign ;
But they reign over Change, and do their states maintain.

LIX.

Cease therefore Daughter further to aspire,
And thee content thus to be rul'd by me :
For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire ;
But time shall come that all shall changed be,
And from thenceforth, none no more change shall see,
So was the *Titaness* put down and whist,
And *Jove* confirm'd in his imperial See.
Then was that whole assembly quite dismiss'd,
And *Nature's* self did vanish ; whither, no man wist.



The VIIIth Canto, imperfect.

I.

When I bethink me on that speech whylear,
 Of *Mutability*, and well it weigh:
 Me seems, that though she all unworthy were
 Of the heav'ns rule; yet very sooth to say,
 In all things else she bears the greatest sway.
 Which makes me loath this state of life so tickle,
 And love of things so vain and cast away;
 Whose flowring pride, so fading and so fickle,
 Short *Time* shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle.

II.

Then 'gin I think on that which Nature said,
 Of that same time when no more Change shall be,
 But stedfast rest of all things firmly stayd
 Upon the pillours of *Eternity*,
 That is contrayr to *Mutability*:
 For all that moveth, doth in change delight,
 But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
 With him that is the God of Sabaoth hight:
 O that great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabaoths sight.



G L O S S A R Y

Explaining the Old and Obscure Words.

[N. B. Lat. stands for Latin, Fr. French, Ital. Italian, Sax. Saxon,

A.

- A** Bear, to bear, carry, demean. Aleg, (Fr. *allegger*) to alleviate, lighten.
 Abet, to vindicate. Alegeance, Mitigation.
 Abraid, recover'd, rais'd out of, awaked. Algates, nevertheless; sometimes it signifies, by all means, wholly, or ever.
 Abusion, Deceit, Abuse. All, sometimes us'd for altho.
 Aby, to abide, suffer, or endure. Alla Turchesca, in the Turkish
 dear aby pay dear for. Manner.
 Accloy, to cloy, fill up. Als, for also.
 Accoied, daunted. Amate, to distress, terrify, subdue.
 Accoil'd, standing in a Circle. Amears'd, fined.
 Accrued collected, flowing together. Amenage, manage.
 Adaw, sometimes signifies to abate. Amenaunce, Carriage, Behaviour,
 Adaw'd, aw'd, confounded. Amis, Apparel.
 Adore, for adorn. Fairy Queen, Apay, to requite, satisfy, pay,
 B. 4. Canto 11. Stan. 46. Appal, to fail, to terrify.
 Adrad or Adred, affrighted. Appeach, to accuse.
 Advizement, Counsel, Advice. Arear, backward; a lagging, or
 Affrap (from the French Frapper, backward Pace.
 to strike. Aread or areed, to advise, appoint,
 Affray, Terror, Tumult; to fright- to tell or to guess. (Sax.)
 en. (Fr.) Areeds, Advices, Discourses.
 Affy, to betroth. Arew, in a Row.
 Aghast, affrighted, astonish'd. Arraught, reach'd, snatch'd, seiz'd.
 Aggrate, to gratify, to please. Arret, sometimes signifies Decree.
 Aggrize, to astonish, or to give ab- Ascaunce, awry.
 horrence. (Sax.) Aslake, to appease, to slaken,
 Aglets, (Fr. *Aguillette*) Points. Assay (from *assail*) attack.
 Aguife, to put on an appearance. Aston'd, or aitound, astonish'd.
 Aguis'd, set forth, adorn'd, seeming; Assoiled, absolv'd, discharg'd, try'd.
 as well aguis'd, i. e. of good guise Arot, to besot, deceive, make a
 well-seeming. Fool of.
 Albe, altho.

Astert, *to startle*.
 Attach'd, *seiz'd*.
 Attone (*i. e. at one*) *together*.
 Atween, *between*.
 Avail, (*a Noun*) *Price, value, Equivalent*.
 Avale, (*a verb*) *to lower, or bring down, or to descend (Fr.)*
 Avaunting, *for advancing*.
 Avengement, *Revenge*.
 Avise, (*Fr. aviser*) *to behold, or observe, to be sensible of*.
 Aumail'd, *enamell'd (Fr.)*
 Avour, (*from the Fr. avouer*) *Confession*.
 Awhape, *to astonish, terrify*.
 Ay, *ever*.
 Aygulets, *Points (Fr.)*
 B.
B Afful'd, *baffled, beat*.
 Bale, *Sorrow, Misfortune; it originally signifies Burden*.
 Baleful, *sorrowful, unfortunate, full of Harm*.
 Ban, *to curse, to execrate*.
 Barbs, *Bosses or Ornaments in the Trappings of a Horse*.
 Barbed, *embossed*.
 Barbican, *an outer Gate, or Porch, or a Watch-Tower*.
 Basted, *sowed, wrought*.
 Bate, *did beat*.
 Bauldrick *a Belt; Bauldriek of the Heavens, the Zodiack, in which are the twelve signs*.
 Bay, *to bark. In one place, viz. Fairy Queen, Book 1. Canto 7. Stanza 3. Spenser uses it to signify to buthe, cherish or foment, perhaps from the German haben, which has the same Signification*.
 Bead-men, *praying Men, i. e. Persons separated to Devotion*.
 Beath'd in Fire, *hardn'd in the Fire*.
 Beaupercs, *Companions, Equals*.
 Beavy, *a Company*.
 Bed for bid, *to pray*.
 Bedight, *dress'd, adorn'd*.
 Behest, *command*.
 Behight or behote, *call'd, named; and sometimes bid, promis'd, gave*.

Bell-Accoil, *fair Reception (Fr.)*.
 Belamour, *Lover*.
 Belamy, *Friend; from the Fr. Le l'ami*.
 Beldame, *formerly signify'd the same as Dame now, an Appellation of Respect to Women of ordinary Rank*.
 Belgards (*from the Fr. belles Regards*) *beautiful Looks*.
 Bends, *Bays plac'd cross ways*.
 Benempt, *bequeath'd, named*.
 Bent, (*from bend*) *is sometimes put for yielding or complying*.
 Bents *a German Word*) *Bulrushes*.
 Bere, *sometimes signifies Weight, Pressure or Bearing*.
 Beseen, *as Courtesy well beseer, i. e. Courtesy bearing a good aspect, handsom Treatment*.
 Besprint or besprent, *besprinkled*.
 Bestad, *beseer, oppress'd; ill bestad, ill beseer, or put into an ill Condition*.
 Beteem, *deliver*.
 Betight, *betide, besal*.
 Bickermment, *Strife*.
 Bilive, *forthwith, immediately*.
 Blatant-Beast, *Detraction represented as a Monster*.
 Blent, *for blended, mingled; sometimes blent signifies blinded*.
 Bless; *Spenser has us'd this Word to signify the waving or blanching of a Sword, Fairy Queen, Book 1. Canto 5. Stanza 6. and Canto 8. Stanza 22.*
 Blin, *to cease (Sax.)*
 Blist or blest, (*Fr. blesse*) *wounded*.
 Bloosim, *for Blossom*.
 Bolts, *Arrows*.
 Bond, *for bound*.
 Bonniel, *a fair Maid. A compound of the Fr. bonnet & belle*.
 Boon, (*Sax. Bene*) *sometimes signifies Prayer*.
 Boot, *to avail*.
 Bootless, *unavailing, unprofitable*.
 Bord, *Test*.
 Bord, (*a verb*) *to accost; from the Fr. Aborder, to approach*.

- Bordragings (*Fairy Queen*, Book 2. Canto 10. Stanza 63.) *this seems to be a made Word, to signify Incursions, or ravaging the Borders.*
 Borrel, rude, clownish.
 Borrow, *Pladge, Surety, Debt.*
 Bos of a Shield, *the convex or rais'd part.*
 Boughts, *Circular Folds or Windings.*
 Bourn, *Torrent.* (Sax.)
 Brac'd or brast, *burst.*
 Brade, *for broad.*
 Brag, *proudly.*
 Brand, *sometimes signifies a Fire-brand, and is sometimes us'd by Spenser for a Sword, from the old Runick Brandur, a Sword; from whence perhaps is deriv'd the Word brandish.*
 Bransles, (Fr.) *Brawls, a sort of Tune.*
 Breem, or breme, *ferce, fiercely.*
 Bren, *burn.*
 Brent, *burnt.*
 Brond. *Vid. Brand.*
 Brondiron, *Sword.*
 Buffe, *a Blow.*
 Bug, *Bug-bear.*
 Burgein, *to spring or shoot out,* (Fr.)
 Buskets (*a Diminutive*) *little Buses.*
 Buxom, *yielding.* (Sax.)
 Bynempt, *named.*
- C.
- CAITIFF or CAITIVE (*Lat. Captivus*) *Slave or Captive.*
 Camus, *a thin Gown.*
 Canon, *Rule, Ruling.*
 Car, *Car.* (Sax.)
 Carl, *a Clown.* (Sax)
 Carol, *to sing Songs of Joy.*
 Carven, *to cut.*
 Caufen, (Fr. *causer*) *to argue or debate.*
 Certes, *certainly.*
 Chaffred, *sold, exchang'd.*
 Chair, *chary or charily.*
 Chamfred, *bent, crooked.*
 Chauf, *Heat, warmth.* (Fr.)
 Check-laton, *a sort of chequer'd Stuff,*
- Cheer, *Countenance, Aspect, Health, Temper.*
 Chevalry, *an old Fr. Word signifying Knightbood, deriv'd originally from Chevalier, an Horseman.*
 Chevalrous, *knighly.*
 Chevsaunce, *Atchievement, Performance: sometimes it signifies Acquisition.*
 Cleped (Sax. *clepian, to call*) *called, named.*
 Complot, *Plot.*
 Combrous, *cumbersome.*
 Con, *to learn, to know.*
 Concent, *from the Lat. Concentus, concert of voices, harmony.*
 Concreve, (from the Lat. *concreto*) *to grow together.*
 Conge, *Leave.* (Fr.)
 Conn'd, *learn'd.*
 Conteck, *Contention, Strife.*
 Convenable, *agresable.* (Fr.)
 Corb, *crooked.*
 Corbs, *an Ornament in Architecture.*
 Coronal, *Crown, Garland.*
 Cotes, *Sheep-folds.*
 Covetise, *Covetousness.*
 Coul'd, *as could is good to all, i. e. dispens'd his Bounty; perhaps from the Fr. couler, to stream.*
 Count, *Account; of count, i. e. of Account or Value.*
 Counterfeisance, *counterfeiting.*
 Cour'd, *for cover'd.*
 Couth, (from *ken or coh*) *to know or be skilful in.*
 Cragg, *Nick,*
 Crane, *to crack or boast.*
 Craven, *coward, or cowardly.*
 Credence, *Belief.*
 Cruddy, *concreted, coagulated.*
 Crumenal, *Purse.*
 Culter, *a Plough-share.*
- D.
- DAN, *an old title signifying master, like the Spanish Don.*
- Darraign

Dartaigh or **darreigne**, to attempt or challenge (as it is us'd in Chaucer) or to prepare for Fight; from *daren* to dare, or from the Fr. *d'arranger*, to draw up or dispose in order.

Dearnly; earnestly,

Dearling, *Darling*.

Decrew'd, *decreas'd*.

Deemen, *deem*, suppose.

Defealance, *defeating*.

Defly, *finely* or *nimbly*.

Delicoo, (Fr.) *Delights*, from the Lat. *Deliciæ*.

Dell or **Delve**, *Pit*, or *Hole* in the Ground.

Demean, for *Demeanour*; sometimes it signifies to *debase*.

Derring-do, *Bold Deeds*, *Manhood*, *Chivalry*.

Dempt, *deemed*, *thought*.

Depeinten, *painted*.

Descrive, *describe*.

Des, *Seat*.

Deviseful, *full of Invention* or *Contrivance*.

Devoir, *Duty*. (Fr.)

Diapase, a Word borrow'd from *Diapason* in Music, which signifies the most perfect Harmony.

Dight, or **dite**, to make ready, *dress* adorn. (Sax.)

Dirk, *dark*, or to *darken*.

Disavaunce, to *withdraw*.

Disease, for *Uneasiness*.

Discoure, for *discover*.

Discuss'd (*Fairy Queen*, Book 3. Canto 1. Stanza 48.) *shaken off* Lat. *discussus*.

Disloin'd, *remote*.

Disple, to *discipline*.

Dispredden (a made Word) *spread*.

Dispurveyance, *want of Provision*.

Distraught, *drawn*; sometimes it signifies *distracted* or *confused*.

Doen, *done*, *made*, or to *make*,

Doen to *die*, i. e. *made* to *die*. put to *death*.

Dool, **Dole**, or **Dolour**, (Lat. *Dolor*) *Pain*; *Grief*.

Doff, to *put off*.

Dolorous, *painful*, or *full of grief*.

Don, to *put on*.

Dortours (Fr.) *Dormitories*, *Lodgings* for Monks.

Doughty, *valiant*, *stout*.

Drad, for **Dread**, to be *fear'd*. (Sax.)

Drapets (Fr.) *Linen Clothes*.

Drear, *Sorrow*.

Dreary, *mournful*.

Drent, *drown'd*.

Dreiment, *Sorrowfulness*.

Drowsy-head, *Drowsyness*.

Durefs (Fr.) *Confinement*, *Imprisonment*.

E.

EATH, *easy*. (Sax.)

Earst, formerly, *awhile ago*.

Eke, also; sometimes it is a Verb, and signifies to *augment* or *encrease*.

Eft, *after*, *again*.

Eftsoons, *quickly*.

Eld, *Old Age*. (Sax.)

Elfs, *Fairies*, from the Sax. *Ælfen-ne*, which signifies *Spirits*.

Elfin, the Adjective of *Elf*; as *Elfin Knight*, i. e. *Fairy Knight*.

Embrave (a made Word) to make *brave* or *fine*, to *dress*.

Embay, to *cherish*, *foment*, or *bathe*.

Embofs, this Word in one place (viz.

Fairy Queen, Book 3. Canto 1. Stanza 64.) seems deriv'd from the Lat. *imbuer*, to *stain* or *imbrue*; and so signifies to dip their Hands in the spoil, or take Possession of it.

Emboft, *cover'd*, *overlaid*; a Word borrow'd from *rais'd Works* in Architecture or Carving. In one place (*Fairy Queen*, Book 3. Canto 12. Stanza 17.) it seems to signify *pursued*.

Eme, an *Uncle* by the Mother's Side. (Sax.)

Empare, *impair*, *weaken*.

Empeach, (from the Fr. *empecher*) to *hinder*,

Empight, *fix'd*, *placed*.

- Emprise, Enterprise, Undertaking,**
(Fr.)
Enaunter, left that.
Encheafon, (Old Fr.) Occafion,
Accident.
Endois, for endorse ; to write or en-
grave upon.
Endur'd, barden'd (Lat. induro.)
Enfouldred Smoke (Fairy Queen)
Book 1. Canto 11. Stanza 40,
i. e. Smoke mix'd with Flames,
and thrown out like Lightning;
from the Fr. fouldroyer, to dart
Thunderbolts, or to blast with
Lightning.
Engorged, sicking in one's Throat.
Engrafted, ingrafted, implanted.
Enhaunc'd, rais'd.
Ensample, Example.
Enseems (Fairy Queen, Book 4.
Canto 11. Stanza 35.) a made
Word, signifying to breed, perhaps
from en or in and the Fr. semer,
to sow Seed.
Entail (Ital. Intaglia) Engraving.
Enterdeal, Mediation.
Enterprise, sometimes signifies to give
Reception to any one.
Entertake, to entertain.
Eschew, avoid.
Esloin (from the Fr. esloigner) to
withdraw to a distance.
Effoin, excuse.
Ewftes, Lizards.
Excheat, Accident ; or a Property
fallen to one in any thing.
Extirpe (Lat. extirpare) to root out.
Extreat, Extraction.
Eyne, Eyes.
Eyas Hawk, a young Hawk newly
fledg'd, and fit for Flight.

F.
F A D E, is sometimes us'd by
Spenser and others for vanish.
Thus Shakespear—It faded at the
crowing of the Cock. Hamlet.
Falsed his blows, i. e. made Feints,
or false Blows to deceive his
Enemy.

Fare, to go.
Fay, Faith, Truth ; sometimes it
signifies Fairy.
Faytor, Deer ; False Faytor, a
Deceiver..
Fearen, to frighten.
Feculent (Lat.) foul, full of Dregs.
Feer, or Fere, Companion.
Fell (Lat.) Gall.
Ferm, as fleshly Ferm, F. Queen,
B. 3. C. 5. St. 23. i. e. fleshly
Prison, perhaps the Fr. fermer,
to lock up.
Fiaunt, Warrant,
Flatling, flat.
Flight, Arrow.
Flit, to fluctuate, to be in motion,
Flourets (a Diminutive) Blossoms,
or little Flowers.
Foemen, Foes.
Foil (Lat. Folium) Leaf ; Golden
Foil, Leaf-Gold.
Foin'd, push'd.
Fon, Fool.
Fone, Foes.
Fond, for found.
Fordo, undo.
Fordone, undone.
Forehent, seiz'd, caught bold of.
Forefay, renounce.
Forefaid, forbid.
Foreby, before and near to any
Place.
Forethink, to repine, or be concern'd
at any thing.
Forlore, put by poetick Licence for
Forlorn.
Forlorn (Sax) lost, abandon'd, in
a desperate Condition.
Forray, to forrage, to prey upon ;
sometimes it is a Noun and signifies
Forrage or Foraging.
Forswonk, weary'd, over-labour'd.
Forfwat, exhausted with Sweat.
Fortilage, Fort.
Forworn, much worn.
Foster, for Forester.
Fouldring (Fr.) thundering, blasting
with Lightning.

Foyfon, *Plenty.*
 Franklin, *a Person of a liberal Con-
 dition or Behaviour, a Freeman or
 Gentleman.*
 Frannion, *one of too free or loose
 Behaviour.*
 Fray, *to frighten.*
 Frenne, *Stranger.*
 Frize, *sometimes put for freeze.*
 Frowy, *musty.*

G.

G AGE, *Pledge. (Fr.)*
 Galage, *a Wooden Shoe, from
 the Fr. Galoche.*
 Gan, *for began.*
 Gazement, *gazing.*
 Gear, *Furniture, Equipage, Dress.*
 Geason, *perplexing.*
 Gelt, *Gold.*
 Gent, *for gentle.*
 German, *Brother, or near Kinsman.*
 Gest, *(Lat. Gest) Deeds, Actions,
 Exploits.*
 Giambeux *(Fr. Jambes) Legs:*
 Giusts and Turnaments, *an old
 manner of single Combat on Horse-
 back with Spears and Swords.*
 Glade, *an opening in a Wood.*
 Glaive, *Sword. (Fr.)*
 Glitterand, *glittering; a Participle
 us'd by Chaucer and the old Poets.*
 Glee *(Sax.) Gladness.*
 Glenne, *a Country Hamlet or
 Borough.*
 Glode *(Fairy Queen, Book 4. Canto
 4. Stanza 23.) signifies glanc'd,
 or is writ by poetick Licence for
 glowed.*
 Gnarre *(a made Word) to snarl or
 bark.*
 Gondelay *(Ital. Gondola) Boat.*
 Goodlihead, *Goodliness.*
 Gorge *(Fr.) Throat.*
 Grail, *is sometimes us'd for Gravel.*
 Greave, *for Grove.*
 Gree, *(from the Fr. Gré) Liking,
 Satisfaction, Pleasure; as with
 goodly Gree (Fr. a bon Gre)
 with Complacency or Delight.*

Sometimes Gree is us'd for
 Degree.

Greet, *to exclaim, cry out, complain.*
 Griefful, *full of Grief.*
 Gripe, *signifies one that snatches any
 thing greedily, or a griping Misfe-
 r.*
 Grissie or Griesly *dreadfull, hideous.*
 Groom, *Shepherd, Herdsman.*
 Guerdon, *(Fr.) Reward, Prize.*
 Guilen, *to beguile or deceive.*
 Guileful, *deceitful.*
 Guise, *Form, Habit, Condition.*
 Gyre *(Lat. Gyrus) a Circle, Ring;
 a turning round.*

H.

H ABERGEON, *a piece of Armour
 covering the Head and Shoul-
 ders.*
 Hable *(Lat. habilis) apt, nimble.*
 Halfendeal, *half, a Compound Word;
 en deal (from the Sax. Dæl) sig-
 nifies in partition.*
 Hallidom, *Holy Dame; as by my
 Hallidom, an Oath by the Vir-
 gin Mary.*
 Han, *for have.*
 Haqueton, *a Piece of Armour.*
 Harbrough, *Harbour.*
 Hardiment or Hardyhed, *Hardy-
 ness, Boldness, Daring.*
 Harrow, *to lay waste, to destroy.*
 Harrow! *(an interjection) Alas! an
 old Word from Chaucer; Haro
 is a Form of Exclamation antiently
 us'd in Normandy to call for Help,
 or to raise the Hue and Cry.*
 Haught, *put by poetical Licence for
 haughty.*
 Heben *(Lat. Hebenum) Ebony.*
 Hem, *them.*
 Hend, *to bold, or to take bold of;*
 Hent, *seiz'd, caught bold of.*
 Herfal, *for Rehearsal.*
 Hery, or herie, *to praise or cele-
 brate. (Sax.)*
 Hest or Heast, *Command, Precept.*
 Heydeguies, *a sort of Country
 Dance.*
 Hie, *to go, to hasten.*

Hight

Hight (Sx.) is named or call'd.

Hilding, a Term of Reproach abbreviated from Hinderling, which signifies degenerate.

Hood, Condition, State: This Word is often us'd in Compounds, as Knight-Hood, Priest-Hood, Widow-Hood, &c.

Hore or Hoar, white; sometimes it signifies squallid, filthy, rough.

Hot or Hote (from hight) was call'd or nam'd. Hote sometimes signifies did name, or make mention of.

Hove, for heave.

Houling Sacramental Fire, us'd in a religious Ceremony. Husel in Sax. signifies the Eucharist.

Humblefs, Humility.

Hurle forth, rush forth.

Hurting, brushing; sometimes it signifies skirmishing.

I.

Idlefs, Idleness.

Impe, Gild or Offspring, from the Sax. impan, to graft or plant.

Impeach, is sometimes us'd by Spenser in the Sense of the Fr. empecher, to hinder.

Incontinent (Lat. incontinenter) instantly.

Ingate, Entrance.

Intendiment (Fr.) Understanding.

Intuse, Bruise. (Lat.)

Jouissance } Rejoicing, Diversion.
Joyance }
(Fr.)

Ire (Lat. Ira) Anger.

K.

KEEP, Custody or Charge; to take Keep, to take Charge of, to look after any thing.

Keight, caught.

Kenn, to know, to spy, or discover,

Kerns, an Irish Word signifying Countrymen or Boors.

Kest, for cast.

Kesars, Cæsars, Emperors.

Kestrel, a sort of Hawk of the baser Breed.

Kidst, dost know.

Kilt, for kill'd.

Kirtle, a Woman's Gown.

Kon'd (for ken'd) knew.

L.

LAD, for led.

Laid, taint.

Latched, caught.

Lay or Lea, a Field, a Piece of Land, or Meadow.

Leach (Sax. Læce) Physician.

Leasing, Lye; from the Sax. Lease, false.

Ledden, Language. (Sax.)

Leef, willing.

Leer or lear, Doctrine, Learning; from the Sax. leran, to teach.

Leece, lost.

Leman (from the Fr. L'amant) Lover, Mistress.

L'Envoy (Fr.) the Epilogue after a Copy of Verses.

Lenger, longer.

Left, listen.

Lever (Sax.) rather.

Levin, Lightning.

Levin-Brond, Thunderbolt.

Libbard, Leopard.

Lich, like.

Lief, beloved (Sax. Leof signifies dear) Liefest Life, i. e. dearest Love.

Lig, or ligen, to lie.

Lilled out his Tongue, for loll'd out, &c.

Lived mortally i. e. lived among Mortals.

Livelood, Liveliness, Livelihood.

Loord; as lazy Loord, idle Fellow.

Lope, leaped.

Lore or lorn, lost; Sax. lorian signifies to perish, to be lost.

Lorel } a Lyar, Cheat, a loose Fellow.
Lofel }

Lout, to bow or bend; a Word us'd by Chaucer.

Lover or Looover, a Chimney, or Opening in the Roof of a Cottage.

Luskiftness,

Lustfulness, *Lazinefs*.
 Lusty-hed, *Lustiness, Vigour*.
 Lustless (*i. e. not lusty*) *weak*.
 Lyke, *like*.
 Lythe, *soft*.

M.

MAGE (*Lat. Magus*) *Magician, Enchanter*.

Mahoune, *Mabomet*; by Mahoune. *by Mabomet, a Saracen Oath*.

Make (*a Noun*) *a Mate, Consort*; *from the Sax. Maca*.

Make (*a Verb*) *to compose Verses*; *a literal Translation of the Greek ποιεῖν, whence our English Word Poet*.

Mall, *a verb, to beat or pound*.

Malefices, *evil Deeds*.

Malegine, *evil Artifice or Stratagem*.

Maltalent, *Ill-will*.

Martelled (*Fr.*) *hammer'd, beat*.

Mated, *conquer'd, subdu'd*.

Mangre (*Fr. Malgré*) *in spite of*.

Mazer, *a Wooden Bowl*.

Meare (*Sax. Mera*) *Boundary*.

Medle, *to mingle*.

Medled or medlyed, *mingled*.

Meed, *Reward, Prize*.

Ment, or meint, *mingled*.

Mell (*Fr. meller*) *to intermeddle*.

Merciable, *merciful*.

Mesprise, *Scorn*. (*Fr.*)

Mickle, *Much*.

Mieve, *for move*.

Minish'd, *for diminish'd*.

Miniments, *Toys*.

Mirk, *dark, obscure*.

Mirksome, *obscure filthy*.

Miscreated, *created amiss, ill-begotten*.

Miscreant, *originally signifies Infidel, or one of a wrong Belief, — a vile Wretch*,

Misdone, *for misdo, i. e. to do amiss*.

Missare, *Missfortune*.

Misleek, *Dislike*,

Mister; as Mister Wight, *Kind of Person*; Mister Malady, *Kind of Malady*.

Mistereth not, *needs not*.

Misween, *to Misjudge*.

Mochel, *much*.

Mold-warps, *Moles*.

Morion (*Fr.*) *Head-piece, Helmet*.

Mott, *did mete or measure*.

Mountenance, *the Amount of any thing, Quantity, Distance*.

Muchel, *much*.

Mured up, *closed up*.

N.

[*N. B. The Letter N is often added by Spenfer at the End of a Word (sometimes to lengthen it a Syllable) as Eyen, Eyes, Skyen, Skies, &c. and especially in Verbs, as viewen, to view, doen, to do, &c. in which he follows the old Saxon Termination.*

NAR, *near or nearer*.

Nas, *has not*.

Nathemore, *not the more*.

Nathless, *not the less, or nevertheless*.

Nc, *nor*.

Needments, *Necessaries*.

Nempt, *named*.

Net, *clean*. (*Fr.*)

Newell, *Novelty*.

Nill, *will not*.

Nimblefs, *Nimbleness*.

Noul (*Sax.*) *the Crown of the Head*.

Noul'd, *would not*.

Nourle, *to nurse*.

Nourling, *Nurse*; *sometimes it signifies that which is nursed*.

Noyance, *Harm*.

Noy'd, *annoy'd or hurt*.

Noyours, *hurtful or baleful*.

O.

OVercrew, *to crowd over, to insult*.

Over-hent, *overtook*.

Overgraft, *overgrown with Grass*.

Overwent, *overwhelm'd*.

Ought, *owned*.

Out-well, *flow out, yield out, discharge*.

Owches, *Besses, or Buttons of Gold Pais'd*.

P.

PAis'd, for pois'd.

Palfrey, a Horse; most commonly it signifies such Horses as are kept for Women.

Pall (Lat. Pallium) a robe.

Palmer, Pilgrim. Those who return'd from the Holy War were first called so, because they bore branches or staves of Palm-trees in their hands, as a signal that they had fought against the Infidels in the Holy Land.

Pannikell, skull, crown of the head.

Paragon (Fr.) Example, Pattern, Precedent, Comparison; sometimes it signifies Companion, as Fairy Queen, Book 3. Canto 10. Stanza 35.

Paravaunt (Fr.) by chance.

Parbreak, vomit.

Peark, brisk.

Peaze (for Poise) Weight.

Pece, is sometimes used for a Place of strength, a Fort, or Post.

Peregal, equal.

Perlent, piercing; in one Place, viz.

Fairy Queen, Book 3. Canto 9.

Stanza 20. it is used for pierced.

Perdie (Fr. par Dieu) an old Oath.

Pheer, Companion.

Fight, pitched, placed, fix'd.

Pill, to rob, to pillage.

Pionings, Works of Pioneers.

Plain, to complain.

Plaint, Complaint.

Pleasance, Pleasure.

Plight, circumstances, condition.

Poinant, sharp, piercing.

Point, as armed to point, i. e. armed completely.

Portess, a Prayer-Book, or Pocket-Book of Devotion; from the Fr. porter, to carry.

Portaunce, Behaviour; from the Fr. se porter, to behave one's self.

Pouffe, Pease.

Prease or Preace, Crowd.

Preacing, crowding.

Pricking on the Plain, i. e. riding on the Plain.

Prief, Proof.

Prieve, to prove.

Prow, valiant, prowest most valiant; from whence Prowels, valour.

Proyn'd, pruned.

Puissance (Fr.) Power, Might.

Puissant (Fr.) powerful, mighty.

Purified, flourished with a Needle; from the Fr. pourfiler.

Q.

Quald, subdu'd (a made Word, perhaps instead of quail'd or quell'd.)

Quail, to languish.

Quaint, nice, curious.

Queint, quenched.

Queem or queam, please. (Sax.)

Quell, sometimes us'd by Spenser for die. Cwellan in Sax. signifies to kill.

Quest, exploit.

Quich, to stir.

Quight or quite, to deliver, to free.

Quite, to requite.

Quited, requited, return'd.

Quook, did quake.

R.

RAD, for did read, or guess'd.

Rail, to run along.

Rain, for reign.

Raft, rent, tore.

Ramp, to parry, or to fly out like a mad Horse.

Rathe, early.

Raught, did reach.

Ray, for array.

Read or Reed, a Proverb, Doctrine, or Prophecy.

Read or reed, sometimes signifies to advise, and sometimes to guess or divine.

Reave, to bereave, or take away violently.

Rebut, rebound, recoil, repel. (Fr.)

Reck, to reckon, account.

Recour'd, recover'd.

Recreant.

Recreant, out of hope, untrusty, cowardly; from *re*, which is sometimes a negative, and *creant*, believing.

Recule (*Fr.*) to recoil, to give away.

Recure, to recover, to repair.

Recks, for reckons.

Rest, bereft, depriv'd.

Relate, sometimes signifies to bring back again, or restore.

Reliven, to live again.

Renns, for runs.

Renvers'd overturn'd. (*Fr.*)

Remercy'd, thank'd. (*Fr.*)

Replevy, to redeem a Pledge.

Resiant, Resident.

Retrait *Ital.* *Ritratto*) Picture, Portrait.

Reverse, (*Lat.* *Revertere*) to return.

Revest, to cloath again.

Rew (for *rue*) to grieve, or pity.

Ribauld, a debauch'd Fellow.

Rife, frequent.

Riotise, Riot, Debauchery.

Riven, rent, split, torn.

Ronts, young Bullocks.

Rosiere (*Fr.*) Rose-tree.

Rote, a harp or lyre.

Royne (*Fr.* *ronger*) to bite, or gnaw.

Rue (sometimes *Spenser* writes it *rew*) to grieve, pity.

Ruth, pity.

S.

S Alew'd, saluted.

Sam, for same; sometimes it signifies together.

Sanjite, Satin.

Scarmoges, skirmishes.

Scath, (*Sax.*) Harm, Mischief.

Scrine, (*Lat.* *Scripium*) Coffin, Chest.

Sdeign, for Disdain.

Sear, dry, consumed.

Seely, silly.

Selcouth, uncommon; a compound of *Seld* and *couth*, i. e. seldom known.

Sell, Saddle; perhaps from the *Lat.* *Sella*, a seat.

Semblaunt or **Semblaunce**, resemblance, appearance.

Seneschal, a President, Gouverneur, or Steward.

Sew, to follow.

Sheen, shining, brightness.

Shend, to disgrace, to spoil.

Shot in Years, advanc'd in Years.

Shrift or **Shriving**, Confession.

Shright, shriek'd; sometimes it is a Noun, and signifies a shrieking, or crying out.

Shrilling, for shrill.

Sib, of kin.

Sich, for such.

Siege, *Fr.* Seat.

Sike, such.

Siker, sure, surely.

Sikerness (i. e. *Sureness*) Safety.

Simplest, Simplicity.

Sin, for since.

Singults (*Lat.*) Sighs.

Sith (a Contraction of two Words, viz.) since that.

Sithence or **Sithness**, seeing that, or since; which last Word is the Contraction of **Sithence**.

Sithes, Times. (*Sax.*)

Snarl, to intangle, to embarrass.

Sneb, to snub, or check.

Snubbs, Knots in Wood.

Sold, hire, pay.

Soote, sweet, or sweetly.

Sooth, true, or truth, an old *Sax.* Word; from whence is deriv'd **Sooth-laying**.

Soothly or **soothlich**, truly.

Sovenance, Remembrance. (*Fr.*)

Spalles, Shoulders, a Contraction of the *Fr.* *Espalles*.

Spar, the bar of a Gate.

Sper or **spar** the Gate, fasten the Gate.

Sperst, for dispers'd.

Spill, to spoil, corrupt, destroy.

Spire, *Lat.* *spiro*, to breathe.

Springal, a Lute.

Squire (*Fairy Queen, Book 2, Canto 1, Stanza 58.*) put for Square, for the sake of Rhime.

Stadle, Staff.

Stales, Tricks; Stala in Sax. signifies Theft.

Stank, weary, or faint.

Star-read, Doctrine of the Stars, Astronomy.

Steal, for Stone.

Sted, a stand, or seat.

Stent, for flint.

Sterve, die; — Do men in Bale to sterve (*Fairy Queen, Book 2, Canto 6, Stanza 34.*) i. e. make Men to die in Sorrow.

Steven, Sax. Sound, Noise.

Stole, Lat. Stola, a Robe or Veil.

Stound, Hour, Time, Season; sometimes it signifies Misfortune, as ill Stound, like the Fr. Malheur.

Stound, for stunn'd.

Stour or Stower, Trouble, Misfortune, Attack, Fit.

Strene, for Strain, Race, Descent.

Sty, to soar, to ascend

Subvert, overthrown.

Surbert, wearied.

Surquedry, Pride, Presumption.

The literal sense of this Word is Over-thinking from the old Fr.

Surcneider, a compound of Sur, above, and cuider, to think.

Swelt, burn'd, consum'd with heat; from whence comes our sultry i. e.

Sweltry; sometimes it signifies to swoon, faint away or die.

Swerve, to wander.

Swink, Labour, Sax.

T.

TEDE, Lat. Teda, a Torch.

Teen, Trouble, Mischief; it is used also by Spenser as a Verb, and signifies to excite, or provoke to do a thing.

Thewes, Sax. Qualities, Manners, Customs,

Thewed, mannered; as well thewed, well manner'd.

Thilk, this, that,

Tho, then; the Sax. is Thonne.

Thralled, enslaved.

Thralls, Slaves.

Thrilling or thrillant, piercing,

Tickle, ticklish, slippery.

Tide, Time; a tide, for awhile,

Tides, Seasons.

Tight, tied.

Tine a Noun for Teen, Trouble.

Tine, a Verb, to rage, or smart.

Tined (*Fairy Queen, Book 4, Canto 11. Stanza 36.*) fought.

Tort, Fr. Wrong.

Tortious, full of Wrong.

Totty, dizzy, tottering.

Tramels, Nets.

Transnew, transform.

Treachour or Treachetour, Traitor;

Tread, Footing, Path.

Treague, Agreement, or Intrigue.

Treen, of a Tree; as treen Mould, i. e. the Mould or Shape of a Tree.

Troad or Trode (of tread) Footing.

Tournament, a sort of single Combat on Horse-back, and commonly with Lances; called so from the frequent turning of their Horses in the Engagement.

Twiten, to blame.

U.

VADED, gone: Lat. vado, to go.

Vantage, Profit, Advantage.

Ventail, that part of the Helmet which is made to lift up.

Venteth into the Wind, snuff; the Wind.

Vild, vile.

Virelays, a sort of Songs.

Visnomy, Physiognomy, Visage, Aspect,

Umbriere, the Visor of the Helmet.

Uncath,

Uneath, *difficult, scarcely, with difficulty; sometimes it signifies almost.*

Uncouth, *odd, deform'd, strange; it is of Saxon Derivation, and originally signifies unknown.*

Under-song, *Sax. to take in hand, to attempt to betray.*

Undight, *loosen'd unt'y'd.*

Unhele, *to uncover, to expose to view.*

Unken'd, *not known.*

Unkempt, *Lat. incomptus, unadorn'd.*

Unlich, *used by poetical Licence for unlike.*

Unfoot, *unfawet.*

Unwares to Wight, *unknown to any body.*

Unweeting, *unknowing, unawares.*

Unwilt, *unknown, not thought of.*

Upbrays, *Upbraidings, Reproaches.*

W.

WAGE, *sometimes signifies the same as gage or pledge.*

War, *worse.*

Ware, *wary, cautious.*

Wareless, *stupidity'd.*

War-hable, *apt for War, a Compound of War and hable, Lat. habilis, apt, nimble.*

Warray, *to disturb or make War upon.*

War-old, *old in War or Strife.*

Watchet, *pale, blue.*

Waves (Fairy Queen, Book 2, Canto 12, Stanza 4.) *put, for the sake of Rhime, for Waves, or perhaps for Woes.*

Wayment, *to bewail; a Compound of Waye or Woe, and lament.*

Weal-away, *alas!*

Ween or weenen, *to think, to be of opinion.*

Weet, *to know; to weeten, to wit.*

Weetlefs, *un-knowing.*

West, *warved, avoided, sometimes it signifies wasted.*

West (a Noun) *a Star, any thing that wanders and is lost.*

Weld, *to move, to wield, to govern;*

Welk, *to set, decrease, wither.*

Welkin, *Sky.*

Well, *to spring, or flow.*

Welter, *to wallow.*

Wend, *Sax. Wendan, to turn.*

Went, *going, course.*

Wex, *to wax, to grow, to become.*

Whally or Whaly, *streak'd or strip'd.*

Whereas, *in our old Writers signifies no more than where.*

Whilom, *er-while, formerly, or in a while.*

Wight, *Creature, Person.*

Wightly, *quickly.*

Wimble, *an Adjective) shifting to and fro.*

Wimpled, *folded over like a Veil.*

Wife, *Guise, Appearance.*

Wist, *thought or knew; from the Sax. Wistan, or the Germ. Wissen, to know.*

Wite (a Noun) *Blame, Reproach; from the Sax. Witan, to blame, or accuse.*

Wite or witen (a Verb) *to blame.*

Woe begon, *overwelm'd with sorrow.*

Wonne (a Verb) *to dwell, or frequent, from the Sax. Wunian, or the Germ. Wonen, of the same Signification.*

Wonne or Wunning (a Noun) *Dwelling.*

Wood, or Wode, *mad.*

Wote, *to know, to be sensible of.*

Woxen, *for wax'd.*

Wreakful, *revengeful.*

Wrizled, *wrinkled.*

Wroken, *wreaked, revenged.*

Y.

[N. B. The Letter Y is frequently placed in the beginning of a Word by Spenser, to lengthen it a Syllable.]

YBENT *bent, inclin'd, ad-dict.*

Yblent, *blinded.*

Ybrent,

- Ybrent, *burnt.*
 Yclad, *clad, clothed.*
 Ycleped, *called, named.*
 Ydrad, *feared, dreaded.*
 Yede, *or yead, to go.*
 Yeoman, *sometimes signifies Ser-*
 vant.
 Yeven, *given.*
 Yfere, *together, Sax.*
 Ygo, *gone.*
 Ylike, *for alike.*
 Ymolt, *melted.*
 Yod or yode (*PræterTense of yede*)
 went.
 Yold, *yielded.*
 Yond, *beyond; from the Monster*
 yond (Fairy Queen, Book iii.
 Canto 7. Stanza 26.) i. e. from
 beyond the Monster.
 Yore, *as of yore, formerly.*
 Youngth, *Youth.*
 Ypent, *pent up, or folded like Sheep.*
 Ypight, *placed.*
 Yrapt, *rapt in an Extasy.*
 Yroke, *ywraken or ywroken,*
 wreak'd, reveng'd.
 Ysame, *together.*
 Yshend, *to spoil, to disgrace.*
 Ywis or Iwis, *to my own Know-*
 ledge.

F I N I S.









